TREASURE TRAILS

HEIGHTS AND HIGHWAYS

HARPER - HAMILTON

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HEIGHTS AND HIGHWAYS

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TORONTO

TREASURE TRAILS

HEIGHTS AND HIGHWAYS

BY

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A MESSAGE FOR YOU

If I were a fairy godmother, and could give to every child a gift that would bring him more happiness and wealth than almost anything else in life, it would be just this — a love of good books.

In order to help you find the way to the treasures that lie in books, I am introducing to you some of my own very best book friends; they are waiting for you on the pages that follow.

Because we want first to become acquainted with some of the best people of our own country, you will find that most of the stories and poems in this book have been written by Americans.

Don't fail to read another message for you that is at the very end of the book. There you will find a guide for your treasure hunt.

Your friend,

Wilhelmina Harper.

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FEELING PERFECTLY SAFE, HE CUDDLED DOWN.

KAK, THE COPPER ESKIMO

I

Kak[1] was an Eskimo boy who lived on Victoria Island in Canada. He was one of the Copper Eskimos. This name does not refer in any way to their complexions as "red Indians," but is given because these people make all their knives and implements out of copper. As far as looks went Kak was quite ordinary — a short, muscular fellow, with brown hair and gray eyes, and a skin about the color of white boys' skins at the end of the summer holidays when they are tanned. But his clothing was very different from theirs, being made entirely of fur.

Kak was not counted a poor boy though he possessed very little. Eskimos do not desire many possessions. They are a migratory people, always moving from place to place, and so learn to get on with a small amount of gear, as we do in camp life. Kak was contented and had no cares. He never had to make up his mind whether to play with his bicycle, or his electric train, or his radio. He was entirely ignorant

[1] The *a* in Kak should be sounded like *ah*.

of such things and yet not a bit dull. He found plenty of sport up there in the Arctic to keep him merry and bright.

His parents owned so little they were never worried about taking care of things. With nothing to do but kill a few animals for food and fuel and clothes, they were as gay as children, always laughing and joking from morning to night. The boy could scarcely remember a day that was not full of fun and laughter.

In the winter they lived in a snow house. You would think it must be cold inside a snow house, but it was not because a large lamp burned in the house all the time and kept it cozy and warm — so warm that Kak usually took off his coat and shirt as soon as he came indoors. He did not come in often during the daylight, for he enjoyed the cold outside. He was a singularly independent lad, doing just what he pleased. That is the Eskimo boys' compensation for not having toys; they are allowed to do as they like. In the morning Kak did not get up till he wanted to. He did not have to wash his neck, nor mind his table manners, nor go to school; and he was never, never sent to bed.

You see, as there was only one room in the whole house, the family had to be together all the time.

In the evenings when the grown-up folks sat around telling stories and singing songs, Kak stayed with

THEY SAT UP AS LONG AS THEY POSSIBLY COULD.

them, and so did his little sister, Noashak. They sat up as long as they possibly could, and when the sand-man came and shut their eyes in spite of them, they toppled over asleep wherever they were, and somebody tucked them in between fur blankets.

Kak, whose name means the top or summit of anything, as of a mountain, was twelve years old when he built his first house by himself. It was a horrible experience which he will remember all his life.

The way to build a snow house is to cut big blocks the shape of dominoes out of a hard snowdrift and set them up on edge in a circle, leaning them inward a little toward the center. You must carve the first block diagonally in half so that its back makes a hill for the second row to run up on; and when you have started properly you can keep on building one row above the next, going up and around like the red and white on a barber pole, and always leaning them inward till they just naturally meet at the top, where you sometimes poke a very small hole for ventilation. The finished dwelling is a beehive of snow — awfully cold snow which has frozen together safe and solid in a surprisingly short time. Next you dig a long tunnel through the drift and a hole in the floor of the house, and through that tunnel you go in and out like rabbits and foxes.

A family will occupy this sort of house only about three weeks; for the heat inside melts the snow walls, and as they cool off somewhat every night they turn gradually to ice, the house growing colder and colder

— for ice is much colder than snow — till the owners decide to have a new one. A few houses are very fine with windows — ice windows — which, being troublesome to make, are carefully removed and placed in the next house, when that is built. Even if the Eskimos continue to live in the same place, they build a new house every few weeks. When they are too careless to bother about windows, enough light filters through the white walls; and also, while the house is occupied, the lamp is always burning brightly inside.

Kak did not live very long in his first house. He spent only one night under its low dome and felt very glad indeed that he did not have to stay there a second night. The way of it was this:

Taptuna, Kak's father, was going seal hunting with a neighbor. These neighbors, who were the only other people living within ten miles, had used up all their supply of blubber. Now blubber is the fat part of seals or whales, out of which drips the oil for the lamps, and as the lamp is the Copper Eskimo's only means of warming his house and cooking his food, this was a serious situation. In his need, the neighbor came to borrow from Taptuna and begged him to help hunt seals.

Taptuna readily agreed, for he was a kind-hearted man; so they started out early. But seal hunting

through the ice is slow and difficult, and the first day they failed to get any. The next morning, however, while crossing a sandspit,[1] they discovered the remains of a dead whale, half buried in drifted snow and earth. Taptuna and Hitkoak, the neighbor, thought that by cutting off parts of the outside flesh, which would make good dog food, they would strike an ample supply of blubber underneath. So they abandoned the hunt and fell upon this free gift, eager to get all they could and that at once, for sled tracks in the snow showed that other Eskimos knew about the prize.

They worked all day, not stopping to drag the meat home but piling it up chunk on chunk, only to find by evening that some crafty bear had clawed under the whale and scooped away the very store of blubber on which they were counting. It meant they must hunt next morning and *must* catch a seal without fail.

Both men hated to waste the heaps of frozen whale flesh which, with much hard work, they had hacked off with their soft copper knives, (copper does not make nearly so sharp a knife as steel). Taptuna and Hitkoak, sweating after their labor, wished they had stopped about noon, harnessed the dogs, and sledded home some of this good dog food. It was late now,

[1] A *sandspit* (sănd'spĭt) is a sand-bar running into the sea.

and to-morrow they must hunt. Oil for the lamps was more necessary than dog food. Until they killed a seal, Hitkoak would go on borrowing blubber from Taptuna. It was already past midwinter; so Taptuna had not much left for his own family.

It looked as if their effort over the whale was going to be a dead loss; but the older, wiser man promised to sleep on the question, and next morning, when Guninana, his wife, was boiling their breakfast, he said: "Kak, my boy, while I am watching the seal hole to-day, you may harness both dogs to the sled and go to the carcass over yonder and bring home some loads of whale flesh. The young bear I killed will not last forever, eh? And it is well to lay in food while the laying's good."

Had Kak been an English or American schoolboy he would doubtless have mumbled, "All right, dad," and gone on eating his breakfast without giving any visible sign of his thrill. But an Eskimo never learns to disguise his feelings, so Kak grinned all over his round face and cried: "Bully! Bully! Me for it! Do you hear, Noashak? I'm to drive the team."

And he began to dance and jump about. Delighted and excited, he quickly pulled on his fur shirt and his topcoat of reindeer skin and dashed out to pat young

Sapsuk, his favorite dog, and to tell him what a fine day they were going to have together.

His mother gazed fondly after her son's brown head as it disappeared through the hole in the floor.

"Is it not too much for him?" she asked doubtfully. "Will the boy be able to find his way?"

"Yes, he will be able to do it just as well as I. Kak is a smart lad and has plenty of sense; besides, they have only to follow the trail we broke last night."

So Guninana, who thought her tall, active husband the best judge of everything in the world, beamed on him and said no more.

Kak was keeping up a fine game with the dogs. He was so overjoyed he could hardly stand still a minute. This seemed the greatest event in his whole life. Not only had his father trusted him with a man-sized job for the first time, but it was the very job he loved best. Kak would rather harness both dogs to the light sled and drive like the wind than do anything else in the whole Arctic.

He was so proud of his task and so anxious to do it all by himself, that he waited and put off and dilly-dallied about starting till his father was gone. Of course Taptuna observed this, but he understood. He

thought: "The boy will be tired anyway when he has fetched two loads, so there is plenty of time."

"Get busy, my lad. Kill meat while the light lasts," he called for farewell; and, waving his harpoon toward the already crimsoned horizon, he trudged off leading the neighbor's dog.

Kak loitered yet a little, gloating over the prospect of his ride. He wanted golden shafts of light bathing yesterday's trail which showed now plain as an open lead. He wanted to be able to tear along. One fast dash would more than make up for delay, so he played about with the dogs.

"Have you not gone yet?" asked Guninana, surprised, when she came out to examine a bearskin stretched on a frame to dry.

"Just as soon as the sun rises, mother, I'll be away like an arrow. See, I am harnessing now," Kak answered.

He was, truly. He had begun to hitch each dog to its trace at the first sound of her voice, and kept himself very busy about it.

Like all real boys, Kak did not mind a lot of extra trouble in making play out of his work. It was fun to pretend that he must go on a long journey alone; so he went to the tunnel, which also serves as storehouse,

and taking his father's big snow knife, used to carve out the blocks when building, he bound it securely on to one side of the sled.

"Whatever is that for?" asked Noashak, who was playing with the neighbor girls, running up on top of the snow house and sliding down its smooth curve. "What is the snow knife for?"

"In case I decide to stop over night," said Kak, swelling with importance.

"Oh, pooh! Stay all night! Why you are only going to the whale carcass. It is no distance at all! Daddy said you could easily make two trips in daylight."

Kak flushed. "I shall make double that — I shall make four!" he answered, hotly. "Watch me!"

As he spoke, the sun's rim peeped above the long flat beach, streaking the blue-gray world with vivid gold. As if at a signal, Kak let go of his team and sprang for the sled with a "Yi — yi — yip!" Instantly both dogs bounded forward. They were off!

The boy shouted, waved his arms, knocked his heels on the sleigh, and beat his gloved hands together with resounding thwacks for the sheer pleasure of making a noise, as the two fresh pups raced their shadows over the crusted snow.

It was a wonderful ride to the whale. But once there, Kak had to do some hard work handling the big,

THEY WERE OFF!

rough pieces of frozen flesh and piling them on the sled. Perhaps it was not a very large load when he called time and headed the dogs home; still he felt satisfied with himself and was quite ready to put on airs.

The girls, who had been mightily impressed by his glorious start, rushed to meet his return, all clamoring, "A ride! A ride!"

"No, it is too heavy! We have much meat," Kak swaggered.

He had brought his two loads when the far edge of the ice floe dented the sun's gleaming disk; and after that he brought one more. It was good work for a boy. He felt proud of himself and showed it, crowing over the girls.

"You guessed two, eh? And I have got in three!"

"Three! Bah! Three's nothing! You said you could bring four," Noashak jeered.

Now Kak did not like this at all. His male nature wanted to be admired and praised, even if he had accomplished less than he had boasted. Her unkindness made him feel like backing up his good opinion of himself.

"Well, anyway, three's a lot. It's more than Dad expected me to bring."

"Four!" bawled his tormentor.

And "Four! Four!" sang the neighbor girls in chorus. "You promised to bring four, and you can't do it. You're afraid! You're afraid to go back again now!" They added an Eskimo taunt equivalent to "Cowardy, cowardy custard!"

They flouted him meanly, making faces at him over the housetop.

"Bears!" suddenly yelled Noashak.

That was too much. It hit home.

"I am not afraid!" Kak cried, outraged. "Who says I can't do it?"

He shot a half-fearful glance at the sky. Daylight was slowly fading, but it would last for a short while; and his dogs looked jolly enough. They had enjoyed more rest than running during their day's work. If he made one grand dash back to the carcass, and only stayed to load ever so little meat, it would count the same.

"I will do it," the boy answered boldly. "Who dares to say I cannot bring four loads? Hi there, Sapsuk! Hok, hok, Pikalu!"

He swung his team around in a wide circle and dashed away without waiting for comment from the astonished girls.

"Kak!" cried his mother from the tunnel entrance. "Kak! It is too late!"

But a breeze that had sprung up blowing out of the west whisked her voice in the opposite direction. Anxiously she watched boy, dogs, and sled dwindle to a small, black speck.

"You will come inside now, child," Guninana commanded, ill-pleased; and Noashak, humbled by her brother's rash magnificence and fearful of her own part in it, obeyed. The neighbor girls ran home quickly. All at once the flat snow landscape around the two snow houses lay empty and deserted.

II

By the time Kak reached the whale, a rack of clouds had blown up hastening the night. The earth and sky turned all one dark, cold gray. The other Eskimos, whom he had found cutting flesh earlier, were gone; and wolves howled distantly, gathering for a feed. At their dismal cries Kak suddenly felt afraid. His hands shook so that he could hardly lift the meat. He stopped and peered over his shoulder, trying to see with his bright eyes through the thickening night. He did not care a jot for wolves, they are cowards and will fly from a shout; but Noashak's last mean taunt burned in his mind. If a great white bear were to prowl out of the gloom, he knew it would go hard with him and the dogs.

His hands stiffened from fright, and his skin grew clammy. Another long, lone howl arose inland; it seemed to run right up his spine. Kak fancied he saw

a huge yellow blur moving beyond the carcass, and at that his hair felt as if it were rising under his fur hood. The night turned blacker, the wind sighed icily, and fear overflowed him like water. He dropped a ten-pound chunk of meat from his petrified fingers and sprang for the sleigh calling his dogs, "Hok! Hok!"

They were wild to be off home. At a single bound the team broke and ran, with Kak racing after them, yelling at the top of his voice to keep his courage up, "Yip — yip — yi!" — and mumbling charms his mother had taught him to scare off evil.

The dogs raced faster and faster; the howling of the wolves excited them; the nearly empty sleigh flashed over the hard snow; and a freshening wind behind drove the whole party on. Kak, thrilled by this rush of freedom, soon forgot all his fears. He urged the team with whistle and shout, yipping and yiing like a maniac or a real boy, till suddenly the sled gave a lurch, turned upside down, and sent him flying heels over head across its runners. The dogs, jerked back on their traces, stopped abruptly; and Kak, who was buried neck and arms in a drift before you could say Jack Robinson, picked himself up, dug the snow out of his eyes and mouth, and dusted off his furry clothes.

"Ouch! Bhoo! I say, old Sapsuk, where are we?"

As if he perfectly understood the question, Sapsuk sat down on his bushy tail with his long, red tongue hanging out and his breath coming in heavy pants, while Kak looked about him. They ought to have been very nearly home; but the crazy driver could see no sign of the two little white domes that were his father's house and Hitkoak's. At first he failed to understand. That houses should drop out of sight seemed very odd indeed. Of course dogs and people move about and get lost if you take your eyes off them for five minutes; but a boy hardly expects his home to behave in that ridiculous way. And yet, peering in every direction as far as he could, which was not far on account of the darkness, Kak did not see a sign of a house.

Gradually he began to know that it was not home that was lost, but himself and the dogs. His heart sank down, down, down like a stone cast into the sea. He remembered how in his panic to get away, followed by the reckless splendor of the run, he had forgotten all about direction, had left it to the frantic team to keep the trail. Examining the cause of their accident, he felt sure there could not be any ice as rough as this lying between the whale carcass on the wind-swept sandspit and Taptuna's home on the bay. They must

have gone far past the houses, or perhaps dashed off on a wrong line altogether.

Goodness, how the wind blew, now that he tried to stand against it! The thought of returning into its teeth, slowly, painfully, following their own track, was enough to make a hero weep. Perhaps they would have to go all the way back to the old whale before they picked up the true course. But Kak did not cry. He laughed. You see he had run right away from his fear. He really did not feel so upset as he should have felt over being lost in the middle of an Arctic night. Retracing their steps seemed a perfectly simple and safe way of getting himself out of this scrape — but he counted without the wind. Racing before it, none of the living things had guessed its strength. Now it beat upon them like a blizzard.

Overhead, the sky hung dark with clouds, and close to the ground, where our boy had to bend to see the trail, the demon air was whirling snow in eddies, gathering up particles as sharp as sand to fling into his eyes. The dogs suffered also; but worse than these discomforts was the storm's effect. Tearing over the open ground, grabbing a handful of snow here and scattering it there, that mighty blast soon hid their track. The farther back they went the less and less distinct it

grew, till on the top of a small ice hill they lost it altogether. Poor Kak hunted and hunted, coaxing his team, straining his eyes for a glimpse of the house or the path.

When he had done every possible thing and quite made up his mind to abandon going home, the boy felt relieved. Down in the bottom of his heart he was not a bit keen about returning to that haunted neighborhood of dead meat. Wolves would have gathered there in numbers by now. Kak shivered. Spending a night in the open at a temperature of thirty-six below zero was not exactly inviting; still, he felt that being near the whale's carcass for five minutes would have been far worse.

He sat down to think, hunched against the wind. A sealskin had been spread over the rungs forming the top of the sleigh, and when he righted his gear after the upset, one piece of meat was lying under it; the rest had gone spinning across the ice into darkness, and he did not bother to hunt for it. Now this ridiculously small load reproached him, for the dogs would be hungry. He remembered dropping that fine, ten-pound chunk in his crazy fear, and his face burned with shame over such cowardice. What a blessing the girls would never know! Crouching there, he recollected

wistfully his wrangling with Noashak that day, clear back to its little beginning. Ah! The snow knife!

With a rousing shout Kak leaped to his feet, and cut a caper before turning to unlash the thong holding his big knife.

"In case I stay all night," he had bravely boasted; so now he must act up to the boast.

"Right here I will build me a house!" the boy chuckled, and he walked over the ground, leading the dogs, till he found a drift. To his soft, padding shoes this bank felt solid enough, but he did not dare to build till he had fallen on his knees and tested it, by plunging his knife in here and there, to make sure the snow was evenly packed.

"Seems all firm," Kak decided, battling to brush the icy particles out of his eyes. With his face to the wind he cut his first blocks and built them up in a circle around where they were cut; each chunk as it came out lowered the floor a little, and this helped considerably. But it was tough work for a lad; his short arms could only lift and place small pieces, which meant using ever so many more of them; still, he stuck to it like a man and as he worked the job grew easier, for the rising walls of the house soon offered shelter from the cutting wind.

By and by he felt ravenous and called "time" for supper. The dogs, curled up on the snow with their faces buried under their paws, jumped from their sleep and answered, "Here," with tail-wagging expectation. Kak tossed them morsels between bites. He enjoyed his meal of whale meat; its gamy flavor was as delicious to his taste as that of pheasant seems to ours. The boy grew cheerier at every mouthful and laughed aloud when his favorite dog snapped fierce jaws on a good bit thrown for Pikalu. Finally he sawed the chunk in halves and let the animals finish it while he finished his work.

Kak's was a very small house. It had no tunnel at all and no proper door — but why have a door when one does not want to go in and out? Kak only wanted to get in. During the building he had been compelled to cut a hole in the lower part of his wall so he could crawl out and get more blocks, for there had not been quite enough material in the floor to finish the roof. When all was ready he scrambled through this small hole, pulled the dogs after him, and then closed it with a block he had cut for that purpose.

From the outside the architect had not been able to see all the chinks in his house, but it was so dark inside that every least little one showed clearly against the night;

HE WAS SOON FAST ASLEEP.

so he filled his mitts with soft snow and plastered them up. Then he spread the sealskin from the sleigh over his floor. Now all was shipshape. But without door or window they had no air. The boy made a little round hole in the middle of his door-block, and another in the top of the roof, as he had seen his father do. At last, feeling utterly safe and tremendously proud of himself, he cuddled down with a large woolly beast on either side of him, and was soon fast asleep.

A long-drawn thunder, followed by a tumbling, rending, grinding vibration roused Kak from his dreams. He felt cold. It was apt to be chilly at night if the lamp went out, so the boy sought his father's hefty form to snuggle into. Eskimo families all sleep in a row in one big bed, and Kak's place was beside his daddy. Drowsily he threw a hand across to feel for him and rapped Pikalu on the nose. The dog growled. Then his master woke up enough to find himself in his clothes and remembered.

Another rumble, more prolonged, more terrifying than the last, shook the whole house. Kak rose on his elbow and listened. He could hear the wind whistling around their shelter, while the smashing and bumping never ceased. You would have broken out all over in goose flesh and popped your head under the blanket;

but Kak only turned on his other side and lay up closer to Sapsuk.

The noise outside was no more alarming to him than taxicabs beneath your window, or a trolley car clanging across rails, for well he knew its meaning; a gale had driven the sea ice in on the landfast ice, and the two floes were grinding and groaning and churning against each other, with bolts of thunder when sometimes a great mass as big as a house toppled over another great mass, with vibration like an earthquake as it slid off again. This sort of show was fun to watch in the daytime, and nothing to be afraid of at night when you were safely camped in your own house which you had constructed all by yourself on the solid, landfast ice.

But while the lost boy slept so peacefully, his father and mother and sister were very unhappy and anxious.

The seal hunters had returned at dark, each dragging a fine, fat seal and congratulating the other on a good day's work. They parted with jests and laughter outside Hitkoak's place, and Taptuna strode on cheerily to his own home. But before he had got within calling distance he knew something was wrong. Even in twilight he missed his sled's black bulk; and where were his dogs? They should have come bounding to welcome

him, wagging their tails, asking for friendly pats, jumping up, frisking, romping. Instead of being the center of this lively scene, the little white roof of his house humped itself out of the white ground like a solitary tomb.

Taptuna wasted no time on the seal. Letting it lie he strode inside, calling for Kak. Guninana raised an anxious face from over her cooking pot and told the worst:

"He has gone! That wild boy dashed off for one last load of whale meat after the sky had turned gray. I called, 'It is too late!' but the dogs were already galloping, the wind blowing — Kak did not hear."

"How long?" demanded Taptuna.

"Long enough to be back now," answered the mother shaking her head. Then she spoke her haunting fear: "There are bears all around, and he carried neither spear nor bow."

Guninana was horribly afraid of bears, more afraid of a polar bear than of anything else in the whole world.

Without a word Taptuna turned to go.

"You will eat first?" his wife pleaded, for she knew he had taken only a piece of dried meat since morning.

"I will have a drink of broth."

She hurried to give this to him in a horn cup, saying, "It would be better to eat."

"The wind rises," Taptuna replied, and there was no need for him to say more. Pulling up his hood he disappeared through the low door.

Guninana silently stirred the stew, and Noashak, completely subdued by creeping fear, stole close to her mother's side.

Taptuna crossed to Hitkoak's. He who had so freely given help with the hunting, could now as freely ask for help. Very soon the neighbor's dogs were harnessed, and both men set out for the whale carcass. The wind was rising. It howled louder and louder, and drove straight into their faces, making the journey as harsh for them as for Kak and his team, who were plodding back in the same direction, a mile or so out on the ice, but hidden by darkness and whirling snow.

At last Taptuna saw the whale bulking black on the sandspit. They hurried on, watching thin shadows slink from its side at the noise of their approach. It was evident wolves had been there in numbers, all the ground around was trampled with their footsteps freshly sunk in the freshly driven snow, but there were no sled tracks at all; therefore the search party knew Kak must have started away before the wind began to

blow so fiercely. He must have lost the trail; he might be anywhere. It would be madness to try to follow him through the stormy night.

"We will need luck to get safely home ourselves," Hitkoak said, peering at their own drifted tracks; and Taptuna reluctantly agreed. Nothing could be done till to-morrow; so they turned their backs to the gale and were blown along, watching every inch of the way; and shouting, shouting — for the boy might be wandering close at hand.

Sadly Kak's father helped tether the dogs and struggled to his own house. He knew Guninana would have the lamp burning and her meat pot on to boil; but he little expected the cheery manner with which she greeted him. Her face was so many degrees less worried it seemed almost smiling, and her eager words bubbled up like the fragrant bear stew.

"He has the snow knife."

"What do you say?"

"It is all right! Everything's all right! Kak took with him your big knife."

As Taptuna pulled off his great fur coats and hung his mittens near the lamp to dry, Guninana excitedly told of their boy's boast about staying all night. Her telling made the story sound more purposeful than Kak's careless morning play, for Noashak had told it

so. The child was weeping for her brother lost in the driving snow, and as she wept and feared, fear led her to remorse. She felt oh, so sorry about their quarrel. Now that Kak did not come back she knew he had really intended staying away. She was awed by his independence; her mother provoked and delighted.

"He is a rash one, is our lad!" chuckled the little woman, slapping her plump hands on her plump knees.

"Kak has sense," his father grunted between mouthfuls. "Since he carries the snow knife, we needn't worry about his being cold to-night. Let us go to bed quickly — I am tired as any man on this earth; and with the first streak of light we must be after him again."

So the family went to bed, all three in a row; and Kak's father was soon snoring; but his mother lay awake a long time, wondering if her little boy really could manage to build a house all by himself. Taptuna said he could — and Taptuna was generally right. Presently she sighed and fell asleep, and the shrieking ice pack troubled her no more than it did Kak, for Guninana was only afraid of bears.

Kak slept late. Excitement and wild driving tire a boy more than he reckons, and he had done a full day's work with the meat before building his house. So he was not a bit ashamed when he opened one eye to find

strong yellow sunshine striking through the dome. He snuggled down again only half conscious of having been disturbed by unexpected noise. It sounded once more — knock, knock, knock. But the boy was dreadfully sleepy.

Knock — knock — knock.

This could not be the grinding of ice nor the sob of wind, nor yet a dog's deep breathing. He opened both eyes and lay staring up. A band of darkness danced across the roof. Something was outside — something large and active! The boy gazed dumbly. What kind of an awful creature could it be? His fancy leaped to bears. He lay petrified with fright.

A soft thud followed. The shadow vanished, sunk to a spot. Kak nerved himself to reach for the snow knife, his only weapon. Then a prolonged squeak on a high note riveted his glance on the dark blot. He saw one sharp claw thrust through. It moved rapidly. Having been shocked awake, the boy was still too dazed to comprehend. He thought some ravenous, strange animal must be breaking in on them.

He was too scared to scream, to move, even to rouse the dogs, till a lump of snow falling from the roof saved him the trouble. Like a flash Sapsuk sprang to fight Pikalu for the honor of meeting this attack. Panic

ensued — a regular good mix-up. The pups barked and scrambled and trod on each other, and nipped and yelped and walked over poor Kak who, crowded under

THE PUPS BARKED AND SCRAMBLED.

the edge of his house anxiously eyeing the shadow, wished his defenders had been ten times more savage.

It is a wonder they did not knock the place down; for until a snow house has had a fire in it to melt the inner surface, which quickly freezes from the cold outside, and so forms a hard ice dome, it is a very fragile sort of shelter.

All at once the boy woke up and understood. He laughed at himself, trying to curb the dogs between

chuckles. A second later the door-block fell in with a shower of soft snow, and his father's head appeared.

Taptuna joined in the laugh. "Stole a march on you, Kak! Ha-ha! This is a fine house you have built, with no door. Lucky I happened along to dig you out — eh? Down, Sapsuk!"

"Dad!"

Kak leaped up, cracked his head against Pikalu's, and fell on his knees with a howl, rubbing the place. Tears sprang to his eyes. Now that they were safely found, all last night's terrors, which he had so bravely put aside, rushed over him. He was glad of an excuse to cry. Taptuna, still in the doorway, jollied his son and pretended not to notice the tears.

"You sleep so late here you must sleep well — no worries at all? But it was a grand scare you gave us yonder; going off to set up an establishment for yourself without a word of warning. A fine place like this, too!"

"I didn't go off to set up anything," mumbled Kak. "We got lost."

"Lost! What? On that plain trail you had traveled all day?"

"I — I thought there was a bear — and we whirled along."

"Ah, you take after your mother."

Kak blushed to the edge of his hood, and who can say how much farther? For Guninana's abject fear of polar bears was a standing joke in the family.

"Help me out! Help me out!" he cried, so as to change the subject.

The dogs began to make a worse row than ever, for the inrushing cold air carried a tantalizing smell of fresh seal meat which Taptuna had brought along. They all looked so funny dashing about inside the funny little house — Kak struggling among his team and trying to talk, while legs, arms, feet, and heads shot in every direction — that his father laughed and laughed and laughed! It would be a pity, he said, to spoil the show by letting them out too soon.

"No, no! Let us out. I want to go home," begged the boy.

"But what about this elegant house? You will not desert it at once?" Taptuna teased.

"Help! Help!" wailed Kak, with a break in his voice.

So his father, seeing he was in earnest, backed away from the door; and immediately the dogs tumbled out with Kak on top of them, all snowy and furry and glad to be free.

There was frozen fish for a picnic breakfast on the sled, with raw seal for the dogs; and while they all four ate, Taptuna continued teasing Kak about his new home. The boy did not mind now because he was in the open air and having a good meal. Of course, being Eskimos, they thought frozen fish a fine breakfast even for a cold morning. Kak ate his up to the last morsel, and it put him in such good humor that he was willing to laugh at his house, and to own that the tiny shelter did not look like much when viewed from outside by critical eyes on a bright, sunny day. To begin with, it was very low — more like a mushroom than a bee-hive, for the top of the dome had sunk in a little from its own weight and from not being properly built — it was far from round and far from smooth; and the crooked, small blocks sat every which way.

"But it did stand up!" its owner cried defensively. "And it was cozy inside with the dogs, and it saved us from the wind and the snow and wolves and bears and being frozen. I had to try to make it!"

"You did well, my son," said Taptuna, suddenly growing serious. "The house is very good for a first effort, and made in the dark, too. I'm proud of you. Not only because you were able to build a house for yourself, but because you had the right idea in an

emergency — the common sense to know what you needed and the pluck to go after it."

When his father praised him, Kak felt the tears rush again to his eyes; so all at once he began to be very busy harnessing the dogs.

Now although Taptuna teased him about the night's adventure, he was really and truly bursting with pride over his clever son. He brought Guninana and Hitkoak, at different times, to see the mushroom. Kak's house became famous. The story of how the boy had weathered that night alone and sheltered his team from the gale was told and retold, till he swaggered like a man on the strength of this great achievement. His mother began to consult him about things instead of issuing orders; while the neighbor girls and Noashak were filled with awe and admiration. They never again dared to make faces at Kak and never doubted his most gorgeous boast.

This story is from *Kak, the Copper Eskimo*, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson and Violet Irwin. Every page is filled with the exciting and humorous adventures of Kak. *Brother Eskimo*, by Alan Sullivan, and *Captain Kituk*, by Roy J. Snell, are two books that give very good pictures of boy life in Eskimo land. Mr. Snell has also written a book of interesting Eskimo legends called *Told beneath the Northern Lights*. Some good stories about the noble dogs of the arctic regions are *Wolf, the Storm Leader*, by Frank Caldwell; and *Silversheene, King of Sled Dogs*, by Clarence Hawkes.

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane:
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man!

This poem is by Hamlin Garland. You can find it in *Silver Pennies*, compiled by Blanche Jennings Thompson. Mr. Garland is the author of *The Long Trail* and of other fine stories.

HOW A CAT PLAYED ROBINSON CRUSOE

Once a father and mother took their children to spend the summer on an island. It was a mere sand bank, with no trees, and no other houses but theirs. But the marsh grass was high, there was a tiny sweet-water river, and it was always cool. The children had

a wonderful summer from June to September, living with wind and sun and waving grass tops, and changing tides and drifting sands. And their cat was a fine comrade — a handsome cat, striped like a tiger.

Two days before they went home, this cat disappeared. How could she have vanished on such an island as this? She must have been snapped up by a passing eagle. They had looked everywhere. Now each door and window of house and shed was securely bolted and barred and shuttered against the winter storms, and it was time to go. A roomy boat, rowed by two fishermen, carried them across the half mile of racing tides that separated them from the mainland. The children went with tear-stained faces. Where could their comrade be? Surely she would come running to the boat, unless something dreadful had happened to her.

The cat, meanwhile, was fast prisoner at the other end of the island, hidden beneath a broken barrel and some hundredweight of drifted sand.

The old barrel, with the staves battered out on one side by the tides, had stood half buried on the crest of a sand ridge. Under its lee the cat had found a sheltered hollow, full of sun, where she had curled up for hours at a time, basking and sleeping. Meanwhile the

wind had been steadily piling the sand higher and higher behind the unstable barrier. At last, it had piled too high, and suddenly, before a stronger gust, the barrel had come toppling over beneath the mass burying the sleeping cat out of sight and light; but at the same time the sound half of the barrel had formed a safe roof to her prison, and she was neither crushed nor smothered.

When the children, in their anxious search all over the island, came upon the mound of fine white sand, they gave it but one careless look. They could not hear the faint cries that came at intervals from the close darkness within. So they went away sorrowfully, little dreaming that their friend was imprisoned almost beneath their feet.

For three days the prisoner kept up her appeals for help. On the third day the wind changed, and presently blew up a gale. In a few hours it had uncovered the barrel. At one corner a tiny spot of light appeared. Eagerly the cat stuck her paw through the hole. When she withdrew it again, the hole was considerably enlarged. She took the hint and fell to scratching. At first her efforts were rather aimless; but presently, either by good luck or quick wit, she learned to make her scratching more effective. The opening rapidly enlarged, and she squeezed her way out.

The wind was tearing madly across the island, filled with flying sand. The seas hurled themselves up the beach with the uproar of a bombardment. The cat, when she first met the full force of the gale, was fairly blown off her feet. As soon as she could recover herself, she crouched low and darted into the grass for shelter. But there was little shelter there, the long stalks being held down almost level by the wind. Through their lashed lines, however, she sped straight before the gale, making for the cottage at the other end of the island. There she would find, she imagined, not only food and shelter, but loving comfort to make her forget her terrors.

But the still house frightened her. She could not understand the tight-closed shutters, the blind doors that would no longer open to her anxious appeal. The wind swept her savagely across the empty veranda. Climbing with difficulty to the dining-room window sill, where so often she had been let in, she clung there a few moments and yowled heartbrokenly. Then, in a sudden panic, she jumped down and ran to the shed. That, too, was closed. She had never seen the shed doors closed, and could not understand it. Cautiously she crept around the foundations, but there was no such thing as entering there. On every side the old familiar house confronted her with a forbidding face.

The cat had always been so coddled and pampered by the children that she had had no need to forage for her-

THE SHED DOOR, TOO, WAS CLOSED.

self; but she had learned to hunt the marsh mice and grass sparrows for amusement. So now, being ravenous from her long fast under the sand, she slunk mournfully away from the deserted house, and crept

along under the lee of a sand ridge to a little grassy hollow which she knew. Here the gale caught only the tops of the grasses, bending but not prostrating them; and here in the warmth and comparative calm, the furry little marsh folk, mice and shrews,[1] were going about their business undisturbed.

The cat, quick and stealthy, soon caught one, and eased her hunger. She caught several. Then, making her way back to the house, she spent hours in heartsick prowling, around and around it, sniffing and peering, yowling piteously on threshold and window sill, and every now and then being blown straight across the smooth expanse of the veranda floor. At last, hopelessly discouraged, she curled herself up out of the wind, beneath the children's window, and went to sleep.

On the following day the gale died down, and the salt-grass once more lifted its tops, full of flitting birds and small brown-and-yellow autumn butterflies, under the golden September sun. Desolate though the island was, it swarmed, nevertheless, with the minute busy life of the grass stems and the sand flats. Mice, crickets, sandhoppers — the cat had no need to go hungry or unoccupied.

[1] A *shrew* is a small mouse-like animal.

She went all over house and shed again, from foundation to roof and chimney top, yowling from time to time in a great, hollow, melancholy voice that might have been heard all across the island had there been anyone to hear, and again, from time to time, meowing in small, piteous tones no stronger than a kitten's. For hours at a time when hunger did not drive her to the hunt, she would sit expectant on the window ledge, or before the door, or on the veranda steps, hoping that at any instant door or window might open, and dear familiar voices call her in.

In spite of her loneliness and grief, the life of the island prisoner during the next two or three weeks was by no means one of hardship. She quickly learned to catch tiny fish in the mouth of the rivulet, where salt water and fresh water met. It was an exciting game, and she became expert at dashing the gray tom-cod and blue-and-silver sand-lance far up the slope with a sweep of her armed paw.

But when the storms roared down upon the island, with furious rain and low black clouds torn to shreds, then life became more difficult for her. Game all took to cover, where it was hard to find. It was hard to get around in the drenched and lashing grass, and,

moreover, she hated being wet. Most of the time in such weather she went hungry, sitting sullen and desolate under the lee of the house, glaring out defiantly at the rush and battling tumult of the waves.

During the first week in October the island was visited by still weather, with sharp night frosts. The cat discovered then that it was most exciting to hunt by night under the full moon and do her sleeping in the daytime. She found that now, under the strange whiteness of the moon, all her game was astir, except the birds. And the birds had all fled to the mainland during the storm, gathering for the southward flight. The blanched grasses, she found, were now everywhere a-rustle, and everywhere vague spectral little shapes went darting with thin squeaks across the ghostly white sands.

As winter drew on, with bursts of sharp cold and changing winds that forced her to be continually changing her refuge, the cat grew more and more unhappy. She felt her homelessness keenly. Nowhere on the whole island could she find a nook where she might feel secure from both wind and rain. As for the old barrel, the first cause of her misfortunes, there was no help in that. The winds had long ago turned it completely

over, open to the sky, then drifted it full of sand and reburied it. And in any case the cat would have been afraid to go near it again; she had no short memory.

So it came about that she alone, of all the island dwellers, had no shelter to turn to when the real winter arrived, with snows that smothered the grass tops out of sight and frosts that lined the shore with grinding ice cakes. The mice and shrews had their deep, warm tunnels. But the cat, shivering and frightened, could do nothing but crouch against the blind walls of the house, and let the snow whirl itself and pile itself about her.

And now, in her misery, she found her food cut off. The mice ran secure in their hidden runways, where the grass roots on either side of them gave them easy and abundant provender. And the ice fringe, crumbling and heaving under the ruthless tide, put an end to her fishing.

When the snow had stopped falling, and the sun came out again, there fell such keen cold as the cat had never felt before. Starving as she was, she could not sleep, but kept ceaselessly on the prowl. This was fortunate for her, for had she gone to sleep without any more shelter than the side of the house, she would never have wakened again. In her restlessness she wandered to the farther side of the island, where, in a somewhat

sheltered and sunny recess of the shore, facing the mainland, she found a patch of bare sand free of ice cakes and just uncovered by the tide. Opening upon

THE CAT CROUCHED, QUIVERINGLY INTENT.

this recess were the tiny entrances to several of the mouse tunnels.

Close beside one of these holes, in the snow, the cat crouched, quiveringly intent. For ten minutes or more she waited, never so much as twitching a whisker. At last a mouse thrust out its little pointed head. Not daring to give it time to change its mind or take alarm, she pounced. The mouse, glimpsing the doom ere it

fell, doubled back upon itself in the narrow runway. Hardly realizing what she did, in her desperation the cat plunged head and shoulders into the snow, reaching blindly after the vanished prize. By great good luck she clutched it and held it.

It was her first meal in four bitter days, and she had learned that she could hunt in the snow. She curled herself up forlornly, behind a drift by the bay window on the front of the house, thinking to have a wink of sleep.

But the still cold was too searching. She looked at the sloping wall of snow beside her, and cautiously thrust her paw into it. It was very soft and light; it seemed to offer practically no resistance. She pawed away in an awkward fashion till she had scooped out a sort of tiny cave. Gently she pushed herself into it, pressing back the snow on every side, till she had room to turn around. Then turn around she did several times as so many dogs do in getting their beds arranged to their liking. In this process she not only packed down the snow beneath her, but she rounded out for herself a snug chamber with a comparatively narrow doorway. From this snowy retreat she gazed forth with a solemn air of possession, then went to sleep with a sense of comfort, of "homeyness," such as she had

never felt since the disappearance of her friends.

Having thus conquered her new world and won herself the freedom of the winter wilds, her life, though strenuous, was no longer one of any terrible hardship. With patience at the mouse holes, she could catch enough to eat, and in her snowy den she slept warm and secure. In a little while, when a crust had formed over the surface, the mice took to coming out at night and holding revels on the snow. She found it fine hunting out there on the bleak, unfenced, white reaches of the snow.

She found the winter slipping by without further serious trials. Only once, toward the end of January, did Fate send her a bad quarter of an hour. On the heels of a peculiarly bitter cold snap, a huge white owl from the Arctic barrens came one night to the island. The cat, taking observations from the corner of the veranda, caught sight of him. She slipped inconspicuously down into her burrow, and until the great white owl went away some twenty-four hours later, she kept herself discreetly out of sight.

When spring came back to the island, the prisoner's life became easy again. But now she was once more homeless, since her snug den had vanished with the snow. This did not matter much, however, for the

weather grew warmer and more tranquil day by day, and she had learned the vagrancy of the wild. But she had not forgotten anything.

So when, one day in June, a crowded boat came over from the mainland, and children's voices, clamoring across the grass tops, broke the desolate silence of the island, the cat heard, and sprang up out of her sleep on the veranda steps. For one second she stood listening intently. Then, almost as a dog would have done, and as few of her proud tribe ever condescend to do, she went racing across to the landing place, to be snatched up into the arms of four happy children at once, and to have her fine fur ruffled to a state which it would cost her an hour's careful grooming to put in order again.

Major Charles G. D. Roberts is the author of this story. It is taken from one of his many excellent books about animals called *Children of the Wild*. Everyone likes a good animal story. Many different kinds are told in these books: *Shasta of the Wolves*, by Olaf Baker; *The Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling; *Animal Heroes*, and *The Biography of a Grizzly*, both by Ernest Thompson Seton; *The Way of the Wild*, by Clarence Hawkes; *Og — Son of Fire*, by Irving Crump; *Kari, the Elephant*, by Dhan G. Mukerji; *The Wild Heart*, by Emma Lindsay Squier; *My Friend Toto*, by Cherry Kearton; and *The Disappointed Squirrel*, by William H. Hudson. And after reading about a cat Robinson Crusoe, you will perhaps want to get the real *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, by Daniel Defoe.

THE BROWN MARSH HAWK

I

Soneto lived where the prairie touched the forest. To the north, almost behind his father's lodge, there began the fringe of poplar and low-growing hickory, which became denser and denser with every mile until it turned into an unending wilderness of tall pine trees, of rising hills, and of blue mirror-like lakes. People said that the forest reached out to that edge of the world where the snow lay deep all the year around; but of that Soneto knew nothing, for he and his kinsmen seldom ventured beyond the first thickets, or across the twisting little river at the foot of the first birch-clad hill.

The wood was full of game, it was true — deer and elk and moose with their great horns like the spreading palms of a giant's hands; yet one of Soneto's tribe would have to be hungry indeed before he went to hunt along the dark overgrown trails of the forest lands. Soneto and his kinsfolk were Sioux, the Indians of the plains, who had only suspicious terrors for that

wooded country that they knew well was full of their enemies.

For in the forest there dwelt an ancient and deadly foe, the nation of fierce Chippewas, the Indians of the woods. They seldom ventured forth into the open prairie land; but they suffered no man of the Sioux tribes to hunt or fish or trespass in any way upon their domain. They were quick; they were silent; they so far surpassed the plains Indians in crafty skill in woodland fighting that, on their own pine-forested ground, they were never beaten. Any Sioux brave who went beyond the river or the white-birch hill, went with his life in his hands; and it was seldom indeed that such a bold one ever came back to join his companions about the camp fire.

Before the little village, however, stretched the wide, sunny prairie, full of food, of beauty, and of adventure. There were the buffalo and the antelope; there were the roving herds of wild horses; there were the rippling stretches of tall green grass in summer, and the wild red fires in autumn. Soneto and his people lived in such far-past times that they had never known anything of other races than their own. It was true that vague legends had come up through the Indian tribes to the southward — fantastic tales of men with white

faces and white-winged boats, who came and went on the shore of a distant southern sea.

Out of that same south had also come, long ago, those first bands of horses which were to breed, and spread, and scatter, until they became the riches of all the plains tribes. No one thought of connecting the horses with those white men of whom Soneto and his kinsfolk had only so faintly heard. No one dreamed that at some distant day the white men would follow the trail of the wandering horses, and would take the land for their own. At that time, the vast green basin which stretched from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, with its swaying seas of grass, with its rolling swells, and its slow clear rivers fringed with cottonwoods, was a kingdom that belonged to the Indians, and to them alone.

The wandering clan to which Soneto belonged were not great fighters, although they were rich in horses. They did not add to their herds by stealing from their neighbors, as did so many of the other Sioux; but they captured and tamed the wild creatures with a skill for which their little village had long been famous. The tribes about them often talked with awe and envy of the swiftness and the great number of the Atsinas' horses. From the Mississippi to the Red River, and

beyond almost as far as the Platte, had spread, moreover, the fame of that fleet steed which belonged to Soneto's father, and which was called the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Soneto well remembered the capture of the horse. Indeed, it was he who had first spied the swift, wild creature, and had brought the tale of its beauty and speed back to his father's lodge.

It was one sleepy, hot afternoon, when the boy had been sitting at the edge of the creek that ran within five miles of their camp. He had deserted the stream which ran so close past their own lodges, and had taken the long walk through the sunshine of a late June day in search of better fishing. The creek here spread out into many small rivulets, that wound through marshy land, with a chain of hillocks and small islands of firm ground between them. Soneto had heard some one say that a band of horses, hard hunted by some tribe to the south, had scattered over this marshy ground and were grazing there, where the grass grew taller and thicker than anywhere else for miles around.

Although Soneto's bone fishhook, with its carved wooden float, was bobbing in the pool before him, he was paying little heed to his fishing, but was staring up at a bird with wide, brown wings, which swooped

and circled above the swamp. He was so intent on watching the sailing hawk that he did not hear the sound of hoofs on the soft grass, as they came over the ridge above him. He was sitting so still that the wild thing which had come down to drink did not see the boy beside the cottonwood tree, and it was wading knee deep amongst the weeds and ripples before Soneto caught the sound of splashing and silently turned his head.

It was a slim, brown horse, a more beautiful horse than he had ever before seen. The arch of its neck, the splendid line of its shoulders, the sheen of its smooth coat — these could not be matched in any herd that the boy had known. A sudden change of breeze brought to the horse the scent of his human enemy. He lifted his head, plunged up the bank in a spatter of silvery drops, and was off across the ridge. His smooth, easy swiftness seemed only to be compared with the soaring speed of the marsh hawk overhead. Soneto brought home the tale of the wondrous horse, and the men about the fires began laying wagers as to which of them should catch him. From Soneto's description, they fell to calling him the Brown Marsh Hawk.

For the next few days, many of the young warriors rode out into the marsh country with their rawhide

IT WAS A SLIM BROWN HORSE.

lassos, with high confidence that they would capture the brown horse. They came back weary and covered with mire, grinning sheepishly. The wild pony was far too quick and wary for anyone to get within even distant reach of him. He seemed to know his way so easily among the firm hillocks and the treacherous, marshy places, that again and again he galloped safely away over the dry ridges, while his pursuers struggled helplessly in the wet bog behind him.

It was Soneto's father who made a captive of him at last. The patient, silent Indian lay in wait for two whole days beside the horse's most accustomed watering place, lay there without food and almost without movement until the cautious creature's suspicions dwindled away, and he came down boldly in the twilight, to drink his fill. There was a swift movement amongst the rushes, the hiss of a skillfully thrown rope cutting the air, and then a furious snorting and tramping all up and down the soft river bank, as a frantic struggle began.

It seemed that the horse would rather beat and thrash himself to death than submit to capture; but the wits of man can wear out the might of the strongest animal, and in the end the desperate, panting creature stood still, beaten. Soneto came out to meet his

father as he brought home the prize; and when he saw the free Marsh Hawk with dull, weary eyes, with heaving flanks, all smeared with sweat and foam, he felt a sudden desperate remorse that it was he himself who had been the cause of the brave animal's being captured. He went up slowly and laid his hand upon the pony's soft brown nose. The nervous creature jumped and trembled, but in a moment stood still and suffered the boy to stroke him. Horses and men are made to be friends; and, deep in his wild heart, the Brown Marsh Hawk seemed to know that this was true.

In a month, he was as tame and friendly as any other horse in the village herd, and before the end of the summer he and the boy were comrades well-nigh inseparable. The other ponies, when they were needed, had to be chased and caught by force or strategy; but the Marsh Hawk, wherever he was grazing, would lift his head the moment he heard the boy's voice or his far-off whistle, would wheel and whinny, and come galloping to him. Many a glorious ride the two had across the sunny prairie while the grass was green and tall, and later when it stood brown and rustling, and full of whistling quail.

By autumn the fame of the fleet horse had spread far abroad, and many of the neighboring Sioux came

to watch him run. Indians love horse-racing; and Soneto and his swift pony offered them many a thrilling day's sport. But far more than to race, Soneto loved to ride off with his beloved brown companion, wandering far and aimlessly over the great rolling prairies that seemed to stretch away to the very end of the world.

It was a time of plenty and good fortune among the Sioux, a happy, prosperous period, which came to an end only through that love of battle and adventure which is always the Indians' undoing. With their deadly enemies, the Chippewas, the red men of the forest, they had been at peace for some time, and might have continued so for years to come.

The Chippewas did not envy the Sioux their wealth of horses; for they traveled always on foot, flitting like silent ghosts through their pine-clad wilderness of lakes and hills. They did not hunt buffalo, and had abundance of game of their own; so that they had little real cause to clash with the plains tribes. Yet they were a fierce and revengeful nation; and, when their anger was once roused, it burned like leaping flame. Their fury was never quenched until hundreds of lodges lay in ashes, and hundreds of warriors had perished in the endless bloody battles which raged along the edge of the prairie and the skirts of the forest.

It was early in November that news came of a chance skirmish between a hunting band of Sioux and a handful of Chippewa braves on the northern reaches of the Red River. Soneto's father looked grave when he heard of it; and that night a council of warriors sat long in the Medicine Lodge. Thereafter, tidings came every few days of new battles and raids; here a village on the prairie had been attacked and laid waste; there a marauding expedition had ventured into the forest and had come back with the trophies of victory, or perhaps had never returned at all.

For a time the chief of Soneto's village held aloof from the general quarrel; but in the end the restlessness of the young warriors overbore the wisdom of the elders. At the beginning of December, just as the first snow was flying, word came that the larger village near them was planning a raid into the forest country. At this news, the spirit of the young braves flared so high that it consumed even the old men's caution.

Early one bitter winter morning, when the brown prairie lay powdered with white, when the great west wind was singing across it in a huge, gusty voice, a little band of warriors set forth to join the larger expedition. It was Soneto's most bitter regret that he was too young to go with them. He sat long, crouching on his heels

in the snow, watching the gayly colored band, decked out with war paint and swinging ornaments of painted feathers, as it moved across the cold, empty plain. At its head was the chief, and close beside him rode Soneto's father on the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Indian raids are, as a usual thing, so fierce and swift that the warriors are at home again, with tidings of defeat or victory, almost before those left behind have time to be anxious. This case, however, was otherwise. Days dragged past, then a week, then another, and no news had come back. At last, one dusky afternoon, as Soneto was carrying a bundle of firewood up from the shore of the river, he saw a single dark spot moving across the white prairie. It advanced slowly, sometimes halting, sometimes struggling forward with weary, painful difficulty. When at last it came near, he saw that it was a man upon a horse, a dark brown horse, which swayed and staggered as it came nearer and nearer to the camp.

"It could never be the Marsh Hawk," thought Soneto. His fleet playmate could surely never move so heavily and sluggishly as that.

Yet the Marsh Hawk it was, and carrying Soneto's father, both of them wounded and so spent as to be scarcely more than alive. They were the only ones

to return out of that company which had set forth with such bravery of bright feathers and bold hopes into the hostile forest.

When the wounded warrior had a little recovered, and when the old men and the young boys had gathered to hear his tale, he told them briefly what had happened. The first brush with the enemy had come in a grassy clearing only a few miles from the edge of the prairie. It had been a victory, or at least so they had thought. Later they realized that the wily wood folk had only pretended to fall back before them, and had led them deeper and deeper into the forest, so that, when the final struggle came, there could be no chance of escape. Six days' journey the fleeing Chippewas had drawn them into the wood; and then, on a narrow trail, at the bend of a great stream, they had fallen upon them in sudden and desperate attack. Every fighting man and every horse had fallen, save Soneto's father and the Marsh Hawk.

"And it was through him only that I managed to escape with my life," the wounded man concluded. "He swam the river, with the arrows falling like hail all about us, and got away into the forest on the other side. I do not think I could ever have found my way back, or have had the heart to look for it, had it not

been for the horse. That there was even one of us to come back with the evil news, is owing to the Brown Marsh Hawk."

It was a bitterly hard winter which followed. With all the younger warriors gone, it was the old men and the boys who must hunt and fish and watch unendingly to protect the little camp. Had the Chippewas chosen to swoop down upon them from the forest, they would have made short work of the few feeble and unskilled warriors that were left. But, by some chance, their raids were directed elsewhere; and while Soneto and his people heard of ruin and destruction all about them, and saw more than once the light of a burning village on the horizon, they themselves lived on from month to month in uneasy security.

Soneto's father was chief now; he still suffered from the wounds he had received in that battle. The Marsh Hawk, too, had a great gash in his shoulder from which he limped for many weeks and, so the medicine man said, was likely to limp always. But Soneto refused to believe that his comrade was to be crippled, and by his patient tending of the gaping wound, got it to heal at last. By midwinter the Marsh Hawk was as sound and fleet as ever.

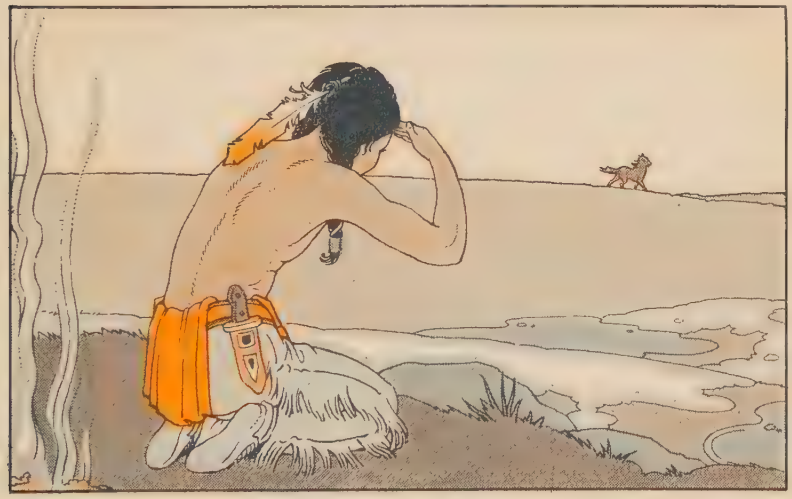
It is an old custom among some Indians that when a

horse has rendered his master a great service he shall be given a great reward. Therefore it was that Soneto's father declared, since now the Marsh Hawk was whole and sound again, he should go free. Soneto protested that he could not give him up, and that the horse would never leave them; but the older men all knew better. A wild horse, so they said, always longs in his heart for freedom; and it had been decreed that, when he had earned it, this was the reward that he should have.

To the very last Soneto vowed that they were wrong in thinking that his beloved horse still wished to go free; but an hour came when his protests were put to silence. It was on a warm day of late winter, with the air mild and the prairie swimming with melted snow, that the chief declared the time had come for giving the Marsh Hawk his release. The ceremonial fires were lit, the medicine man sang, in a long chant, of the deeds of the horse and of the ill-fated expedition into the forest. At last two men led out the slim, brown creature, and turned his head to the prairie, while the medicine man bade him begone.

Soneto watched, in an agony of suspense, as the horse stood for a little, his head up, his nostrils spread, his mane lifted by the warm wind that came across the

plain. Finally he began to move slowly forward, first at a gentle trot, than at a long lope, and then, stretching his neck and tossing his head, he broke into that swift run for which he had become famous throughout the north country. Even after the fires had gone



SONETO SAT, STARING WITH INTENT EYES.

down and the men had returned to their lodges, Soneto sat, staring with intent eyes at that small, moving dot gradually drawing out of sight, until it passed beyond the horizon. At last the boy got up, stiff with cold, and stumbled away to his father's dwelling.

When spring came, and he rode abroad upon the prairie, and saw the easy flight of those sweeping brown

hawks after which his comrade had been named, a sick pain and longing so possessed him that he was forced to turn away his eyes. On all his hunting expeditions, he was always looking eagerly in every direction, hoping to catch at least a fleeting glimpse of his former friend. He traveled far; for now, in spite of his young years, he must do the full task of a grown warrior. But he never saw the Marsh Hawk. One or two of the older men declared that they had caught sight of the horse, but only far away.

"He will never let anyone come within capturing distance of him again," they declared. "A horse is never to be caught after he has once learned the ways of man."

II

A year passed, a long, difficult year, with the war between the Chippewas and Sioux still dragging itself on and on. There would be a long lull, and then a bursting forth once more of the smoldering rage and hatred. The Sioux were nearly always victorious when the enemy ventured forth into the prairie; but they were often and terribly defeated when they attempted to carry the attack into the forest. The Chippewas' thirst for revenge seemed never to have its fill. The

men of the woods appeared to seek out the larger villages as the objects of their raids, that they might deal out greater slaughter to their enemies. Yet they loved also to waylay single hunters who ventured too near the edge of their domain; so that many a warrior rode bravely out to the chase and was never heard of again.

Soneto became so used to the idea of constant danger that in the end, as a boy will, he quite forgot it. He rode farther and farther afield. He was more and more sure in his aim and in his bold skill at bringing down the buffalo; and he thought of himself as a full-fledged warrior. He had, indeed, almost all of the strength and alertness of a proper Indian brave; but he had not that wise caution which comes only to a huntsman or fighting man as the fruit of long experience.

For all of one hot dusty day he had been in pursuit of a slightly wounded buffalo bull, a canny old beast that evidently had been hunted before. No matter how many times Soneto tried to drive it out into the level open, the great animal always eluded him and managed to get back into the broken country about the headwaters of a little stream. Soneto, weary and impatient, vowed that he would not give up the struggle

until he had brought down his prize. Hunting had not been good in the last few days, and the camp was sorely in want of meat.

The big, awkward bull had scrambled up a slope and had disappeared into a little grove of trees and bushes at the summit of a ridge. The two had followed the stream far; and Soneto, in the eagerness of the chase, had not noticed how close they were getting to a point where a wide sweep of forest reached out into the plain. He was thinking only that success now was almost his. It seemed that if he could climb the almost perpendicular ascent which rose just before him, he could cut off the bull from crossing the ridge and could get near enough for a final shot. The scramble was far too steep for his pony; but, so he concluded, it was strategy that counted now, rather than speed.

He slipped off the horse's back, knowing that the well-trained animal would not wander away, so long as the rawhide bridle dragged upon the ground. The sun beat down upon him as he went clambering up the stony hillside, so that he was hot and weary when he reached the top. The climb had taken him longer than he thought; and for a moment he feared that the buffalo had got completely away. But, no, he could see its brown back as it crashed through the bushes.

Then he was amazed to see the great animal wheel about and come galloping straight down upon him.

He was so astonished that he did not have time to set an arrow to the string of his bow; and the charging bull almost ran him down, as it passed by unharmed. It disappeared over the edge of the slope; after which Soneto could hear the heavy body half falling, half sliding down to the valley below. He had no chance to peer over the edge to see what had become of it; for he had caught sight of a man's figure slipping through the bushes, and had dropped behind the trunk of a stunted tree. Another figure and another came up through the underbrush, all moving among the thick branches with such ease and so little sound that there was no doubt as to who they might be. They were Chippewas.

It was evident that they had not seen him, and for a few desperate moments he thought that he was to remain undiscovered. Two of them came walking across the ridge, so close to him that he could see every feature of their faces, and every line of their gayly colored weapons. They were daubed with gaudy paint, and their bows and arrows were bright with beads and dyed feathers. This was no hunting party into which he had stumbled, but a band of warriors

seeking to waylay their Sioux enemies. The two strode across the ridge and went down the slope in the track that the buffalo had taken. In a moment a shout came up from below. They had discovered Soneto's horse beside the stream.

The boy crawled slowly and painfully from behind his sheltering tree trunk and worked his way, through such sparse cover as he could find, up over the backbone of the ridge. He knew that, even though he could keep out of the actual sight of the enemy, his trail was plain and broad on the dry grass and through the bushes, and that they would follow him relentlessly until they ran him down. As he lay still for a moment in a friendly thicket, he could tell by their voices that they were spreading out to form a circle about the ridge, and so lay hands on him no matter in what direction he sought to escape.

They were all on foot; and he felt sure none of them could manage to ride his pony, which they had captured; for the Chippewas have no knowledge of horses. But the wits of more than a dozen crafty warriors were pitted against those of one spent and weary boy; and there seemed little question as to what the end would be.

It was a strange and terrible game of hide and seek which now began, with Soneto's life as the reward of

the struggle. He was driven from one desperate hiding place to another, and forced to move steadily downward from the ridge into the valley and so toward the open plain. Once beyond cover, he would be shot down in a moment by a swarm of arrows, so that his only hope lay in clinging as long as he could to the sheltering hillside. He thought he had never felt such heat as was beating down upon him; his eyes were smarting and his throat was dry and choking.

The Chippewas, leaving a few of their number to guard the mouth of the valley, had spread out along two parallel ridges, and were beating every bush and thicket with careful thoroughness. They were evidently certain that he lay hidden somewhere between their two lines and that they would surely find him in the end.

He knew the truth as well as they, as he lay in the last bit of shelter at the head of a bare slope. He could look down at the mouth of the valley and thence out to the plain where the wide green swam in the quivering heat. He could even hear the trickle of the creek slipping over the flat stones, and spreading out to a shallow pool just where the ravine opened to the prairie. Nothing in the world could have looked more beautiful to his eyes than that rippling expanse of clear water,

which might as well have been a thousand miles away, for all the chance that he had of reaching it alive.

The sound of the stream seemed to have called to others as thirsty as himself. As he lay there, wondering dully how soon the first Chippewas would stumble upon his hiding place, he heard suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs. For a moment hope flared up within him, at the thought that a band of Sioux warriors might have chanced that way.

But no, it was only a little knot of wild horses, wandering aimlessly in from the prairie, grazing as they went, and moving toward the pool. They were a lean, shabby-looking band, without the sleek fatness of the lusty spring season. They moved wearily, and he watched them with little interest until the group spread apart, and a single pony, a slim, dark-coated horse, came out from among the others and stood for a moment at the entrance to the valley. He pricked his ears and raised his head, for a passing puff of hot wind had brought him the scent of man. It was the Brown Marsh Hawk.

Soneto leaped to his feet, put his fingers to his lips, and blew a long, shrill whistle. He cared no longer whether or not the Chippewas saw him, for here was his one chance of safety, the slenderest one in the

world. He called with the familiar cry that in the past had always summoned the Marsh Hawk to him; and he ran leaping down the slope in a mad rush of flying pebbles and sliding stones. The horse hesitated and wheeled for flight; then, as the boy called again, he turned about once more. He stood for a moment, then with a sudden rush as headlong as the boy's own, he came running to his master and dropped his head to nuzzle his dear friend's breast.

With one movement of horse and boy together, Soneto had swung himself upon the Marsh Hawk's back, and the two were off down the valley with a flight of arrows singing about their ears. The stones flew to right and left from under the horse's thundering hoofs; the other wild ponies scattered like chaff, and in a moment were left far behind. Out upon the open prairie they came and turned in a wide curve to the eastward, as the Marsh Hawk stretched himself steadily in his unbeaten gallop. The last arrow spun past Soneto's ear; the last shout died away behind them; and the boy and horse were safe away, alone on the wide sea of grassy plain.

On and on they rode, until the hot sunshine gave place to cool twilight, and the green about them turned to gray. They splashed through a shallow stream

where Soneto stooped to cool his burning throat; then on they went again, while the stars came out overhead,

THE LAST ARROW SPUN PAST SONETO'S EAR.

a whole skyful of stars, with never a hill or tree to cut into the great circle of their shining. The horse's tremendous pace slackened at last; and, as they came up over a long roll that lifted the smooth level, he

went slower and slower and finally stood still. The night wind had brought him the smell of wood smoke, even as the starlight showed to Soneto the pointed outline of the lodges along the shore of a distant stream, the lodges of his own village.

No patting or persuading or coaxing could induce the horse to go farther. The fragrant tang of that smell of lodge fires meant something that his wild heart could not endure. Horses have long memories, and though the Marsh Hawk could not forget his love for his dear playmate, he also, so it was plain, could not forget that his proud spirit had once suffered capture and humiliation.

For a moment the two stood together in the starlight, the horse with his head bowed, the boy with his arms about the neck of his beloved comrade. As he slowly loosed them, Soneto felt the soft, brown nose thrust against his cheek in a last caress. A big bird, which had swooped down for some quarry in the grass, rose slowly, close beside them, and sailed away on noiseless wings. It was with the same easy speed of utter freedom that the Marsh Hawk circled away into the darkness, and left the boy alone.

"The Brown Marsh Hawk" is from *Rain On the Roof*, which is one of Cornelia Meigs's splendid books for boys and girls.

Interesting stories of Indian life and customs are told in *Indian Boyhood*, by Charles A. Eastman, and in *Kwahu, the Hopi Indian Boy*, by George N. Moran. *Red Howling Monkey*, by Helen D. Tee-Van; *The Pueblo Boy*, by Cornelia J. Cannon; and *A Son of the Navahos*, by James W. Schultz, are real stories of real Indian boys of about the age of Soneto. Of course you will want to have a list of some good horse stories too. One of the best-loved is *Black Beauty*, by Anna Sewell. Others are *The Trail of the Spanish Horse*, by James W. Schultz; *Beyond Rope and Fence*, by David Grew; *Horses Now and Long Ago*, by Lucy S. Mitchell; *Greylight*, by Anne B. Greene; *Star, the Story of an Indian Pony*, by Forrestine C. Hooker; *Dapples of the Circus*, by Clarence Hawkes; *Horses Nine*, by Sewell Ford; and *Stories about Horses: Retold from St. Nicholas*, by several authors.

THE BOYHOOD OF BLACK HAWK[1]

A little red-brown baby lay swinging in his hammock under the spreading branches of two trees.

It was pleasant for the child to be swayed gently back and forth by the summer wind, and to watch the birds flitting about on the limbs above him. He could not fall out, and yet he could stretch himself more easily and comfortably than most Indian babies.

Before his mother went to her work she had tied two cords side by side from tree to tree; then, folding

[1] Black Hawk was the last great chief of the Sacs and Foxes.

a blanket, she laid it over the cords so that the ends lapped between them. Behold! a safe and cozy hammock was made for her precious son.

He was a pretty little fellow, but even when his bright black eyes looked up at his mother with a loving smile, he certainly showed likeness to the fierce black hawk for which he was named.

His father was a chief of chiefs and was at the head of the tribe of Sacs. Very likely after his little son was born, he thought: "The child must grow up as bold and daring as the hawks. He must fear no danger and be ever ready for war and battle. Let him be called Black Hawk."

Black Hawk was born in a little village on the shores of the great Mississippi River — a river so big and long that the red men spoke of it as the "Father of Waters."

The baby little knew, and cared less, how big and long it was. Neither did he understand at first what a great man his father was among his people, nor how very free and happy they were in these first years of his life.

They knew there were white men in the country — oh, yes, plenty of them. But as yet the homes of the palefaces were few, along the great river. Many of

the white people to the eastward lived in strange and wonderful places called "cities."

Sometimes they had trouble with the Indians, but they had not bothered either the Sacs or their friends, the Foxes, in their villages and hunting grounds.

Black Hawk's home was somewhat different from those of other Indian tribes. In summer it was large and roomy. The light frame was covered with bark, and there were two doorways. Platforms were built up on each side of the house where blankets could be spread for the night's rest. Each person had his special place where he must always sleep.

The winter home was quite different. Black Hawk's mother and her women had a good deal of work to do before it was all finished. They gathered a great many light poles for the framework. Then they collected cat-tail rushes from far and near and made them into a close, warm matting with which they covered the house.

In cold weather the beds on which the family slept were made of poles and branches. Of course there was a place for a fire in the middle of the house, and many a good dinner was cooked over it for Black Hawk and his father.

Each tribe of Indians has its own fashions. All the women of Black Hawk's tribe wore moccasins of a special pattern. They were soft and comfortable, like those of all the tribes, but they had embroidered side flaps which turned over so far as nearly to reach the ground. Any Indian meeting a woman with moccasins shaped this way, knew at once that she was either a Sac or Fox.

Black Hawk's father wore moccasins with side flaps, too, but the flaps were narrower than his wife's, and they were not so richly trimmed.

When the little son was born, his mother had a beautiful baby-frame in which to hang her child out of harm's way. A narrow board was fastened around the sides and ends, and a thin strip was bent over in the shape of an arch at the top of the frame.

Black Hawk's baby head lay under this arch while his bright eyes had hours of pleasure watching the toys and trinkets which his mother fastened there to entertain him. To be sure, he couldn't move his body very much, for after being wrapped in the blanket, the bundle of which he was the center was bound to the frame by embroidered bands. But he soon became used to it. It is very likely he thought it great fun to

BLACK HAWK'S BRIGHT EYES WATCHED THE TOYS.

go traveling over the fields and along the paths on his mother's back, after being fastened in his baby-frame. It was the only carriage he knew.

There came a time when the little frame was put aside and Black Hawk began to use his legs just like other growing babies. He walked and ran; he played

games with the others; he learned more and more of the wonderful secrets that Mother Nature has always told her red children.

Then came the first hunt over the plains for the wild buffalo, and the proud home-coming with the news of his success.

There was much to hunt in those first years of his life. Buffaloes, as we call the American bison, roamed in great herds not far from Black Hawk's home. Their flesh furnished food for many good dinners; their horns were made into useful articles for housekeeping; while the hides, covered with soft, heavy fur, were warm enough to drive Jack Frost away from the bed on the coldest winter night.

There were many other wild animals besides bison. Deer and moose, elk and bears, were plentiful. And there were great numbers of beavers in the country. The wise creatures built their dams in the rivers and ponds; with their sharp teeth they cut down trees for their homes, and worked busily and happily except when they were hunted by the red men.

Black Hawk played many games with his young friends. One of them was a particular favorite. When the first spring days came, after the long cold winter,

the boys went into the woods and cut branches from the trees. They peeled off the bark and shaped them into long, smooth sticks, pointed at one end. Each boy had several of these sticks and marked them in his own special way.

Two boys could play the game, but of course it was more fun if the number was larger. Each one in turn held a stick between his thumb and second finger. Then away he sent it sliding over the grass in summer, or the ice in the winter. The boy who made his sticks go the farthest was the winner of the game.

"Moccasin" was the name of another game. It was really a very stupid one, but the young Sacs were fond of it. A number of moccasins were placed on the ground upside down. Then, while the others turned away their heads, one of the players hid a ball or other small object under one of the moccasins. The others were to guess under which one he had placed it. The young men liked to play this when they were resting from war or hunting. At such times, there was feasting and dancing in the village; stories were told around the evening fire; speeches were made by the warriors and old men, and the strange songs of the Indians filled the air.

Year by year the white men were settling farther and farther to the westward. And yet the red people, looking toward the great plains beyond the river, felt no fear. "There is land enough for us all," most of them thought.

This is from *Ten Little Indians*, by Mary H. Wade. Some lively adventure stories of the early Indian days are *The Flamingo Feather*, by Kirk Munroe; *The Young Trailers*, by Joseph A. Altsheler; *Juan and Juanita*, by Frances C. Baylor; *Tonty of the Iron Hand*, by Everett McNeil; and *Red Plume*, by Edward H. Williams. Read also *The Boy With the United States Indians*, by Francis Rolt-Wheeler; *Famous Indian Chiefs I Have Known*, by Oliver O. Howard; and *Chi-weé and Loki of the Desert*, and *The Runaway Papoose*, both by Grace P. Moon. Some good Indian legends are told in *Skunny Wundy*, by Arthur C. Parker; *Glooscap, the Great Chief*, by Emelyn N. Partridge; *Rocky Mountain Tipi Tales*, by Hal G. Borland; and *Tewa Firelight Tales*, by Ahlee James.

THE DRUM

Come, come, come,
Hark! Little Brother, the call of the drum.
Out on the night when the air is so still,
And the nighthawk sweeps from the dark'ning hill,
And the shadows creep
From the land of sleep,
And the breath of the plains grows sharp and chill,

Come, come, come,
Hark! the call of the drum.

Come, come, come,
Hark! Little Brother, the call of the drum.
Long ago when the land was free,
And the Indian roamed from sea to sea,
His heart beat light
With the love of fight,
And it called to battle in savage key:
Come, come, come,
Hark! the call of the drum.

Come, come, come,
Hark! Little Brother, the call of the drum.
Gone are the days when it called to kill;
Conquered the brave and broken his will;
Gone are the doe,
And the buffalo,
And the savage war-cry's hushed and still;
Come, come, come,
Hark! the call of the drum.

This is one of Grace P. Moon's poems, taken from her *Indian Legends in Rhyme*. There is a splendid collection of the best of the newer poetry and many old favorites in *The Boy's Book of Verse*, compiled by Helen Dean Fish.

THE KINGDOM OF LITTLE CARE

I

Great trouble was upon the little Schoolmaster's wrinkled face as he pushed up his spectacles on his forehead and gazed across the table at his idle pupil.

"Your Highness," he said, "your lessons are even worse than usual to-day."

"I have no doubt of it," said Prince Otto, closing his great book with a bang; "in fact, I have had enough of study, not only for this morning but for all time. What use is learning to one who is going to be a king?"

"The greatest use in the world," cried the Schoolmaster; "for a monarch must know more than all his subjects together, and be wiser than the wisest of them."

"Then what he knows comes not out of books," said the Prince. "I am weary of this toil and am going out into the world to learn those things that a ruler must know. I shall see strange places and do great deeds, so that when I come home again, a hero of whom all the world has heard, you shall see how great a king I shall be without the aid of books. And on such a fine spring morning as this, with the gay March

wind blowing through the trees, I feel that not a moment should be lost; therefore I intend setting forth this very day."

"Oh, no," cried the Schoolmaster; "I taught your father to be a wise king, and I promised him that I would teach you. And since he died so long ago, decreeing that your uncle should rule the kingdom until you became a man, I have done my best to teach you all you should know. Now you are nearly a man, but, oh, how much is still to be learned!"

"You have taught me but one thing that I cared to know," said the Prince. "In one of those great dry books of yours there is a tale of a land far from here, where all is just as it should be — where rain never falls, nor do cold winds ever blow, where there is food and drink without effort for every man, and where the laws are so just and the people so good that no wrong is ever committed. The land is called 'The Kingdom of Little Care.' I have a mind to see it, so that I may some day make my own country like it, or perhaps a little better."

Nothing could change the young Prince's determination; so he did, indeed, set forth that very day. His sword and his horse were his only traveling companions; for, he said, if he was to do great deeds, they

must be done alone. Down from the palace he rode, through the streets, amid the shouts and applause of all his people, and forth along the great highway. He came at last to a crossroad, and stood pondering a moment as to whether this were the way he ought to take. A traveler, who seemed to be asleep, was sitting under the shadow of the hedge, with his head upon his knees. A scarlet cap with a long black feather, a head of dark, curly hair, and a tattered red cloak were all of him that Prince Otto could see.

"Ho, there!" he cried, waking the sleeper with a sudden shout, "tell me whither leads the road."

The man — a beggar he seemed to be — raised his head.

"The left-hand road is the one you wish to take," he said; "follow it steadily for seven days, and you will reach the seashore. Cross the water for seven more, and you will come to the land that you are seeking."

"Why," said the Prince, "do you know who I am? Are you aware that I am Prince Otto, that I am setting forth to do great deeds, to learn to be a king, and to visit the Kingdom of Little Care?"

"Yes," said the man, briefly, "all that I know, and more besides. I could tell you now just what sort of

deeds you will do, and what sort of a place you will find that Kingdom of Little Care to be, for I visited it myself long years ago."

So saying, the beggar laid his head upon his knees again, and seemed to be asleep almost before the Prince had ridden out of sight beyond the turn of the road. Yet his slumber did not last long; for, soon after, in the midst of a great cloud of dust, there came jolting up, on a huge, awkward, rawboned horse, the little Schoolmaster.

"If you please, good sir," he said to the beggar, "I would not waken you, were I not in great distress; but I must ask if you have seen the young Prince Otto pass this way."

"That I have," cried the beggar, springing up with a merry smile upon his kind brown face; "not more than half an hour ago he passed yonder turn in the road. But tell me, why do you seek him in such haste?"

"He is my charge," said the Schoolmaster, "and since I could not persuade him to bide at home and learn out of books what a Prince should know, I must even follow and see that no harm befalls him. This way did you say? Thank you, thank you —" And off he jogged, bouncing and jolting with every step of his long-legged nag.

The Prince had not gone far before he saw, standing at the side of the road, a riderless horse, while, on the grass near by, lay the rider, white-faced and with closed eyes. He was richly dressed, and a gold-hilted sword was at his side. Evidently the horse had stumbled and thrown his rider, who, it seemed, was sorely hurt. Prince Otto dismounted, examined the injured man, brought water from a near-by stream to bathe his face, and sought in a dozen awkward ways to help him, but found them all of no use.

"I would I knew what to do," he said to himself. "He cannot ride his own horse and is too heavy, indeed, to be lifted into the saddle. Nay, I fear that even to move him may cause his death, so that there is naught for me to do save to go on. I have other things to do besides tarrying at the side of a fallen man."

So finally he rode away, looking back often at the horse as it stood alone, keeping watch it seemed, over his injured master.

Many miles Prince Otto traveled, yet seemed to find no great deeds waiting for him. He came one day to a great city, white-walled and red-roofed, with a magnificent palace in its midst. Yet, for all its beauties, many of the houses seemed to be empty, and sad-faced people walked in its streets.

"What ails your town?" asked the Prince of one of the citizens.

"We have had a great misfortune," answered the man. "The river that runs past the city was once so deep and wide that great ships could come up to our wharves, and we traded with all the world. But now, on account of storms and floods, an island has been formed across the channel so that vessels can no longer reach the town. Our trade has ended, and we are all ruined."

"That is indeed a pity," said Prince Otto. "Can nothing be done to save so fair a city? I wish that I could help you."

"I wish indeed that you could," said the man; "there is nothing that we would not do for the man who should prove himself great enough to save us."

But, since there was nothing that Prince Otto could suggest, he left the man, rode slowly out at the opposite gate from that by which he had entered, crossed a great bridge that spanned the treacherous river, and continued his journey.

The next day, the seventh since he had set out, he came, toward evening, to the seashore, as the beggar had said he would. There upon the beach he observed a group of fishermen, all of whom were shouting, waving their arms, and exclaiming over something concealed in

their midst. As the Prince drew nearer, he could see that it was a great copper pot, sealed at the top and covered with barnacles and seaweed, as though it had been drawn up from the bottom of the sea.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"We found this strange thing entangled in our nets," said one of the fishermen, "so we have brought it ashore and are trying to open it, yet the hard metal has broken all of our knives. Can you not help us?"

"I will try," said Prince Otto, getting down from his horse as he spoke. He attacked the great pot with his sword, but pry and twist as he would, he found he could do nothing.

"I am sorry," he said at last; "I would help you if I could, but I fear there is no one who can get it open. You had better cast the thing back into the sea. And now, since I must continue my journey, is there any one of you who will sell me his boat and provisions for a voyage, as my way lies now across these waters?"

"You may buy mine," said one of the fishermen, "and a good boat she is, but will you know how to sail her?"

"Yes," said the Prince, "that is one of the things that the Schoolmaster taught me. I believe he knew a few matters that were of use after all."

Therefore, as soon as the little boat was made ready,

ON AND ON HE FLEW, PAST BAYS AND HEADLANDS.

he stepped in, loosened the sail, and sped out across the blue waters as gayly and skillfully as could have any of those who stood upon the shore gazing after him. On and on he flew, the driving wind that blew behind him never failing, past bays and headlands, past scattered islands, and then across endless miles of empty, open sea.

At last he saw rising against the horizon before him, the vague, dim outlines of a new land. Even while he was a great way off he could see that the sky above it was a deeper blue than any that he had ever seen, that the rolling hills were of a more intense green, and that the strip of beach toward which he was speeding was whiter almost than snow. His boat came gently to the shore, where no waves broke, only soft ripples were running in one behind the other. Prince Otto furled the sail, leaped ashore, and drew up his boat as a good sailor should, yet all the while his heart was hot with impatience to see if this were really the country he had long sought.

II

From the beach there mounted a smooth white road, that led upward toward a city set in a fold among the hills. Along this Prince Otto traveled, seeing, on either hand, fields that looked like gardens, yet which seemed to have no laborers in them, as though everything grew of itself. Pleasant cottages stood among the groves, where, on the porches, he could see men and women taking their ease. The few travelers whom he saw upon the road before him, moved along in the slow and peaceful manner of people who have no

need to be at any certain place by any particular time.

As he approached the city, he was struck with its magnificence. The houses, it seemed, were roofed with silver, so dazzling was their glitter in the clear, bright air. The streets, he found when he had entered the gate, were paved with blocks of cool, green stone, fountains played at every corner, and flowers bloomed in wondrous colors wherever there was a patch of ground. A man came toward him, dressed in silks and gay with jewels, although Prince Otto could see by his face that he was merely one of the common people.

"Will you tell me," asked the Prince, his voice trembling with eagerness, "if this is the land men call the Kingdom of Little Care?"

"It is," answered the other, "and well it deserves its name. We live here a life of such pleasant ease, with no work to weary us, no troubles to vex us, and with so wise a King to rule over us, that there is indeed nothing left for us to desire."

"And does your King dwell in the city?" asked Prince Otto. "I have come far for the purpose of talking with him."

"He dwells here," said the man, with some hesitation, "although I have never seen him myself. He can be found, I believe, in the palace above the town.

His kingdom is ruled so easily that he has no occasion to go amongst his subjects."

The Prince thanked the citizen and hurried on. The castle rose upon the slope above him, a marvelous building with crystal walls, jeweled turrets, and towers topped with golden bells. A great marble wall, however, smooth and high, ran all around it, with apparently no gate where a man might enter. Somewhat disappointed, he skirted the wall, seeking an opening or a spot where perchance he might climb over.

No such place appeared until he had made almost an entire circuit, when he came at last to a tiny postern door. This, even, was locked, but with bolts so old and rusty that they gave way when Prince Otto shook them once or twice. The door opened upon a cool green alley, shaded on each side by a high hedge. Down this path he hurried, thinking that at last he would come to the palace, but no — after many twists and turns of the way he found himself at the same spot he had passed several minutes before. The path was but a maze and apparently led nowhere.

"Since I have come so far," he said, "I am not to be daunted by a few turns in the road," and so he pressed forward once more. Although night was coming on, and he was very weary, still he went bravely on, through the twilight, the dusk, and finally with no light but the

stars. Even these were growing dim, and the east beginning to be gray with morning when, at last, after losing his way innumerable times, he turned into a long, straight alley that he knew instinctively must lead to his goal. Not until then did he fling himself upon the short dry grass and fall asleep. He awoke to see the sun high in the heavens and to hear the murmur of voices behind the hedge.

Hurrying onward, he came forth into a marvelous garden, blazing with flowers of a thousand different colors. In the midst of the smooth lawn was a marble-rimmed pool upon whose steps there sat a boy, apparently of his own age. The royal robes, the golden circlet upon the youth's cap, and his stately air, all told Prince Otto that this was the monarch of the Kingdom of Little Care.

"I have come far to see you," he said, bowing low before the King, "and if your affairs of state will permit it, I should like to have speech with you."

"Certainly," said the boy, "sit down beside me and tell me why you have come."

So down sat Prince Otto upon the steps and told the young King how he had cast aside his books and had come so many miles to find this perfect kingdom and to learn how he might make his own land like it.

"How would it be," said the young King, after

pondering for some time, "if you should become ruler in my place? Then you can see how the kingdom is governed, and perhaps learn how to make yours the same. For otherwise I know not how to teach you much of this land of mine. It seems to be a place of which there is little to say. Come reign in my stead for a year."

Prince Otto hesitated, but the young King would have no objections.

"Although I know no other life," he said, "I think it would suit me well to be, for a space, some other kind of fellow than just a King."

So at last the change was made. The Prince bade his new friend farewell and was installed as ruler of this strange land. For a time the days passed pleasantly enough, since he dwelt in so gorgeous a palace, was waited upon by such numbers of respectful servants, and had naught to do but eat, drink, and lounge in the garden. He thought of the hardworking hours he had spent with the Schoolmaster and smiled to think how wise he had been to come away. But by and by he began to grow lonely, the days seemed to pass more slowly, nor was he learning anything of the Kingdom over which he ruled.

"Does nothing ever happen in this palace? Are there no new laws to make, no troubles of the people to

remedy?" he asked, and was answered "No" and told that the kingdom was so peaceful, that the laws were so perfect, and the people so free from care, that there were never any matters for the King to settle. There was nothing to do, save to walk idly about, watch the flowers growing in the garden, the goldfish swimming in the pools, and the birds flying overhead. Thus Prince Otto yawned away several weeks, until he felt that he could bear it no longer.

"If there could but be a war," he wailed, "or an earthquake, or a devastating fire, anything that would make a little trouble in this endlessly smiling kingdom."

Then he bethought him that should such a thing happen, he would not know what to do nor how to help the people.

"Indeed," he confessed to himself finally, "I am not fit to be a king, for I know little about the business. As soon as I am free from this fearful place, I will find some way of learning more."

Then a dreadful thought seized him. Suppose the rightful king never returned and left him to rule forever in the land of Little Care.

"Am I to stay here all my life," he cried, "in this hideous country where it is always smiling summer,

and never see my own kingdom again, where one finds mud in the lanes and thorns in the hedgerows, and where cold winter comes to teach us how to love the spring?"

Nevertheless, the true King came back at last.

"I promised to return at the end of a year," he said, "so here I am, yet I came only to ask you if you will not take my throne and let me live always in that busy world where men must work and fight and learn. Come, it is a great thing to be ruler over so mighty a land as this, better even than to try to make yours like it."

"Never," shouted Prince Otto; "not for one moment longer than I must will I be King in this dreadful land where nothing ever happens. Give me but some food to carry with me on my journey across the sea, and I will be off before another hour has passed."

Hastily seizing what the servants brought him, scarcely waiting for a word of farewell, he dashed through the maze — losing his way a dozen times in his haste — strode through the city and down the road to the beach. There lay his little boat drawn upon the shore just as he had left it. As quickly as he might, he launched his craft, raised the sail, caught the wind, and drew a long sigh of joy as he watched the emerald

hills of the Kingdom of Little Care growing smaller and smaller in the distance.

He landed, after very many days of travel, for this time the wind was steadily against him, upon the same shore whence he had set sail. But now to his surprise, he found a flourishing village of fine houses with pleasant gardens about them and a general air of prosperity.

"What means this?" he asked of a man he met. "Are not you, who are now dressed in gay clothes, that same fisherman who sold me his boat only a year ago?"

"You are right," said the man; "last year I was indeed but a poor peasant. But after you had sailed away, there came a little man dressed in shabby black, who rode a great clumsy horse, and who wept and wrung his hands because he could follow you no farther. He saw that great copper pot we could not open and showed us how to melt the top in the fire so that at last we came to what was within. There was a great store of gold and jewels, that made a fortune for each one of us, so now we are all rich and happy. The fellow rode off and would take no reward, although we would have given him almost anything, so wise a man did we think him."

"It was the Schoolmaster," thought Prince Otto, "and he got that wisdom from a book, where I myself might have learned it long ago."

He procured a horse in the town and traveled homeward, thinking deeply. On his way he came once more to the great, fair city that he had last seen, sad and half empty, on account of the failing of its river. Now a deep, clear stream ran past its walls, and the streets were full of gay, busy people.

"What has brought about this change?" he asked one of the merchants.

"A year ago," was the answer, "there came hither a little, shabby man, seeking, he said, his lord, Prince Otto. He must have been some great hero in disguise, for he saw our trouble, and showed us how to cut a channel through the island that blocked our river, so now our trade has come back, and all is well with us again."

"He learned that from a book," thought Prince Otto, "and once he sought to teach me just such a thing, but I would not listen."

He went on until at last he was very near his own kingdom. Upon the road he met a messenger, who stopped him to inquire if he had seen aught of a little wrinkled man dressed like a schoolmaster.

"Last year," said the messenger, "my master, who is King of this country, was returning alone from hunting. He met with a grievous accident, for he was thrown from his horse and so sorely hurt that he would have died, had not this man whom now I seek, found him and cured his wounds by arts that no other knew. Far and wide have we sought him since he rode away in such great haste, for the King wishes to reward him with gifts such as are due to so great a man."

"Books again," said Prince Otto; "my little Schoolmaster is indeed a wise fellow!"

At the crossroads near his own town he found the same beggar sitting there, as though he had not moved in all the year that was past.

"Greeting, Prince Otto!" he cried, as the traveler approached. "Did you find the Kingdom of Little Care? Have you done those great deeds you planned to do, and have you learned all those things that were to make you a wise King?"

"I found the kingdom," said Prince Otto, "but I came away again as swiftly as I could. I have done no great deeds, yet I have, at least, learned one thing — that I know nothing."

"That, indeed," said the beggar, "is worth traveling

to the end of the world to discover. But, while you have been away, that man to whom your father intrusted the kingdom until you should grow up, has

THERE SAT THE SCHOOLMASTER, FALLEN FAST ASLEEP.

died, so who do you think has been ruling in your place?"

"I cannot tell," said Prince Otto.

"None other than the little Schoolmaster," said the beggar, "and a good ruler he has made. He is waiting eagerly to give you back your kingdom; yet you will have to be a wise fellow to govern it as well as he has done."

"You are right," said the Prince, "but perhaps with his help I may come to know all that I should."

He rode into his city, where, since it was nightfall, he was seen and recognized by no one. He dismounted at the castle gate, stole softly up the stairs, and slipped into his old room. There at the table, huddled in his great chair with a huge volume before him, sat the little Schoolmaster, fallen fast asleep from weariness with watching for his young master's return. Prince Otto sat down opposite, where the Schoolmaster would see him when he awoke. He took up the same great book he had cast down a year before, and opened it at the same page.

"If I am going to learn to be a great king," he said, "I cannot begin too soon."

The Kingdom of the Winding Road, by Cornelia Meigs, is the name of the book from which this selection is taken. It contains twelve charming modern fairy tales. Here is a list of others, both old and new: *Tales From Silver Lands*, by Charles J. Finger; *The Princess and the Goblin*, by George Macdonald; *The Old Tobacco Shop*, by William Bowen; *California Fairy Tales*, by Monica Shannon; *Tales From the Enchanted Isles*, by Ethel M. Gate; *Wonder Tales From Windmill Lands*, by Frances J. Olcott; *The Donegal Wonder Book*, by Seumas MacManus; *The Brazilian Fairy Book*, by Elsie S. Eells; *The Wind Boy*, by Ethel C. Eliot; *Nicholas*, by Anne Carroll Moore; *The Happy Prince*, by Oscar Wilde; *Story Hour Favorites*, compiled by Wilhelmina Harper; and the *Arabian Nights*, edited by Frances J. Olcott.

BOY AND GIRL LIFE ON A RANCH

Away back in 1865, a Vermont family migrated to Kansas and took up a claim on Oxhide Creek. This story tells something of the life and adventures that boys and girls had in those very interesting early days.

As the months rolled on, the family, particularly the children, grew more and more delighted with their new home in the wilderness. The boys and girls had an abundance of leisure; for, though their father exacted the most prompt obedience, he was not a hard taskmaster. He allowed his children every indulgence within reason, and only certain portions of the day were devoted to work. They all studied under their father's personal supervision, since no schools had yet been established in the settlement.

For the boys, there were the cows to be driven to and from their pasture, morning and night; and it was their duty to do the milking, too. They also had to feed the horses, and in season they worked in the large garden, on which their father prided himself. The girls helped their mother in every household duty, and relieved her of many cares as she grew older. But the children of Errolstrath Ranch had a good time — a much better time than generally falls to the lot of

families in only moderate circumstances, as were the Thompsons.

Before they had lived on the ranch a year, the boys and girls had become possessed of a variety of pets. Gertrude had a coon; Kate, an antelope; Rob, a prairie dog; and Joe, an elk.

The antelope was caught when young by Joe and the hounds, Bluey and Brutus, under the following circumstances: Although one of the most timid and swift of all the animals on the great plains, it is also one of the most inquisitive. Whenever it sees something with which it is not familiar, its curiosity overpowers its usual fear, and it will approach very near to the object that has excited its attention.

Now Joe had learned from old Tucker, the trapper, just how the Indians act, when out hunting the antelope, to draw the herd within range of their arrows. Tucker said that sometimes one or two of the savages would stand on their heads and shake their legs in the air; or, again, they would hold up a blanket, no matter of what color, and wave it slowly. Then the herd, or at least a number from it, would gradually walk toward the strange object and also toward other Indians who were lying flat on the ground. Thus they became easy victims to swift, unerring arrows.

It was this knowledge of the antelope's prominent characteristic that enabled Joe to secure one for his favorite sister. He was out very early one morning when he noticed a large herd with many kids among it, about half a mile distant. He was well aware that his dogs, swift as they were, would be no match for the beautiful creatures in a trial of speed; so he resolved to resort to the Indian method. Ordering his hounds to lie close, he tied his white handkerchief round his head. Then, taking off his overalls, he began to move his body slowly backward and forward, at the same time vigorously waving the overalls in the air.

In a few moments, just as he expected they would, he had the satisfaction of seeing first one, then another, look up and gaze steadily at the strange object. Presently, about half a dozen of the does with their little ones by their sides, commenced to move cautiously towards him. When they had approached sufficiently near, he started the hounds after them. After a short, lively chase they caught a fine kid, which, of course, could not keep up with its mother. The dogs captured it without injury, for they had been trained not to mouth their game.

As there were a dozen cows on the ranch, there was an abundance of milk; and Kate quickly taught her

new pet to drink it from a bottle. The pretty creature throve rapidly, and soon became as affectionate as a kitten, following its mistress everywhere as a dog would have done.

Gertrude's coon had been caught by both the boys, assisted by Bluey and Brutus. They dug him out of his nest under the roots of a huge elm tree near the cabin one day in the early springtime, when the warm sun had just begun to thaw him after his winter's sleep. He was "cute" and as mischievous as he could be, stealing anything on which he could get his tiny paws. Whenever Gertrude called him — his name was Tom — he would run to her as fast as he could and jump on her shoulder. He would sit there for an hour at a time, when she was sewing or doing something which did not require her to move about. He lived on scraps from the table, always rolling his food in his paws before he ate it.

The prairie dog, the property of Rob, had been accidentally captured by Gertrude one morning when she and Kate were out gathering wild flowers. She had actually stumbled on him as she stooped to pick a sensitive rose. The little creature had somehow become entangled in the vine, and thus became an easy prey. He fought like a tiger at first, and tried to bite

with his sharp teeth everything that came near. He was soon tamed, however, and became a decided nuisance at times, for he would run under people's feet, in spite of the many pinches he got in being stepped upon. He tripped up the boys and girls a dozen times a day, as he was allowed the freedom of the house and the dooryard. Gertrude gave the little creature to Rob, who had often expressed a desire to own one, but had failed a hundred times, perhaps, in trying to capture one.

The elk had been given to Joe by old Tucker, and in a short time grew to be as big as a young mule. Joe broke him to harness, and used to drive him hitched to a little cart which his father, with the boy's help, improvised out of an odd pair of wheels and a dry-goods box. He was kept in the corral[1] with the cows and horses, and became very tame, but sometimes attempted to use his sharp front hoofs rather too freely.

Wild raspberries grew in great profusion near every ledge of rock in the vicinity of the ranch. About a mile and a half from the house, however, there was a specially favored spot for them, where the vines were more dense and the berries of large size and delicious

[1] A *corral* (kŏ-răl′) is a pen for horses or cattle.

flavor. In the second week of June, the second year of their residence on the creek, Rob, who had been up the valley herding the cows, reported that evening, upon his return, that the berries were ripe and that there were bushels of them.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, Gertrude and Kate left the house, each with a tin pail, intending to go up to the ledge and gather raspberries. They were dressed lightly — Kate wore a white muslin skirt, and her sister a thin lawn dress. As the nearest way to the place where the berries were to be found lay by a trail on the other side of the Oxhide, the girls crossed it near the cabin; and, as there was neither log bridge nor stepping-stones, they took off their shoes and stockings and waded. After reaching the other side and putting on their shoes and stockings, they wandered slowly through a little flower-bedecked prairie, beyond the margin of timber which fringed the creek. They did this to make a short cut to where the raspberries grew, for the Oxhide made a sweeping curve to the northeast nearly in the shape of half a circle.

As both girls loved flowers, they gathered great bunches of the sensitive roses, anemones, and white

daisies which grew in profusion everywhere about the place. This occupation consumed a great deal of time, for they quite naturally loitered, charmed by the floral beauty around them. It was fortunate they did this, as the sequel will show.

They did not arrive at the ledge of rocks until nearly ten o'clock — more than two hours after they had left home. It was intensely hot, and after filling their pails with the delicious fruit, they sat down on a shelf of the ledge which projected over the creek. They dabbled their bare feet in the stream as it flowed in murmuring rhythm over the rounded white pebbles, while they ate their lunch of cake brought from the ranch and the red berries so sweet in the wildness of their flavor.

Having satisfied their hunger, Kate said to her sister: "Gert, we ought to fill up our buckets again. If we go home empty-handed, mother will think we have been making pigs of ourselves."

"There's time enough for that yet," replied Gertrude. "This cool water feels so good to my feet that I believe I could sit here and dabble in it until dark. Don't you think it's delightful, Kate?"

"Yes," answered Kate, "but I want to get home

before dinner, because Joe said that he would go with me down to the village this evening. I am going to ride his pony, and he will ride Rob's."

"Well," said Gertrude, "if we must, we must. Mother loves raspberries; they are her favorite fruit, you know; and if we did not take her a bucketful back with us, I should never forgive myself, though perhaps she would not say a word."

"Let us commence right now," said Kate. "I want to get back as soon as I can."

Both girls rose languidly to do as they proposed, but there did not seem to be much energy in their motions. Just as Gertrude had taken her pail from its place in the rocks, their ears were greeted by a low growl, which seemed to come directly from underneath the shelf on which they had been sitting. They looked at each other, and their faces blanched as another snarl and howl, nearer than before, came to their ears. Both recognized the familiar sound they had so often heard when lying in bed at night. It was the cry of a wolf.

Those preying brutes frequently made their nightly rounds in the vicinity of the corral, trying to get at the young calves. Or they could be heard in the timber, where they lingered watching for a chance to secure

some of the fowls shut up in their house of stone near the barn.

Gertrude, who was really very brave under ordinary

THE FIERCE ANIMAL HAD CREPT OUT OF HER DEN.

circumstances, immediately stood still and, looking all around her, suddenly met the gaze of a large, gaunt she-wolf at whose side were standing six little ones!

Generally the wolf, like nearly all other wild animals, will run instantly at the sight of a human being; but the maternal instinct is so wonderful that, when they have young, they will die in defending their offspring from any supposed danger. This instinct was shown in the present instance. The fierce animal had crept out of her den at the sound of voices and, believing that her cubs were in danger, she made a frantic dash toward the now thoroughly frightened girls, who hastily scrambled to the summit of the ledge.

Fortunately for them, the wolf is a poor climber. With a savage bound toward the base of the flat rock on which the girls had a moment before been sitting, she arrived at it at the same instant they had succeeded in reaching an elevation of about twelve feet above the level of the water.

Just as Kate, who was not so collected as her sister, was being dragged up by Gertrude, the wolf made a desperate leap and snapped at her with her terrible teeth, but failed in reaching. She succeeded, however, in catching Kate's skirt in her jaws, and tore it completely from the girl's waist. Kate, almost feeling the hot breath of the infuriated animal, uttered a loud scream and fell fainting into her sister's arms.

Less than three hundred yards above the ledge of rocks in a beautiful piece of prairie, Joe was herding the cattle; and Kate's cry, so full of fear, fell piercingly on his ears. He was aware that his sisters were to go berrying that morning, and he also knew that the sound could only come from one of them. He was lying on the grass under the shade of a big elm with the bridle-rein of his pony in his hand. Grasping his rifle which was at his side, in an instant he had mounted the pony, and digging his heels into its flanks, fairly flew down the creek to where his sisters were held at bay by the wolf.

He arrived there almost at once after hearing the scream of alarm, and saw the wolf still persisting in its vain efforts to reach the girls on the summit of the ledge. Gertrude was almost paralyzed with fear, and Kate lay at her feet in the swoon into which the action of the wolf had thrown her.

The enraged beast was too much occupied with the girls to notice that its would-be victims had assistance so near at hand, and Joe, as Gertrude saw her brother's approach, put his finger to his lips, indicating that she must remain perfectly silent. He dismounted in a second. Putting the loop of the reins over his left arm,

he dropped on one knee, and, taking careful aim, sent a ball crashing right through the brain of the wolf, which instantly fell dead.

Joe then rushed down to the creek and filled his hat with water. He climbed hurriedly up to the rocky steep again and threw the water into Kate's face as she still lay prone on the ledge at her sister's feet. Kate soon revived, and after staring around her for a few seconds in a dazed way, she smiled and said, "Oh, Joe, you have saved our lives!" and rising to her feet, forgetful of her wet face, she kissed him half a dozen times.

Arriving at the cabin, the girls had much to tell about their wonderful experience and their lucky escape from the jaws of the wolf. The ferocious creature would certainly have torn them to pieces if it had not been for Joe's timely arrival.

From *The Ranch on the Oxhide*, by Henry Inman. General Custer and "Buffalo Bill" are characters in this story of pioneer days, when wolves, panthers, buffaloes, and Indians were familiar sights to the ranchman. *The Land of Promise*, by Margaret Lynn; *The Bears of Blue River*, by Charles Major; *Cricket; a Little Girl of the Old West*, by Forrestine C. Hooker; *The New Moon*, by Cornelia Meigs; and *The Forest Runners*, by Joseph A. Altsheler, are other stirring tales of the early frontier days. There is a good story of the ranch life of to-day called *Stephen's Last Chance*, by Margaret Ashmun.

A SUMMER IN SWEDEN

Which would you rather be? A boy or girl of the old frontier days with an adventurous life such as is pictured in the preceding story, or, a New York boy or girl of to-day lucky enough to cross the Atlantic and have a happy time in Europe?

Audrey and Sven spent the summer visiting their grandfather, who lived in a gloomy old castle on the rocky coast of Sweden. There is a real mystery here — but you will have to read the whole book about it if you want to learn how the young folks solve it.

I

"We are to meet them on the rocks. Old Hjalmar[1] from the castle is to row them over. Isn't it splendid to think they are really here!"

Valfried Zander[2] tossed her gold braid of hair over her shoulder as she helped her little sister Astrid[3] to climb into the green, freshly painted boat. Then she called, "Jacken,[4] come."

A fat, black and brown dachshund[5] waddled slowly across the shiny beach and as slowly scrambled over the edge of the rowboat, settling himself comfortably under the first seat.

[1] *Hjalmar* (yäl'mär).
[2] *Valfried Zander* (väl'freed zän'dēr).
[3] *Astrid* (äs'treed).
[4] *Jacken* (yäck'ĕn).
[5] A *dachshund* (däks'hŏŏnt) is a small dog with a long body and short, crooked legs.

Bjorn,[1] the brother, gave a shove with his hand on the hot beach, as he jumped into the boat. He had been fishing and his plump, good-natured face was very red. He took the oars and the boat glided out onto the grey-green water. There were splashes of color everywhere, purple and gold streaks on the bay. The sky, too, was purple with strange flashes of green and scarlet, for it was evening in Sweden and it was almost midsummer time.

Valfried seated herself in the stern of the boat, fanning herself with her wide straw hat. Her blue cotton frock was splashed with seaweed. Little Astrid left her seat and came and sat next her sister. She had a doll under her arm — a doll dressed in a red skirt, white bodice, and tall, black velvet cap. Her cousin, Signa Thorm,[2] had brought it to her when she had come from Dalarne, to see them at Christmas time.

Bjorn frowned at Astrid. "How many times have I told you not to change your seat when the boat is on the bay!" He spoke in a cross sort of way. Bjorn was sixteen, and he felt that he should keep his sisters in order, especially Astrid who did not mind his scoldings in the least.

[1] *Bjorn* (byern). *Signa Thorm* (sĭg'nă tōōrm).

"The new girl will like my doll, I know she will. I don't think she's ever seen one as nice, do you, Sister?" said Astrid.

Before Valfried could answer, she said to her brother, "Oh, Bjorn, Mother told you to put on a clean collar, and you forgot."

"We've so hoped that the Count Essen's grandchildren would come from America and now they're really here. In a few minutes we shall see them and soon we shall know them well. Audrey, what an odd name the girl has, it's not at all Swedish; but the boy's name is sensible, it is Sven," said Valfried, putting her arm around Astrid.

"The girl is like her name, she's not a bit Swedish," answered Bjorn, lifting his oar and watching the drops that fell from it turn to azure and gold in the brilliant light. "Our Karl saw her this morning when he took the milk. He says she has dark eyes and hair and that she looks quite unlike any of us. He didn't see her to speak to, but the boy walked down the path with him. He told him they felt a bit lonely and were looking forward to knowing us. The boy's all right, Karl says. He spoke a little Swedish. It must have been funny Swedish, for Karl didn't understand much that he said."

"Karl is rather stupid. Oh, isn't that just like a boy! Why didn't you tell us before that he had seen them? I should have told you right away."

"Here's the Gustafsburg boat. We'll have to hurry unless you want to take the waves," called Bjorn, as suddenly, from around a huge pile of rocks at the end of the bay, appeared a large white steamer. The rocks were grey and mysterious, rising out of the clear, rainbow-tinted water, the fjords[1] were deep but so narrow, guarded as they were by the great piles of granite, that the boats glided through them unobserved until they appeared at the opening of the bay.

"I don't want to take the waves, Bjorn," whimpered Astrid, holding her doll tightly.

"You're not a coward, I hope. All your ancestors have been in the navy, and one of them saved seven lives in a wreck," said Bjorn. However he good-naturedly pulled hard at the oars. It was too late, for the steamer was close on them; and so, in spite of Astrid, there was nothing to do but turn the boat so that its prow met the waves squarely. The next moment they were dipping down, down into the great green waves, the spray sweeping over them.

[1] A *fjord* (fyôrd) is a narrow arm of the sea with steep slopes or cliffs on each side.

Valfried laughed with delight, but Astrid held her doll very tightly and cuddled close to her sister. People on the decks waved to them. Soon after the boat went by the waves grew calmer, and they were able to land.

Bjorn shoved the boat well up on the sand at the foot of a great stretch of rocks. Then he lifted Astrid out, setting her on a ledge just above him. Valfried had jumped out quickly and, by the time the others reached her, was waving towards a rowboat which appeared as suddenly from behind the rocks as the steamer had done. An old man was rowing the boat in which were the two newcomers, a boy and a girl. As soon as they had landed he rowed quickly away, disappearing behind the rocks.

Bjorn went halfway down to meet them but Valfried, suddenly shy, sat at the top and tried not to appear as excited as she felt, when they came up to her. She stood up and gave the girl her hand, pulling hard so as to help her over the last boulder.

"You're Sven and Audrey, aren't you? We're so glad you've come," she said, pulling her sister around in front of her. Astrid too, had felt shy, and this was very unusual indeed.

The girl spoke first. She had short, dark hair which

flapped about her face, and she wore a dark blue sailor suit.

"Yes, we came last night. We've heard of you from Tante Greta[1] and I guess we'll be great friends." She smiled at the three of them and so did Sven. His hair was not so dark as his sister's and he had blue eyes.

"It's great fun being here; it's dandy. I'm mighty glad we're going to get acquainted," said Sven, as they all sat down on the rocks.

"Do you swim?" asked Bjorn.

"Oh, yes, we go to the seashore every summer with Granny, but it's all so different from this — hundreds of people on the beach — you don't know how different it is," answered the girl before her brother could speak. She opened a basket and brought out an elaborate cake covered with sugar and nuts, a flask of milk, and five white enamel cups.

"Tante Greta asked if we wanted coffee and I said we never drank it, so she gave me the milk to have with this wonderful cake. She says a woman makes them who lives in a place called Boo, near here — such a funny name — Boo."

Audrey Bradford threw back her head and laughed and the others laughed, too.

[1] *Tante Greta* (tän'tĕ grā'tȧ) means Aunt Greta.

"It's a funny little village an hour's sail from here; it's the nearest village to the castle. Your aunt means old Fru Wallman.[1] This is good cake, isn't it!" exclaimed Valfried. Audrey poured out the milk and Sven passed around the cake which Audrey had cut into ample slices.

"Don't you like coffee?" asked little Astrid; she had been looking steadily at Audrey ever since she sat down beside her on the rock.

Audrey smiled at her. "Not much, do you? Oh, will you let me see your doll?" She held it up admiringly.

"She's dressed like a Dalacarnian peasant; we have cousins who live where they all dress that way," explained Valfried. "Astrid and I went to visit them once. We all went to church in a boat and rowed across the bay in the longest boat you ever saw."

"It was 'most a mile long," put in Astrid.

"Nonsense, Astrid, it was nothing of the kind; but it held about twenty people."

"We must go there, Sven," cried Audrey, "Oh I want to see everything; I want to see all the world!"

The Zander children looked at her with great interest, she was so different from them.

[1] *Fru Wallman* (frōō väl'män) means Mrs. Wallman.

"Tante Greta seems so quiet and sad, poor dear, and the castle is so big and gloomy. Sven and I were homesick last night, weren't we, Sven?"

Sven nodded. "It was sort of funny, so different from New York; we'd just arrived, and, well, Grandfather and Tante Greta aren't like Father."

"They almost never leave the castle. Mother asks your aunt to come for coffee, but she never does. Mother's been to have coffee with her. She was asked to come the last time, when the letter had arrived saying you and Sven were coming," said Valfried, who had always very much wanted to see inside the castle and had begged her mother in vain to take her when she went to see Froken Essen,[1] the children's aunt.

"It's going to be splendid now that we know you," Audrey went on. "Isn't it strange to think of all the things we've seen that you've never seen and all the things you've seen that we don't know anything about!"

"I don't believe they've ever heard of Coney Island; think what they've missed," remarked Sven with a laugh, as they gathered together the remains of the cake and the cups. Sven was already beginning to feel better; it was so jolly, meeting these new friends.

"Yes, I've read about Coney Island; I'm going to

[1] *Froken Essen* (frō'kĕn ĕs'sen) means Miss Essen.

see it some day. I'm going to be in the navy, and so I'll travel around everywhere," answered Bjorn.

Audrey looked at the silver flagon which she held in her hands; it had the Essen coat of arms embossed on one side, two swords crossed. She gazed at it curiously for a moment, shaking the dark hair out of her eyes.

"This is Mother's country — our mother whom we cannot remember. You must tell us, oh, so many things. You see Father was only just one month in Sweden, years ago when he first met Mother. Father's so American, he says he only remembers Sweden because it was where he met Mother. He was in Stockholm all the time; he only came out to the Castle On The Rocks to be married."

Audrey spoke in a quick, impulsive sort of way, but the Zanders seemed to understand her.

"You know English pretty well, don't you?" said Sven to Valfried, as Audrey finished speaking.

"Well, we had an English governess for five years; we ought to be able to speak and understand it. Don't you two speak Swedish at all?"

"Not much, just a few words," answered Sven, as though he were ashamed of the fact.

"We're going to learn. Old Hjalmar has promised to teach me. I asked him. I like Hjalmar, he's so

sort of, oh, like an old servant in a storybook. He's different from anyone at home." Audrey laughed as she spoke, putting her arm around Astrid who snuggled up to her.

"I love you," announced Astrid. "I'm going to tell you all my secrets, you're nicer than Valfried," she went on. "She's always talking things to Ingeborg Wicander[1] and telling me to run along and not bother."

They all laughed, except Valfried, who did not seem any too well pleased.

"I know we're going to have some dandy times, all of us together," said Sven, "I think it's jolly here."

"It's like a dream," answered Audrey, looking off at the flashes of green in the northern sky.

"Sweden isn't a dream," exclaimed little Astrid indignantly. "It's the very best country in the world." They all laughed merrily at this, and Sven patted Astrid's arm.

"I think it's a tiptop country, Astrid," he said.

"We'll swim and row and have picnics," Valfried smiled at Audrey as she spoke.

Bjorn and Sven started down the rocks to look for Bjorn's fishing rods which he kept in a cave-like place in the side of the rocks, with some other treasures.

[1] *Ingeborg Wicander* (ĭng'yȧ-bôrg vē-kän'dĕr).

The girls began at once to get better acquainted. Valfried forgot to be shy and seeing that Audrey was interested, told her of school in Stockholm in the winter, of the dancing class that met every Saturday night at the homes of different playmates, where they learned to dance their national dances and wore the dresses of the different provinces. "Oh the dances are such fun, Audrey! I know you'd love them. Perhaps we can go up to Stockholm while you're here and go out to Skansen and see the peasants dance."

"They have chocolate with whipped cream on top and cakes, too, when the dancing class meets at our house. Mother lets me stay up till the cakes are passed around," said Astrid.

Some hungry sea gulls flapped their wings near by and she took the last of her piece of cake to share with them, climbing down the rocks as fast as her fat legs would take her.

The boys called to them to come down, and Valfried called back, "In a few minutes, it's early yet." Then she said, turning to Audrey, "It's wonderful to think you've really come; I've thought about it for so long and have wondered about you."

Audrey nodded. "I'm glad we've come. Last

SHE SHARED THE LAST OF HER CAKE WITH THEM.

night I was homesick; and after I'd gone to bed I thought of the hotel where we live in New York, of the busses on Fifth Avenue, and of the colored boy at the hotel — the elevator boy who used to sing hymns for us — and of soda water, though I don't like it very well. Such funny things came into my mind — I mean things I never would have thought I'd miss." She looked off towards the castle, towering high above them, on the great rocks. "The castle must be the most dismal place in the world in winter; it's dismal anyway. Do you know, Valfried, I'll love everything here, except the castle; but whenever I think of it, I'm sad."

Valfried was silent for a minute. She hesitated before she answered, "Your grandfather is a very sad old man, or so the people say; he hasn't talked to anyone for years — I mean, anyone outside the castle."

Audrey nodded. "They're both sad. Aunt Greta hasn't smiled once since we came, yet she is so gentle and kind. There's a mystery — oh, Valfried, do you suppose there is one? Wouldn't it be — well — sort of interesting if there should be a mystery? Anyway, the castle isn't a happy place at all."

The boys called again and they both stood up.

Valfried wound her fair hair around her head as they stood for a moment, looking off at the gorgeous scarlet and purple of the sea and sky.

The two girls looked at each other; after a minute they smiled, happy in their new-found friendship. Audrey had brown eyes, with black specks in them. "Pepper and salt eyes," Sven called them. Her black bobbed hair stood out at each side of her tanned little face. She wore a dark blue Peter Thompson suit; and Valfried in her pale blue cotton frock, with her light hair, looked very fair beside her.

There was a sound of water splashing and both girls looked down quickly. A boat glided around the bend in the rocks and slowly passed by them. In the boat stood a boy, paddling with an oar. He wore rough, dark trousers and a white shirt that was open at the throat, showing his brown neck and chest. The afterglow of the sun fell full upon him, the water around the boat was bronze and gold, and the boy's hair shone like gold in the dazzling light. He held his head slightly back and as he passed the girls, he saw them, where they stood, high on the rocks. He smiled a little shyly at Valfried and slightly nodded his head; then the boat glided on, down the bay.

Audrey turned and put her hand on Valfried's arm.

"Who is that?" she asked. Valfried looked at her a little curiously, for she seemed startled.

"Why that is Nore Carlson,[1] just a fisher boy who lives across the bay. He taught Bjorn to fish and sail; he's just Bjorn's age — fifteen."

Audrey stood quite still near the edge of the rock and watched the vanishing boat, a black spot in the rainbow water.

"A fisher boy," she said half to herself. "I don't know why, but I want that boy to be my friend."

II

Audrey was right, the castle was a gloomy place. It was built of stone and stood high on the rocks, overlooking the sea. Gulls flapped their wings about its turrets and harsh-voiced crows screamed ceaselessly at its windows.

"You old crows, if only I could shoot you all off at one shot, wretched things!" Audrey pulled aside the curtain at one of her windows and frowned at a very impudent crow who seemed to sneer at her. It was two o'clock in the morning and the sun shone brilliantly. Gradually the magic of the scene outside drove away

[1] *Nore Carlson* (nō'rĕ kärl'sun).

the frown, and she stood drinking in the almost blinding beauty of the sea and sky, swept as they were by the magic of a northern sunrise.

"It's gorgeous beyond words, but it's too — too big, it almost scares me," she thought. Then she spoke again to the crow who was perched just near her window and whose loud cawing had awakened her. "I'll get even with you yet, old man, don't you forget it."

She drew the curtain together after this speech and went back to bed. The light crept in at every corner, the dark green curtains doing little towards keeping it out. "It's just day all the time, I'll never get used to it. I wish we were at Newport with Granny," she thought; but she knew that this was not really true; it was only that she was not quite used to the strangeness yet.

Her very large bed was deeply carved and there were faded red velvet curtains around it. She lay still for some time, staring at a black and gold chest in one corner and at the tall white tombstone-like stove in the other.

"Funny idea having that stove here, it looks so out of place," she thought. Was she homesick, she wondered. Of course she was; but it would pass away,

and after all, it was splendid meeting the Zanders — they were all such fun."

Four days had passed since they had all met on the rocks, days of sun and laughter. Twice they had had "coffee parties" on the rocks, and every day they had been in swimming, and she and Valfried had rowed out to catch the swell from the Gustafsburg steamer, as it came from the fjord, into the bay. What fun that had been! She and Valfried were becoming splendid friends. Audrey never tired of hearing Valfried tell of Stockholm in the winter, of the strict school that she attended, where she had to be in her seat at half past seven in the morning. "Oh, it's so dark and cold, Audrey, you can't think, just as black as night; if you stay next winter, you'll see!"

Stay next winter! The very thought was out of the question. Not to see New York, Fifth Avenue, and the girls at Miss Daly's school, and best of all, her dear, kind, busy father!

She looked at the picture of a young girl in white, which hung just in front of her. It was a painting of her mother, done before her début in Stockholm, before she had married the American and had gone so far away to live and die.

Audrey was rather cross at breakfast the next morn-

ing. She and Sven ate alone in the great dark dining room. Aunt Greta had been up for some time.

"Funny this room is always dark, with all the sun outside," remarked Sven cheerfully, as he spread some butter on a piece of freshly baked, spicy coffee cake, and began to eat it with enjoyment.

"The whole place is dark and the people in it have dark souls," exclaimed Audrey, taking a savage bite of bread and butter. She often made remarks like this; and her brother, being used to them, went calmly on with his breakfast.

"Nice thing to say about your relatives. Hope you don't count me in. You seem to have a grouch. What's the matter with you? Aren't we having a peach of a time?"

"I didn't mean that our relatives are wicked—I mean they're sad. Yes, it's great fun being with the Zanders. I'm keen about going to Stockholm with them next week, aren't you?" asked Audrey, cheered by her breakfast and inclined to look on the brighter side. She felt that Sven could not understand many of the things that troubled her — he was so slow and matter-of-fact. The gloominess of the castle and the cawing of the crows did not disturb *his* sleep.

"You and Bjorn might try to do something about the

crows; they're mean, impudent creatures. I'll never get used to their screeching. Isn't it funny here, Sven? — And, oh dear, if we could only make Aunt Greta laugh more; she's only laughed the one time when you and I danced the cake walk, down the hall; and Grandfather — why they both of them just stay in, all day. They just sit by the fire, and Aunt Greta knits and knits, and every time we speak Grandfather mutters, 'Sigried's[1] children, Sigried's children!' "

"Grandfather likes to have you around, just the same," answered Sven, pouring some cream on his porridge. "You've made him laugh several times, especially when you told about the time we took Granny in the subway, for the first time."

"I'm going to wake Grandfather up this summer, see if I don't — Aunt Greta too, she's a dear, really. She just needs to be happy, she needs to be interested." Audrey said this last over her shoulder as they left the dining room, and Sven replied, as they went out of the great hall into the morning sunshine, "You can wake her up, if it's possible for anyone to do it, Sis."

They were to sail with the Zanders and, after a kiss for little Astrid, Audrey sat down between her and Valfried and watched the boys as they worked at the

[1] *Sigried* (sēg'rēd).

sails. The wind was brisk and just in the right direction and the sea as blue as Valfried's eyes.

"We have to sew this afternoon, Astrid and I; we can only sail for an hour or so; but we do want to talk about Stockholm. We're so glad you and Sven are going with us. We're to open the flat on Strandvagen — won't it be fun, showing Stockholm to Audrey and Sven, Bjorn?" Valfried laughed as she spoke, giving Audrey a little hug.

"Sit tight, girls! Yes, it will be fun. I'm going to take Sven over to the navy yard."

Astrid spoke up shrilly. "I'm going, too, and I'm to have a cake with whipped cream on the top of it. Mother said I might." Then she began to sing in her funny, little, high voice. Astrid was only eight years old, but she liked very much to be the central figure. This is what she sang:

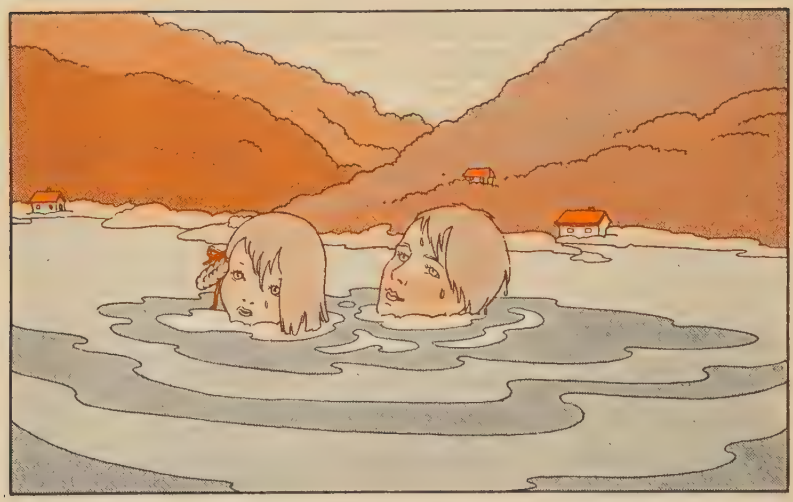
"En socker bagere som bord i staden,
Han bakar kakarna hala dagen,
Han bakar stura, han bakar smo,
Han bakar nogra med socker po."[1]

[1] A pastry baker lives in town;
He bakes cakes all day long.
He bakes them big; he bakes them small;
He bakes a few with sugar on.

"It's a nice song," she said, turning to look up at Audrey. "It's about a lovely baker who just baked cakes all day long. Little ones and big ones." Astrid leaned over the side of the boat, trailing her fat little hand in the water, as she sang. The wind had come up briskly and Bjorn was busy trimming the sail. A moment later they entered one of the narrow waterways and Bjorn called out a greeting to a boy who was coming towards them in a rowboat. It was Nore.

No one ever knew quite what happened next except that there was a sudden sound as of something tearing, then a harsh creaking, and quicker than thought the back mast tore away from the boom and little Astrid was flung violently into the water. The force of the mast, swinging back, although it did not hit Sven or the girls, threw them back against the far side of the boat. They were unhurt and, like a flash, both Sven and Bjorn turned to leap after Astrid. Someone was quicker, however. Nore had jumped from his boat, caught Astrid as she rose to the surface, and was treading water, holding her in his arms, at the side of the boat, almost before one could breathe.

Bjorn, seeing that Astrid was safe and that Sven was helping them into the boat, bent his energies on fixing the sail. They were still in danger.



NORE CAUGHT ASTRID AS SHE ROSE TO THE SURFACE.

The boat rocked violently. There was a sharp side wind which caught it. Bjorn gave Sven quick directions and after a moment, Nore was able to help too.

The sail was fastened as securely to the boom as two pairs of strong boys' hands could make it. Then Bjorn cleverly brought them close to Nore's rowboat, which Sven fastened to the sailboat, and Bjorn steered them safely into the open bay, towards home.

Astrid cried at first but not for long. Audrey wrapped her jacket around her; putting Bjorn's on top of that, she held Astrid close to her, and Valfried sat close, on the other side, so that they could keep her

as warm as possible. Audrey trembled but she hoped no one noticed it. She was not so used to the sea as were the Swedish children, and she had been badly frightened. Valfried, too, had had a scare and reproached herself that she had not taken better care of her little sister.

Bjorn was very angry. "If she got what she deserved, she would be well whipped when she reaches home," he muttered.

"Why should you blame Astrid because the mast broke away?" asked Audrey. Astrid was a great favorite with her, already.

"I do not blame her for that, but she is very disobedient. It is always the same way. She does not do anything I tell her when she is in the boat. She was leaning way over the side of the boat. I saw her, but I had no time to cry out as the mast broke from the boom. I shall never take her sailing again. She has spoiled the morning for us."

Astrid did not seem greatly alarmed by her brother's remarks, and now that she was safe, with Audrey's arm around her, smiled on them all, though she was wet to the skin.

Audrey looked at Nore. He, too, was dripping wet and the water ran down his hair and face. He looked

at Audrey and smiled shyly but did not speak. The American boy was about his own age, and had such a friendly, nice face; and the girl was the most interesting human being he had ever seen. Her shaggy, black hair, the life and sparkle in her odd, brownish grey eyes! How different she was from any one of them!

Nore would not stay when the Zander children entreated him to come to Sunhem, their summer villa, and see their mother. "She will want to thank you, herself. Think what you did, Nore, you saved Astrid!" exclaimed Valfried as they all stood on the shore, together.

"I was only a minute quicker than the boys, because they had the boat to manage. It was really Bjorn's good work that saved you all from a ducking, at any rate, Froken Valfried," he answered, as he jumped into his boat and started off. Bjorn had thanked him warmly and said as he rowed away: "He's more at home on the water than on land. He's queer, I mean he likes to go off by himself a good deal. He taught me to sail. He's a good fellow."

Audrey waved good-bye to Valfried who was hurrying the dripping Astrid towards the large green and white villa which was their summer home.

"Oh Sven, isn't Nore sort of like a storybook per-

son?" exclaimed Audrey as they made their way up the rocks. Sven answered vaguely. As a matter of fact he hardly heard what she said, for he was writing, in his mind, an urgent letter to his father, asking if he could have a sailboat. He went on around the side of the house to find Hjalmar, and Audrey climbed the castle steps and ran on through the great hall to a little sitting room.

Tante Greta sat by the window, sewing. She was a delicate looking woman. Her fair hair was touched with grey, and she had a gentle, pale face. About her shoulders was a soft, blue-grey shawl. She looked up as Audrey came in, and smiled faintly. Audrey at once told of the morning's excitement, and was immediately sorry, for her aunt at once grew nervous and said that they must not sail at all if they were not more careful.

"Your father has trusted you to us — your grandfather and me. He surely would not approve of the sailing," she said.

Audrey laughed and going to her aunt put her arms around her and kissed her. "Dear Tante Greta, the sailing is almost the most wonderful part of our being here; it's next to seeing you and Grandfather."

She gave her aunt another hug and went on impul-

sively. "Oh, Tante Greta, I wish you ever had any fun. You just sit here day after day. I know your eyes trouble you, but I don't believe the sunshine would hurt them. Oh, I'd like to take you home with me, when we go back. I'd like to take you for a ride on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus at half-past five on a Saturday afternoon when the matinées are just over. We'd have chocolate at Maillard's and then go back to the hotel for dinner and then —" Audrey reflected a moment, "Then we might go to Ringling's Circus at Madison Square Garden in the evening."

Audrey paused for breath, and Tante Greta gave one of her rare little laughs.

"It's sweet of you, child, to want me to go back with you; but I do quite well as I am, and I could never leave your grandfather." She smoothed Audrey's arm gently as she spoke. After Audrey had left the room, she stood for some time at the window, looking out, her work falling idly at her side.

She sighed as she turned away from the window, but as she stooped to pick up Audrey's hat which she had dropped and forgotten, she smiled. How different indeed was the little American niece from any child she had ever known, how quickly she spoke and moved, how impulsive she was!

"I am glad indeed that Sigried's children are here," she thought, as she went on out to the balcony in answer to a call from her father.

Katharine Adams wrote this story in her book called *Midsummer*. Miss Adams ranks high among the present-day authors of stories about boys and girls in other countries. *Mehitable; Red Caps and Lilies; Wisp, a Girl of Dublin;* and *Toto and the Gift*, are others of her intensely interesting books. *When I Was a Girl in Sweden*, by Anna M. Hertzman, tells about the country that Audrey and Sven visited. Be sure to read also *Children of the Moor*, by Laura Fitinghoff, and *Saturday's Children*, by Helen Coale Crew.

THE PROUD VEGETABLES

In a funny little garden not much bigger than a mat,
There lived a thriving family, its members all were fat;
But some were short, and some were tall, and some were almost round,
And some ran high on bamboo poles, and some lay on the ground.

Of these old Father Pumpkin was, perhaps, the proudest one.
He claimed to trace his family vine directly from the sun.

"We both are round and yellow, we both are bright," said he,
"A stronger family likeness one could scarcely wish to see."

Old Mrs. Squash hung on the fence; she had a crooked neck,
Perhaps 'twas hanging made it so — her nerves were quite a wreck.
Near by, upon a planted row of faggots, dry and lean,
The young cucumbers climbed to swing their Indian clubs of green.

A big white *daikon*[1] hid in earth beneath his leafy crest;
And mole-like sweet potatoes crept around his quiet nest.
Above were growing pearly peas, and beans of many kinds
With pods like tiny castanets to mock the summer winds.

There, in a spot that feels the sun, the swarthy egg-plant weaves
Great webs of frosted tapestry and hangs them out for leaves.
Its funny azure blossoms give a merry, shriveled wink,

[1] A *daikon* (dī'kŏn) is a Japanese radish.

And lifting up the leaves display great drops of purple ink.

Now, life went on in harmony and pleasing indolence
Till Mrs. Squash had vertigo and tumbled off the fence;
But not to earth she fell! Alas — but down, with all her force,
Upon old Father Pumpkin's head, and cracked his skull, of course.

At this a fearful din arose. The pods began to split,
Cucumbers turned a sickly hue, the *daikon* had a fit,
The sweet potatoes rent the ground — the eggplant dropped his loom,
While every polished berry seemed to gain an added gloom.

And, worst of all, there came a man, who once had planted them.
He dug that little family up by roots and leaf and stem,
He piled them high in baskets, in a most unfeeling way —
All this was told me by the cook — we ate the last to-day.

This is from *Blossoms from a Japanese Garden*, by Mary Fenollosa.

THE ESCAPE OF SOPHIE THE SEAL

Poor Sophie the seal! She belonged to a traveling circus that Doctor Dolittle, the celebrated animal doctor, had joined, and she was very sad indeed. In the Alaskan waters where she had been captured, her husband was pining away for her. The kind-hearted doctor planned her escape as this story tells. (Perhaps you remember that Dr. Dolittle could talk with animals just as well as he could with people.)

I

Planning the Escape

Although the plans for Sophie's escape were of course kept a strict secret from any of the people in Blossom's establishment, the animals of the circus soon got to know of them through the dogs, Jip, Toby, and Swizzle; and for days before the flight took place it was the one subject of conversation in the menagerie, in the stables, and in the Doctor's caravan.

When John Dolittle returned from telling Blossom, the manager, that he was about to leave the circus on business for a few days, he found his own animals seated about the table in the wagon talking in whispers.

"Well, Doctor," said Matthew, the Cat's-Meat-Man, who was sitting on the steps, "did you speak to the Boss?"

"Yes," said the Doctor. "I told him. It's all right. I'm leaving to-night. I felt frightfully guilty

"YOU CAN RELY ON ME," SAID THE CAT'S-MEAT-MAN.

and underhanded. I do wish I could do this openly."

"You'd stand a fat chance of succeeding, if you did!" said Matthew. "I don't feel guilty."

"Listen, Doctor," said Jip. "All the circus animals

are tremendously interested in your scheme. They've asked if there's anything they can do to help. When is Sophie going to get away?"

"The day after to-morrow," said John Dolittle. "Matthew, here, will undo the door of her stand just after closing time. But listen, Matthew — you'll have to be awfully careful that no one sees you tinkering with the lock. If we *should* get caught, we should, indeed, be in a bad fix. Tinkering with locks makes it a felony instead of a misdemeanor, or something like that. Do be careful, won't you?"

"You can rely on me, Doctor," said the Cat's-Meat-Man, proudly puffing out his chest. "I've got a way of my own with locks, I have. No force, sort of persuasion like."

"Get clear out of the way as soon as you have let her free," said the Doctor, "so you won't be connected with it at all. — Dear me, how like a low-down conspiracy it sounds!"

"Sounds like lots of fun to me," said Matthew.

"To me too," said Jip.

"It'll be the best trick that's been done in this show for a long while," put in Swizzle. "Ladies and Gentlemen: John Dolittle, the world-famous conjurer, will now make a live seal disappear from the stage before

your eyes. Abracadabra, Mumble-and-Jabberer! Hoop la — Hey Presto! — *Gone.*"

And Swizzle stood on his hind legs and bowed to an imaginary audience behind the stove.

"Well," said the Doctor, "even though it sounds underhanded, I don't feel I'm doing anything wrong — myself. They've no right to keep Sophie in this slavery. How would you and I like it," he asked of Matthew, "to be made to dive for fish into a tub of dirty water for the amusement of loafers?"

"Rotten!" said Matthew, "I never did care for fish — nor water, either. But look here, have you arranged with Sophie where she's to meet you?"

"Yes," said John Dolittle. "As soon as she gets clear of the circus enclosure — and don't forget we are relying on you to leave the back gate open as well as Sophie's own door — as soon as she's out of the fence, she is to cross the road where she will find an empty house. Alongside of that there is a little, dark passage and in that passage I will be waiting for her. My goodness, I do hope everything goes right! It's so dreadfully important for her — and for all those seals in Alaska, too."

"And what are you going to do then," asked Matthew, "when she's got as far as the passage?"

"Well, it's no use trying to plan too far as to detail. My general idea is to make for the Bristol Channel. That's about our shortest cut to the sea from here. Once there, she's all right. But it's nearly a hundred miles as the crow flies; and as we'll have to keep concealed most of the way I'm not expecting an easy journey. However, there's no sense in meeting troubles halfway. I've no doubt we shall get along all right once she's safely away from the circus."

Many of the Doctor's pets wanted to accompany him on his coming adventure. Jip tried especially hard to be taken. But in spite of his great desire to have the assistance of his friends, John Dolittle felt that he would arouse less suspicion if he left his entire family with the circus, just as it was.

So that night after a final talk with Sophie he set out alone — on business. He took with him most of what money he had, leaving a little with Matthew to pay for the small needs of his establishment while he was away. His "business" as a matter of fact did not take him farther than the next town — which journey he made by a stagecoach. In those days, you see, although there were railways, they were as yet very scarce. And most of the cross-country traveling between the smaller towns was still done in the old-fashioned way.

On his arrival at the next town he took a room in an inn and remained there the whole time. Two nights later he returned to Ashby after dark and, entering the town from the far side, made his way through streets where there were few people till he reached the passage which was to be his meeting place with Sophie.

Now all his pets, though they had not been given any particular parts to play in the plot of Sophie's escape, were determined to do anything they could to help — and this, as you will see, turned out to be a good deal. As they waited for the arrival of the appointed hour, their excitement (which the pig Gub-Gub, for one, had hard work to conceal) grew every minute.

About ten o'clock, when the circus was beginning to close up, Too-Too, the owl, stationed himself on the top of the menagerie where he could see everything that went on. He had arranged with the elephant and some of the other animals to start a rumpus in the menagerie on a given signal — to attract, if necessary, the attention of the circus men away from the escaping seal. Gub-Gub gave himself the job of watching Blossom, and he took up a post underneath the ringmaster's private caravan.

There was a full moon, and even after the circus lamps were put out there was still a good deal of light.

The Doctor would have postponed the escape on this account until later, but he realized that the state of affairs among the Alaskan seals made it necessary for Sophie to get away as soon as possible.

Well, about an hour after Blossom had locked up the fence gates and retired to his caravan, Matthew slipped away from the push-me-pull-you stand and sauntered off across the enclosure. Jip, also pretending he was doing nothing in particular, followed him at a short distance. Everyone seemed to be abed and not a soul did Matthew meet till he came to the gate the Doctor had spoken of. Making sure that no one saw him, the Cat's-Meat-Man quickly undid the latch and set the gate ajar. Then he strolled away toward Sophie's stand while Jip remained to watch the gate.

He hadn't been gone more than a minute when along came the circus watchman with a lantern. He closed the gate, and, to Jip's horror, locked it with a key. Jip, still pretending he was just sniffing round the fence after rats, waited till the man had disappeared again. Then he raced off toward Sophie's stand to find Matthew.

Now things had not turned out for the Cat's-Meat-Man as easy as he had expected. On approaching the seal's tank house, he had seen from a distance the

figure of Higgins sitting on the steps smoking and looking at the moon. Matthew therefore withdrew into the shadow of a tent and waited till Sophie's keeper should go away to bed.

Higgins, he knew, slept in a wagon close to Blossom's on the other side of the enclosure. But while he watched and waited, instead of Higgins going away, the watchman came, joined the man on the steps, sat down, and started chatting. Presently Jip, smelling out Matthew behind the tent, came up and tried frantically to make him understand that the gate he had opened had been closed again and locked.

Jip had very little success in trying to make the Cat's-Meat-Man understand him, and for nearly an hour Matthew stayed in the shadow waiting for the two figures on the steps of Sophie's stand to move away and leave the coast clear for him to let the seal free. In the meantime John Dolittle in his narrow dark passage outside the circus enclosure wondered what the delay was and tried to read his watch by the dim light of the moon.

Finally Matthew decided that the two men were never going to bed. So, swearing under his breath, he crept away from the shadow of the tent and set off to seek Theodosia, his wife.

On arrival at his own wagon he found her darning socks by the light of the candle.

"Pst! — Theodosia," he whispered through the window. "Listen."

"Goodness!" gasped Mrs. Mugg, dropping her needlework. "What a fright you gave me, Matthew! Is it all right? Has the seal got away?"

"No, it's all wrong. Higgins and the watchman are sitting on the steps talking. I can't get near the door while they're there. Go up and draw 'em off for me, will you? Tell 'em a tent's blown down or something — anything to get 'em away. They're going to sit there all night if something isn't done."

"All right," said Theodosia. "Wait till I get my shawl. I'll bring them over here for some cocoa."

Then the helpful Mrs. Mugg went off and invited Higgins and the watchman to come to her husband's wagon for a little party. Matthew would be along to join them presently, she said.

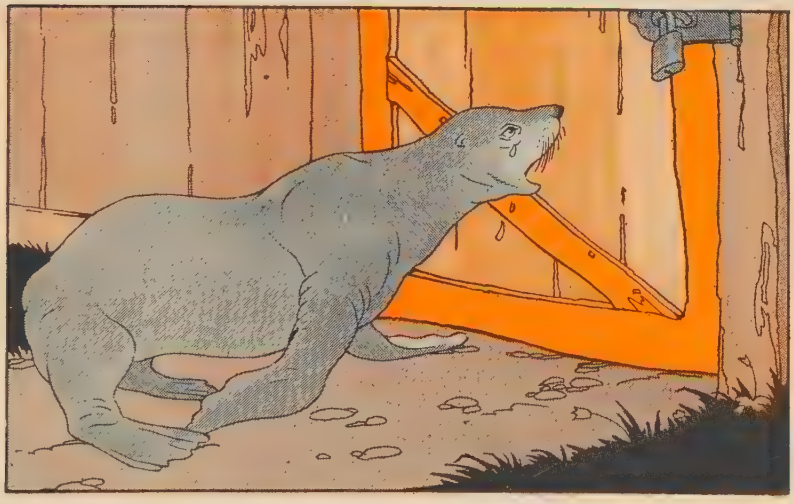
II

MORE TROUBLE FOR SOPHIE

As soon as the coast was clear, the Cat's-Meat-Man sped up the steps of the seal's stand and in a minute his nimble fingers had the door unlocked. Just inside

lay Sophie, all ready to start out upon her long journey. With a grunt of thanks she waddled forth into the moonlight, slid down the steps, and set off clumsily towards the gate.

Once more Jip tried his hardest to make Matthew



SOPHIE HAD FOUND THE GATE LOCKED.

understand that something was wrong. But the Cat's-Meat-Man merely took the dog's signals of distress for joy and marched off to join his wife's cocoa party, feeling that his share of the night's work had been well done.

In the meantime Sophie had waddled her way laboriously to the gate and found it locked.

Jip had then gone all around the fence, trying to find a hole big enough for her to get through. But he met with no success. Poor Sophie had escaped the captivity of her tank only to find herself still a prisoner within the circus enclosure.

Everything that had happened up to this time had been carefully watched by a little round bird perched on the roof of the menagerie. Too-Too, the listener, the night seer, the mathematician, was more than usually wide awake. And presently, while Jip was still nosing round the fence trying to find Sophie a way out, he heard the whir of wings over his head and an owl alighted by his side.

"For heaven's sake, Jip," whispered Too-Too, "keep your head. The game will be up if you don't. You're doing no good by running round like that. Get Sophie into hiding — push her under the flap of a tent or something. Look at her, lying out in the moonlight there, as though this were Greenland! If anyone should come along and see her, we're lost. Hide her until Matthew sees what has happened to the gate. Hurry — I see some one coming."

As Too-Too flew back to his place on the menagerie roof, Jip rushed off to Sophie and in a few hurried words explained the situation to her.

"Come over here," he said, "Get under the skirt of this tent. So — only just in time! There's the light of a lantern moving. Now lie perfectly still and wait till I come and tell you."

And in his little dark passage beyond the circus fence John Dolittle once more looked at his watch and muttered:

"What *can* have happened? Will she never come?"

It was not many minutes after Matthew had joined the cocoa party in his own wagon that the watchman rose from the table and said he ought to be getting along on his rounds. The Cat's-Meat-Man, anxious to give Sophie as much time as possible to get away, tried to persuade him to stay.

"Oh, stop and have another cup of cocoa!" said he. "This is a quiet town. Nobody's going to break in. Fill your pipe and let's chat a while."

"No," said the watchman, "thank ye. I'd like to, but I mustn't. Blossom gave me strict orders to keep movin' the whole night. If he was to come and not find me on the job, I'd catch it hot."

And in spite of everything Matthew could do to keep him, the watchman took his lamp and left.

Higgins, however, remained. And while the Cat's-Meat-Man and his wife talked pleasantly to him of

politics and the weather, they expected any moment to hear a shout outside warning the circus that Sophie had escaped.

But the watchman, when he found the stand open and empty, did not begin by shouting. He came running back to Matthew's wagon.

"Higgins," he yelled, "your seal's gone!"

"Gone!" cried Higgins.

"*Gone!*" said Matthew. "Can't be possible!"

"I tell you she has," said the watchman. "Her door's open and she isn't there."

"Good heavens!" cried Higgins, springing up. "I could swear I locked the door as usual. But if the gates in the fence were all closed, she can't be far away. We can soon find her again. Come on!"

And he ran out of the wagon — with Matthew and Theodosia, pretending to be greatly disturbed, close at his heels.

"I'll go take another look at the gates," said the watchman. "I'm sure they're all right. But I'll make doubly certain anyway."

Then Higgins, Matthew, and Theodosia raced off for the seal's stand.

"The door's open, sure enough," said Matthew as they came up to it. "How very peculiar!"

"Let's go inside," said Higgins. "Maybe she's hiding at the bottom of the tank."

Then all three of them went in and by the light of matches peered down into the dark water.

Meanwhile the watchman turned up again.

"The gates are all right," he said — "closed and locked, every one of them."

Then at last Matthew knew something had gone wrong. And while Higgins and the watchman were examining the water with the lamp, he whispered something to his wife, slipped out, and ran for the gate, hoping Theodosia would keep the other two at the stand long enough for his purpose.

As a matter of fact she played her part very well, did Mrs. Mugg. Presently Higgins said:

"There isn't nothing under the water. Sophie's not here. Let's go outside and look for her."

Then just as the two men turned to leave, Theodosia cried, "What's that?"

"What's what?" said Higgins turning back.

"That — down there," said Mrs. Mugg, pointing into the dirty water. "I thought I saw something move. Bring the lantern nearer."

The watchman crouched over the edge of the tank; and Higgins, beside him, screwed up his eyes to see better.

"I don't see anything," said the keeper.

"Oh! Oh! I'm feeling faint!" cried Mrs. Mugg. "Help me. I'm going to fall in!"

And Theodosia, a heavy woman, swayed and suddenly crumpled up on top of the two crouching men.

Then, *splash! splash!* — in fell, not Theodosia, but Higgins and the watchman — lamp and all.

III

"ANIMALS' NIGHT" AT THE CIRCUS

The white mouse was the only one of the Doctor's pets that witnessed that scene in Sophie's tank house when Mrs. Mugg pushed the two men into the water by-accident-on-purpose. And for weeks afterward he used to entertain the Dolittle family circle with his description of Mr. Higgins, the seal keeper, diving for fish and coming up for air.

That was one of the busiest and jolliest nights the circus ever had — from the animals' point of view; and the two men's falling in the water and yelling for help was the beginning of a grand and noble racket which lasted for a good half hour and finally woke every soul in the town out of his sleep.

First of all, Blossom, hearing cries of alarm, came rushing out of his caravan. At the foot of the steps a pig appeared from nowhere, rushed between his legs, and brought him down on his nose. Throughout the whole proceedings Gub-Gub never let Blossom get very far without popping out from behind something and upsetting him.

Next Fatima, the snake charmer, ran from her boudoir with a candle in one hand and a hammer in the other. She hadn't gone two steps before a mysterious duck flew over her head and with one sweep of its wing blew the candle out. Fatima ran back, relit the candle, and tried again to go to the rescue. But the same thing happened. Dab-Dab, the duck, kept Fatima almost as busy as Gub-Gub kept Blossom.

Then Mrs. Blossom, hastily donning a dressing-gown, appeared upon the scene. She was met by the old horse, Beppo, who had a habit of asking people for sugar. She tried to get by him, and Beppo moved politely to get out of her way. But in doing so he trod on her corns so badly that she went howling back to bed again and did not reappear.

But, although the animals managed by various tricks to keep many people occupied, they could not attend to all the circus folk; and before long the

watchman and Higgins, yelling "Murder," in the tank, had attracted a whole lot of tent riggers and other showmen to Sophie's stand.

Now, in the meantime, Matthew Mugg had reopened the gate in the fence. But when he looked around for Sophie she was nowhere to be seen. Jip and Too-Too, as a matter of fact, were the only ones who really knew where she was. Jip, however, with all this crowd of men rushing around the seal's stand near the gate, was afraid to give Sophie the word to leave her hiding place. More of Blossom's men kept arriving and adding to the throng. Several lanterns were lit and brought onto the scene. Everybody was shouting, one half asking what the matter was, the other half telling them. Mr. Blossom, after being thrown down in the mud by Gub-Gub for the sixth time, was hitting every one he met and bellowing like a mad bull. The hubbub and confusion were awful to hear.

At last Higgins and the watchman were fished out of their bathtub, and, highly perfumed with kerosene and fish, they joined the hunt.

The watchman and most of the other men were sure that Sophie must be somewhere near — which was quite true. The tent, under the skirt of which she was

lying, was only thirty feet from her stand. But the gate by which she was to pass out was also quite near.

While Jip was wondering when the men would move away so he could let her go, Higgins cried out that he had found a track in the soft earth. Then a dozen lanterns were brought forward, and the men started to follow the trail that Sophie had left behind on the way to her hiding place.

Luckily, with so many feet crossing and recrossing the same part of the enclosure the flipper marks were not easy to make out. Nevertheless, even with Matthew doing his best to lead them off on a wrong scent, the trackers steadily moved in the right direction — toward the tent where poor Sophie lay in hiding with a fast-beating heart.

John Dolittle, waiting impatiently in his little passage, had heard the noise of shouting from the circus. He knew it meant that Sophie had got out from her stand. But as minute after minute went by and still she did not come to the meeting place, the Doctor's uneasiness increased a hundredfold.

His anxiety was no worse than Jip's. Closer and closer the trackers came toward the spot where he had hidden the seal. The poor dog was in despair.

However, he had forgotten Too-Too, the mathematician. From his lookout on the menagerie roof, away off on the far side of the enclosure, the little owl was still surveying the battlefield with a general's eye. He was only waiting till he was sure that all the circus folk had left their beds to join the hunt and that there were no more to come. When he played his master stroke of strategy, he did not want any extra interference from unexpected quarters.

Suddenly he flew down to a ventilator in the menagerie wall and hooted softly. Instantly there began within the most terrible pandemonium that was ever heard. The lion roared, the opossum shrieked, the yak bellowed, the hyena howled, the elephant trumpeted and stamped his floor into kindling wood. It was the grand climax to the animals' conspiracy.

On the other side of the enclosure the trackers and hunters stood still and listened.

"What in thunder's that?" asked Blossom.

"Coming from the menagerie, isn't it?" said one of the men. "Sounds like the elephant's broke loose."

"I know," said another: "*it's Sophie.* She's got into the menagerie and scared the elephant."

"That's it," said Blossom. "And us huntin' for

her over here! Come on to the menagerie!" And he grabbed up a lantern and started to run.

"To the menagerie!" yelled the crowd. And in a moment, to Jip's delight, they were all gone, rushing away to the other side of the enclosure.

All but one. Matthew Mugg, hanging back, pretending to do up his shoelace, saw Jip flash across to a small tent and disappear under the skirt.

"Now," said Jip. "Run, Sophie! — Swim! Fly! Anything! Get out of the gate!"

Hopping and flopping, Sophie covered the ground as best she could while Jip yelped to her to hurry and Matthew held the gate open. At last the seal waddled out onto the road, and the Cat's-Meat-Man saw her cross it and disappear into the passage alongside the deserted house. He closed the gate again, and stamped out her tracks at the foot of it.

Sophie had escaped at last.

Doctor Dolittle's Circus, by Hugh Lofting, is the title of the book from which this story is taken. Be sure to read all of the jolly Doctor Dolittle books, if you like real animal nonsense stories. Here is the list, all by Hugh Lofting: *The Story of Doctor Dolittle; The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle; Doctor Dolittle's Circus; Doctor Dolittle's Post Office; Doctor Dolittle's Zoo; Doctor Dolittle's Caravan; Doctor Dolittle's Garden;* and *Doctor Dolittle in the Moon.*

THE CIRCUS-DAY PARADE

Oh, the Circus-Day parade! How the bugles played
and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes,
and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's
time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

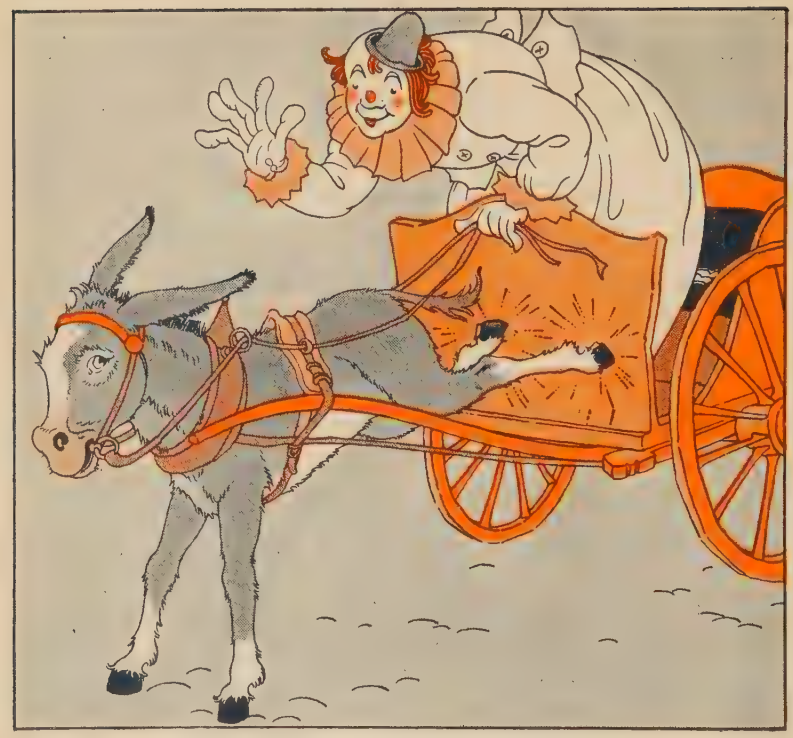
How the grand band-wagon shone with a splendor all
its own,
And glittered with a glory that our dreams had never
known!
And how the boys behind, high and low of every kind,
Marched in unconscious capture, with a rapture un-
defined!

How the horsemen, two and two, with their plumes of
white and blue,
And crimson, gold and purple, nodding by at me and
you,
Waved the banners that they bore, as the Knights in
days of yore,
Till our glad eyes gleamed and glistened like the
spangles that they wore!

How the graceless-graceful stride of the elephant was eyed,
And the capers of the little horse that cantered at his side!
How the shambling camels, tame to the plaudits of their fame,
With listless eyes came silent, masticating as they came.

How the cages jolted past, with each wagon battened fast,
And the mystery within it only hinted of at last
From the little grated square in the rear, and nosing there
The snout of some strange animal that sniffed the outer air!

And, last of all, the Clown, making mirth for all the town,
With his lips curved ever upward and his eyebrows ever down,
And his chief attention paid to the little mule that played
A tattoo on the dashboard with his heels, in the parade.



"AND LAST OF ALL, THE CLOWN!"

Oh! the Circus-Day parade! How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses tossed their flossy manes and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme of the tenor-drummer's time
Filled all the hungry hearts of us with melody sublime!

James Whitcomb Riley, one of our best loved American poets, wrote this poem in his book of *Child Rhymes*. *A Host of Children* is the title of another delightful poetry collection by Mr. Riley.

SHEN OF THE SEA

The story which follows is taken from a book which had the distinction of winning the Newbery Medal. This medal is awarded each year to the author who, in the opinion of the American Library Association, has written the best book for boys and girls.

Kua Hai City stands on a plain in northern China. The plain is called Wa Tien, and it is very smooth and fertile. Life there is good. The plain is likewise extremely low. Any reliable geography will tell you that Kua Hai is below sea level. And that, I know, is a fact, for I, lazily seated in my garden, have often gazed at sailing ships — wide-staring-eyed junks as they fetched into the Bay of The Sharp-Horned Moon; and to view them I had to raise my eyes. It is very true. I had to look up, as one looks up to behold the sky-hung eagles of Lo Fan.

I had as often wondered if the sea ever broke through its restraining walls and flooded Kua Hai. A storm coming down from the northeast would most likely thrust billows to overtop the wall. So I said to my

gardener, Wu Chang: "Wu Chang, did fishes ever swim up the Street of a Thousand Singing Dragons?"

Wu Chang paused in his scratching among the *hung lo po* [the radishes]. Since thinking it over, I am inclined to believe that he welcomed the opportunity to change from the working of his fingers to the working of his tongue. "Once, and once only, Honorable One, has the sea invaded Kua Hai. But it can never do so again. Chieh Chung was fooled once, but he was far too clever to be fooled twice. He buried the bottle, perhaps in this very garden — who knows? He buried it so deep that no ordinary digging shall discover it. And so, the sea may look over the walls of Kua Hai, but it may not enter."

"Indeed?" said I. "And pray, who *was* this Chieh Chung? And what was in the bottle?"

Such astounding ignorance gained me a look of compassion from old Wu Chang. "The Honorable One is surely jesting. He, of course, knows that Chieh Chung was the first King of Wa Tien."

"Oh, to be sure," I interrupted. "It was Chieh Chung who invented — hum — er radishes." That was a guess, and a miss.

Wu Chang corrected me. "Not radishes, but writing. A mistaken thing to do, in my opinion. But

beyond doubt he did a great service when he bottled the water demons. Ho! Ho! Ho! He bottled the demons as if they were melon pickles. Ho! Ho! Ho!"

"Sit here in the shade, Wu Chang," said I. "So Chieh Chung pickled the water demons — and then what?"

"Not pickled, Honorable One, bottled. Chieh Chung bottled the demons. Ho! Ho! Ho! . . . You must understand that in those days the plain hereabouts was much lower than it is now. It had not been built up. And the sea was much higher in those days, for then there were no heavy ships to weigh it down, and flatten it. The sea was very high then-a-days, far too high for its breadth. On every side the land held it back, and it was retarded and had no freedom of motion. So the Shen, the demons of the sea, got them together and took thought. They said: 'Our sea is far too small. We must have more room. We are mighty, are we not? Then let us take some land and occupy it, so that our sea may expand.'

"Accordingly, the water demons swam along the coast, seeking land to conquer. They passed the shores of Fu Sang without stopping, for that region is high and mountainous. They passed the region of

San Shen Shan, for in that place lives the powerful land demon named Hu Kung. The water demons were in no great haste to gain Hu Kung's hatred. They passed without a second glance. But when the Shen swam up to Kua Hai, it was to rejoice. The demons looked over the wall; they smiled down upon Kua Hai and said, 'This land we shall take for our beloved sea. It is low, and suited to our purpose. Rightfully it is ours. Yes, we shall take Kua Hai, and all the vast plain hereabout.'

"But the ocean demons were possessed of decency. They did not dash over the walls, calling on their sea to follow, and so drown all the people of Kua Hai. Demons though they be, the Shen that time had mercy in their hearts. While the night dew lay upon the fields of Wa Tien, those demons, to the number of seven, made their way into Kua Hai. There they waited in the garden of the palace.

"When King Chieh Chung, who ruled over Wa Tien, took himself to the garden for an early morning stroll, he discovered the demons waiting. He knew at once they were no ordinary men. Not once did they *kou tou* [knock their heads on the ground] as men should do. Nor did they look like the men of Wa Tien. Their mouths were wide mouths, like those of

HE STROKED HIS BEARD, PONDERING.

codfishes. Their bodies were covered with iridescent[1] scales. Nevertheless, Chieh Chung permitted the Shen to approach. 'What manner of men are you?' asked the King. 'And what is your pleasure?'

"'We are the Shen, demons of the sea,' answered the seven. 'We are Shen of the ocean, and we come

[1] *Iridescent* (ĭr'ĭ -dĕs-cĕnt) means having changing, rainbow-like colors.

to claim our own.' 'And what is that?' asked the King, smiling kindly upon them, though in truth he felt more like weeping, for he knew what would be the answer.

"'We have come to possess ourselves of the city and all the low plain that surrounds it. It is our right, and our might — we mean to have it.'

"Then Chieh Chung's heart dropped down to a level with his sandals. His heart was weighted as if with millstones, as if weighted with Mount Tai. Long he stroked his beard, pondering, grieving, praying. And the water demons danced in the dew. Jubilant were they, flinging their toes high, spattering dewdrops upon the palace roof, and singing the terrible song of the ocean.

"Finally the King answered, 'Shen,' said he, 'what time do you grant me? Kua Hai is a large city. In it are half a million souls. It will be moons and moons before I can take my people safely upon the Mountain of the Yellow Ox.' One of the demons was shaking a *pai shu* [a cypress tree] so that its dew fell upon him and upon his companions, for already the sun was up and they were beginning to feel the day and its dryness.

"'What time?' said the Shen, taking his answer from the *pai shu*. 'We shall give you until this tree is

in flower. Have all your people gathered upon high ground when this *pai shu* blossoms, for at that time we shall lead the sea upon Wa Tien, and the sea shall stand three *li* deep above your palace. That is our answer. And now we must go for the sun has lit his fire.'

"The Shen made a move as if to depart, but no sooner were they out of the shadows than they halted abruptly, murmuring in displeasure. And small wonder. The sun had dispelled the dew and there was no moisture upon the land. A water Shen cannot exist where there is no moisture. In that respect he is like the *yin yu* and the *shih pan* [fishes]. So the Shen turned to Chieh Chung and said, 'Is there water here, O King, where we may spend the day hours?'

"'There is little,' said Chieh Chung; 'I dare say too little for your purpose. But in such quantity as it is, you are welcome.' He pointed to a crystal bowl in which grew a sacred lily. There was water in the bowl, water surrounding the lily bulb. Too, there were stones in the bowl — blue lapis lazuli, and green jade, and yellow topaz (precious stones, as befitted a palace garden), for that is the way sacred lilies are grown — in bowls filled with water and pretty pebbles. 'You are quite welcome to it,' repeated the King.

"'The Shen shook their heads half in despair. 'It is too little,' groaned they, 'far too little.'

"'But,' said Chieh Chung, 'you are demons — hence magicians. Why do you not make yourselves smaller? Why not change yourselves into red *hung pao shih* [rubies] and recline in the bowl amid the lily roots? I am sure you would make handsome rubies. Beyond a doubt, my courtiers would say "Ah" and "How lovely" and admire you greatly when they saw you. Of a certainty, you would make resplendent gems, dazzling and superb.'

"'Well,' agreed the Shen, somewhat dubiously, 'we shall try it. If you have no more water it is the only thing we *can* do.' And so, in a twinkling the Shen were gone, and seven beautiful rubies appeared in the crystal bowl.

"'How lovely,' said Chieh Chung — and deliberately winked at the cypress tree, first with one eye and then with the other. He went to a cabinet that stood in his chamber, and from the cabinet took a bottle fashioned out of *fei yu* [a cloudy jade]. The bottle had a wide mouth. Into it Chieh Chung poured water. Returning to the lily bowl, he quickly took therefrom the seven *hung pao shih* and dropped them into the jade bottle — closing the mouth securely.

"'Now,' exulted the King, 'my city is saved. My people may walk in security and without fear. The seven water demons are in my keeping, and please Heaven may they never escape my hand.' And in his joy, King Chieh Chung ordered that ten thousand catties[1] of rice be given to the poor.

"Weeks lengthened into months. Months lengthened into years. Still languished the water demons in the clouded jade bottle. Still broke the sea on Kua Hai's walls — but did not enter. Chieh Chung added to his kingdom and ruled with kindness. His name was heralded throughout the length of the world. Not by the spear, but by wisdom he added to his dominions. Peoples of far-distant regions came seeking to place themselves under the rule of Chieh Chung — wisest and best.

"At length came ambassadors from Wei Chou, yes, from distant Kou Pei, offering to give their allegiance to Chieh Chung. Ah, but that was a great day, a day of all proud days. The ambassadors were a hundred in number, haughty mandarins all. There was a great stir about the palace, you may well believe — retainers rushing hither and thither to provide food and drink and entertainment for the foreign great men.

[1] A *catty* is a weight equal to 1⅓ pounds.

"A foolish servant, ransacking cupboard and closet for what victuals and drink he could find, came upon the dusty jade bottle that stood in Chieh Chung's cabinet. 'Ah,' said the servant, trying to peer through the cloudy jade. 'Beyond a doubt, here is something of rare excellence. This will do for the highest of the mandarins, for the red-button mandarins with peacock feathers. It rattles — rock candy is in it.' And the foolish one removed the stopper. A thousand pities he was not stricken dead before the seal was broken.

"Chieh Chung came into the chamber and saw what had happened. For a moment he was stunned. Then, 'Let me have the bottle.' The bottle was empty, all save for a bit of water. 'They are gone,' said the King. 'The Shen have escaped. But even so, I may baffle them, for they promised with binding oaths not to take my kingdom until the *pai shu* blossoms. And — in this region the cypress tree never blossoms — it *never* comes into flower.' The King smiled in spite of himself.

"Meanwhile, the water demons, having escaped from the bottle, hastened through the palace toward the garden. They were very angry, were those demons, gnashing their teeth with a noise like that of waves

lashing a rock-guarded coast. They were determined on vengeance.

"The Wei Chou ambassadors were encamped in the palace garden. Their servants had been washing garments, brilliant-hued garments such as the wealthy and noble of that land wear. The garments had been hung on the cypress tree to dry. And there the garments hung when the water demons appeared. The tree was aflame with color. Instantly the Shen raised a great shout. 'Come, billow. Come, ocean,' they shouted in triumph. 'The *pai shu* [the cypress tree] blossoms' — for they thought the garments were flowers — 'and our promise is ended. Kua Hai is ours.'

"Fathoms deep, roaring, grinding, relentless, the sea swept over Kua Hai, buried the city, buried the plain. The water demons raced before it, calling it on. They who had been the people of Kua Hai rode upon white-crested billows — without life — drowned. Out of all the vast population perhaps a thousand escaped. And among those who escaped was the King.

"Chieh Chung sat under a pine tree on the mountain, grief-stricken, heartbroken, gazing upon what had been a city, and now was a sparkling sea. Hour after hour sat the King, grieving and thinking, meditating a way to regain his country. Now and then the seven water

demons appeared before him, mocking, splashing him with spray.

"One day, having meditated long, Chieh Chung arose and shouted exultantly: 'I have it. I know how I shall regain my city. I shall go immediately and put the plan in writing, while it is fresh in my mind.' Having said, he walked to the little hut that served for his palace and sat down at a table to write. On the table stood a crystal bowl, with a lily, and with green, blue, and yellow stones.

"Chieh Chung sat writing meaningless stuff upon parchment. All the while he kept an eye on the crystal bowl. Lo. There appeared seven red stones at the root of the lily. The demons had come to spy upon the King's writing. They had come to learn his plan, and so triumph over him. But they, unwittingly, were giving themselves into bondage again. For Chieh Chung quickly thrust them into a bottle and sealed it against all escape. Six of the demons he thus imprisoned. The seventh, who was a small fellow, Chieh Chung threw back into the sea. 'Go,' said the King, 'and take your sea with you. Take your sea, and never trouble me again. Else I shall most certainly destroy your six brothers. It is a warning.'

"So the seventh demon sped away, taking the sea

with him. Then did Chieh Chung descend to Kua Hai and build up the city, and people came in from far countries. Once more the city was inhabited, and the land was more rich, by reason of its flooding.

"And the six Shen, the six water demons are buried deep, in a jade bottle — perhaps under this very garden."

This is from Arthur B. Chrisman's book, called *Shen of the Sea*, a collection of very enjoyable stories of the Chinese people. Here is a list, in their order, of books which have won the Newbery Medal up to the present time: *The Story of Mankind* (for older children), by Hendrik Van Loon; *The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle*, by Hugh Lofting; *The Dark Frigate* (for older children), by Charles Boardman Hawes; *Tales from Silver Lands*, by Charles J. Finger; *Shen of the Sea*, by Arthur B. Chrisman; *Smoky*, by Will James: and *Gay-Neck*, by Dhan G. Mukerji.

MEMORIAL DAY

They are asleep — our valiant dead;
Bow the head;
The daisies cover them, the crocus comes
In silence to their tombs.
No more they hear the loud drums
And trumpets and wild bugles on the hill.
Now they are still,

Sleeping the sleep eternal that they love,
While great clouds like white banners wave above.

Nay! for I see them marching when the Spring
Wakes with old burgeoning.
Over the hilltops comes a mighty host,
Troops of the blossoms of the Maytime weather,
The blue and gray together!
All ancient feeling lost;
Battalions and vast regiments of flowers
In the Spring hours,
Wakened because the trumpet of the year
Has sounded loud and clear!

Their love is shining in each daisy's face,
Their hearts are beating in each lovely place
Where the green grass
Sings when their light feet pass.
The army of the dead! O living flowers,
Ye are their souls in the rich Maytime hours!

"Memorial Day," by Charles Hanson Towne, is taken from *The Youth's Companion*. There are many patriotic selections in *Golden Numbers*, a book of verse for youth, compiled by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Their *Posy Ring* is a book of simpler poems.

LITTLE JARVIS

This story tells of the sea fight between the United States ship, Constellation, and the French frigate, Vengéance, in 1800. Little Jarvis was a gay boy-midshipman on the American ship, who bravely stuck to his post in the time of gravest danger.

Just before midnight, when the moon shone brilliantly, the Vengéance sullenly hove to and hoisted her ensign. Then the Constellation hove to as well, and on both ships the drums beat to quarters at the same moment. On board the Constellation the sailors went to their guns dancing, and every gun captain turned a handspring over his gun for good luck.

The ship was cleared for action, her decks sanded to prevent their becoming slippery with blood, her battle-lanterns lighted, and Captain Truxtun, standing in the lee-gangway, spoke the Vengéance and demanded her surrender to the United States. A fresh breeze was blowing, enabling both ships to maneuver, and the sea was as light as day. The Vengéance came up a little to the wind, and the Constellation doubled on her quarter. As the two frigates neared each other, each stripped to her fighting canvas, both crews cheered loudly.

The Constellation was now close upon the Vengéance,

and the French ship opened the ball with her heavy stern and quarter guns. The American gunners, with lighted matches, awaited the order to fire, which seemed long in coming. But Captain Truxtun, paying no more attention to the terrific cannonade than if it had been bird-shot, deliberately ranged up within half a pistol-shot of the Vengéance, and, taking up a position on her weather quarter, suddenly burst upon her with the fire of eighteen guns at once.

When the first broadside struck the Vengéance, it was like the shock of an earthquake. The whole side of the Constellation seemed a mass of flame, and the American gunners loaded and fired so fast that the people on the Vengéance thought the Constellation was afire. The Frenchman answered back, directing his fire toward the spars and rigging of the Constellation. Little Jarvis, hanging on to the top, had a queer sensation when the first round-shot passed close to him; but Jack Bell made him laugh by saying, gravely:

"Them Frenchmen ain't pertickler where they puts their shot. If that 'ere one had been in the hull now, 'twould 'a done some good."

But presently it began to get lively up there. The smoke was so thick that nothing could be seen on deck except the constant deadly flash of the guns as they

were rapidly fired. Up on his perch Jarvis could hear the frightful thunder of the guns, the hoarse orders of the officers, the fierce cheering of the men as every shot struck the Frenchman's hull, the sudden, wild shriek of a wounded man, and the cries of the Frenchmen, who fought their ship bravely and skillfully, but who found, as others did later, that there was no standing up against the matchless gunnery of the Americans.

"I allers said that 'ere little reefer didn't have no more dodge in him than the mainmast," said Jack Bell to the men in the top, watching little Jarvis, who couldn't do any fighting, but who was cheering as loud as anybody and waving his dirk frantically.

"Give it to her, men!" bawled Jarvis, entirely forgetting that there was no more chance of his chirp being heard than of a sea gull's cry in the roar of battle. "Let her have it! Hooray, hooray!"

For three long hours of the moonlit night the battle raged. The Frenchmen had the loss of the Insurgente to avenge, and the Americans were inspired by remembering that, with the same ship and the same captain, they had been victorious in one of the greatest single-ship fights ever fought, and against one of the most gallant enemies in the world. Part of the time both ships were running free, side by side, exchanging

broadsides, but at last the Constellation shot ahead, and, luffing up short under the bows of the Vengéance, was ready with every gun to rake her. The Frenchman, terribly disabled and his decks encumbered with his wounded, made a desperate effort to sheer off, but the Constellation only moved up closer for a yard-arm-and-yard-arm fight.

One by one the guns of the Vengéance were being silenced, and she rolled a helpless hulk in the trough of the sea. But the brave Frenchmen gave no sign of surrender, and apparently were determined to go down with their ship. Three times had her ensign been shot away, and twice had a young French sailor sprung aloft, braving the fire of the American sharpshooters, to lash another tricolor[1] to the mast, for there were no halyards left to run a flag up on. As he went up the first time, with the flag wrapped round his neck, the sulphurous smoke was drifted off in a sudden gust of wind; and Jarvis, with all the men in the top, saw him plainly in the bright moonlight. Jack Bell raised his musket to fire at him, but Jarvis laid his hand upon the sailor's shoulder.

"Don't, Bell! he's such a brave fellow," he said.

[1] A *tricolor* (trī'kŭl-ẽr) is a flag of three colors. The reference here is to the French flag.

"It *would* be a pity to kill that 'ere chap now," said Jack, nevertheless keeping his musket at his shoulder. "'E'll be a sailor sure enough one o' these days, when he's growed up, if I let him be."

The young sailor, who saw Jack Bell deliberately taking aim at him, took off his cap and waved it defiantly before he lashed the flag to the mast, amid wild cheering from his comrades on the Vengéance. But when he saw Jarvis's gesture, and that Jack Bell did not fire, he lifted his cap, and bowed and smiled. Jarvis was delighted, and lifted his cap too.

"Well, Well!" said Jack Bell, shaking his head solemnly, "may be we ain't a-fightin' for our lives and our countries, and these 'ere planks that is all we've got between we and Davy Jones's. May be we're at a dancing-school, where we larns manners and sich."

The second time the ensign was shot away the young sailor climbed up again to replace it. This time he waved the flag at Jarvis, and Jarvis took off his cap and waved it round and round a dozen times in response. The third time the flag disappeared there was no one to replace it. The young sailor lay dead on the deck of the Vengéance, and so many of her men were killed and wounded that there were scarcely enough left to work those of her guns that were not disabled. But

the Frenchmen stood gallantly to their ship, the officers encouraging the men by word and by example.

Little Jarvis saw a grizzled officer, his face grimed with blood and powder, and one epaulet[1] gone, rush up to a gun, of which half the crew lay dead around it, and with the help of several other officers the gun was manned, and well manned, for an instant later a double shot came crashing through the Constellation's rigging and struck the mainmast. A shout went up from below as the mast tottered, and the men rushed aloft to secure it. But it was too late. As the tall mast swayed frightfully, Jack Bell turned to little Jarvis and said, coolly:

"Mr. Jarvis, she's a-goin'!"

It was now three o'clock in the morning. The moon was going down, and there was a kind of ghostly half-light, through which little Jarvis's face could be seen. The Vengéance at the moment increased her fire, the men inspired by the example of their officers; and the Constellation answered her loudly.

"We can hold on awhile yet, can't we, Bell?" asked Jarvis, with a coolness equal to the veteran sailor's.

"No, sir," said Jack Bell, shaking his head. They

[1] An *epaulet* (ĕp'ô-lĕt) is an ornamental badge worn on each shoulder of an officer's uniform.

were now being tossed fearfully about, and the awful crackling of the mast, to which they clung desperately, had begun. "And 'tain't no shame for a man to leave his post when he can't stay there no longer, Mr. Jarvis."

"Not for a man — but I'm — I'm — an officer — and an officer must die at his post —"

Jarvis jerked the words out above the frightful crashing and swaying of the mast, the furious uproar of the fight. With a steady eye and a smile on his handsome, boyish face, he looked down below; but the black and drifting smoke was so thick he could not see the captain. The men, at that ominous breaking and swaying, without waiting for orders, were climbing down, catching at anything in their way.

"For God's sake!" cried Jack Bell, preparing to leap. His face was white and desperate, and his harsh voice was imploring. But little Jarvis, with all of his fearless soul shining out of his unflinching eyes, did not move an inch. There was a strange light upon his face, and a manly and heroic calmness had taken the place of his boyish excitement.

"No," he said, "I can not leave my station; if the mast goes, I must go with it."

Then a terrible cry went up from below. The wind had cleared the heavy smoke away for a moment, and

LITTLE JARVIS DID NOT MOVE AN INCH.

those on deck saw the great mainmast, after the grinding sound of breaking, reel like a drunken man and topple over with a crash that made every timber in the Constellation tremble. It was as if the noble ship groaned and shuddered with the agony of that blow. The men in the top had managed to save themselves by leaping and hanging on to the shrouds and rigging. But little Jarvis came down with the mast.

The captain ran to him, and lifted the boy's head upon his knee — but he was quite dead, wearing still on his young face the brave smile with which he had faced death when glory beckoned him upward. By this time Jack Bell came running up, wiping the blood from his face and head. He stood close to the captain's elbow, and half sobbed, half shouted:

"He could 'a saved hisself, sir. I told him she was a-goin' — but he said as he were a officer, he couldn't leave his post. He done his duty like a man, sir — and he were the bravest little chap I ever see!"

And when the day broke and the splendid sunrise of the tropics came blushing over the sea, the Vengéance had her great hull battered and broken, her fifty-four guns silenced, and nearly two hundred of her men lay dead or wounded on her decks. The Constellation, her mainmast gone, her sails torn to ribbons, but sound

and whole in her hull, and with every gun as good as when she went into action, had lost forty men and only one officer — little Jarvis. They buried him at sea that night, just at the solemn hour that he had been swinging about aloft the night before, singing so cheerily:

Won't we have a jolly time
When we get home again?

The officers and men, standing on the quarter-deck with uncovered heads, gazed with a sort of reverence at the small body wrapped in the flag — for he was little Jarvis even in death. He was only a little midshipman, but he had done his duty so as to merit immortal fame.

In the midst of the death-like pause, when every breath was stilled, the captain spoke in a husky voice:

"Gentlemen," said he, turning to his officers, "Little Jarvis has indeed gone aloft —"

He stopped suddenly, and his voice seemed to leave him. He had meant to say something further — that every officer and man on that ship, when his time came, might well envy little Jarvis the manner of his going. But he could say no more. What need was there for words? And in the midst of the deep silence Jack Bell, who stood by the rail, with his head and his

arm bound up, raised his bandaged arm to his eyes and uttered a loud sob. The captain put his cap to his face and hurried silently below. The drums beat, the bugles blared out. All was over; but to every heart came back the words, "He was the bravest little chap!"

When the story of that splendid fight was told at home, the Congress of the United States, after passing a resolution of thanks to the officers and men of the Constellation, and awarding Captain Truxtun a gold medal, passed a separate and special resolution in honor of little Jarvis; and it said:

"Be it further resolved: That the conduct of James Jarvis, a midshipman on said frigate, who gloriously preferred certain death to an abandonment of his post, is deserving of the highest praise; and the loss of so promising an officer is a subject of national regret."

This story is from the fine book *Little Jarvis*, by Molly Elliot Seawell. A very beautiful story, *The Lance of Kanana*, by Harry W. French, is about another brave lad who gave his life for his country. It is one of the best of hero stories. Of course the best stories cannot all have happy endings. *The American Twins of 1812*, by Lucy Fitch Perkins, tells the story of another young midshipman of long ago; and *Boys of the Ages*, by Laura W. Scales, has very interesting life sketches of historic boys in different places and ages.

FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

LOST

Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

These are from *Chicago Poems*, a book for older people, by Carl Sandburg. If you enjoy poetry, there is a very lovely collection called *Rainbow Gold*, compiled by Sara Teasdale. It contains verses old and new which have been especially selected for boys and girls. Another fine collection of modern poetry suitable for young people is *Silver Pennies*, by Blanche Jennings Thompson.

HEROES OF THE STORM

England has many workers, but none braver than the toilers of the sea. Her coasts are dotted with villages, each with its little quay or open beach, where her fishermen hoist their brown sails and set off, as evening falls, to reap the harvest of the waters.

It is a hard and perilous life. A fishing boat puts off in the quiet evening calm as the lights shine out from the cottages along the shore, but the men on board are never sure that they will see those lights of home again. A sudden storm springs up; the heavy waves overwhelm the tiny craft, and perhaps its brave crew are swallowed up in the sea. A broken thwart or spar washed ashore may give a hint of their fate, but often they are never seen again among living men.

But the facing of these perils breeds one of the finest and hardiest races of boatmen in the world. This is seen to the full when a call is made for the services of the lifeboat. Let us fancy that we are walking through the single street of a fishing village on a winter day, when a tremendous storm is lashing the coast. The street is empty save for ourselves, and every door is fast shut against the bitter wind. The boats are all home from sea, and are dragged high up on the shingle,

out of reach of the great breakers which thunder on the shore and send their surf swirling in masses of snowy foam along the beach. We make our way inch by inch in the teeth of the terrific wind, and are thankful for the smallest shelter in which to pause and draw a breath.

Suddenly a man comes racing up from the little quay. He pauses at the door of a building which stands alone; he seizes a rope and begins to pull, and the loud clanging of a bell mingles with the shrieks of the storm.

Ah! what a change! The silent, deserted village becomes a scene of the busiest life and animation. Doors burst open on every hand, and out rush men, and race head down against the wind for the building where the bell is ringing. After them stream women and children; all run as if running for a wager. What prize do those stalwart fellows race to gain? The prize of risking their lives to help their fellow creatures. There is a wreck offshore, and the bell is calling volunteers to man the lifeboat. The first men to gain the house form the crew, and these at once begin to jump into oilskins and fasten huge cork belts round their bodies, while the great boat is run out and hurried down to the beach.

Everyone lends a hand, and in a marvelously short time the lifeboat is gliding down the slips into the sea, her crew aboard. The boat takes the water like a duck, her sail is hoisted, and she beats offshore in a sea in which no other vessel could live. Again and again a wave breaks over her and fills her full of water, but up she springs, and empties herself like a sea-bird shaking the spray from her back.

When a sea breaks aboard, the crew grip the nearest thwart and hang on; they are soaked from head to heel in an instant, despite their oilskins. But they care nothing for that; their eyes are fixed ahead, eagerly looking out for the wreck. What or where it is they do not know yet. All they know is that the lightship which guards a dangerous sand bank some miles offshore is making signals, and they know that a vessel is in distress.

The lifeboat thrashes through the furious seas, and soon they see the lightship — a stout vessel securely anchored in position near the sand bank. It is her duty at night to keep a great lamp burning to warn seamen not to approach her perilous neighborhood. Soon the lifeboat is sweeping past the anchored lightship, and her men hail the lightship with a tremendous shout of "Where away?"

"South end o' the bank!" roar the lightshipmen in reply; and the lifeboat darts on like a living creature, for the gale favors her on that tack.

The short winter day is now closing in, and the keen eyes on board the lifeboat are straining eagerly into the dusk, when a sudden shout goes up from every throat, "There she is! there she is!"

A tremendous blaze of light has broken out a mile ahead of them. The doomed vessel is burning a "flare," perhaps of cloth soaked in oil, anything to make a bright light and show her position. Suddenly the flare goes out. It sinks as swiftly as it had risen, and a groan of anxiety bursts from the lips of the lifeboat heroes. Has she gone down, carrying to the bottom the poor fellows who had raised the flare a short time back? They do not know, and on they rush to see.

Soon they gain the tail of the dreaded sand bank, which has seen the destruction of many and many a good ship, and here they find the wreck. The back of the ship is broken, her main and mizzen masts[1] are gone, and only the foremast stands; and in the foretop a dozen poor fellows are lashed in the rigging, with icy seas sweeping over them at every moment.

[1] The *mizzen* mast is the mast nearest the stern of a three-masted vessel.

The coxswain[1] of the lifeboat burns a hand signal, and it throws a bright light across the roaring sea; and in a pause of the howling wind the crew hear faint cheers from the shipwrecked seamen, and shout a cheery reply: "Hold on, boys! we've come for you."

But how to get them! That is the question. The lifeboat has ridden through terrible seas on her journey; but they are nothing, nothing to the seas which are breaking round the lost vessel. For the latter has been driven out of deep water on to the bank, and on the bank is no steady run of water, but a thousand furious cross-currents, whirling this way and that way in terrific fury; and when current meets current up goes a great column of foam as high as a ship's mainmast, setting up a roar that can be heard above the wild hurly-burly of storm and sea.

On board the lifeboat a quick, short council is held.

"Wait till morning," says one; "we'll lie off all night."

"Can't be done," says the coxswain; "she'll break up altogether long before daybreak, and then it's good-bye to those poor fellows in the foretop. No, we'll veer down to her, for we lie to windward."

So over goes the anchor of the lifeboat, and the

[1] The *coxswain* is a sailor who directs the crew. Usually he steers.

strong cable of five-inch Manila is made fast to it. This is what the coxswain is going to do: The lifeboat will swing at anchor, and the wind will drive it towards the wreck. Little by little he will pay out the hawser,[1] so that, yard by yard, the lifeboat will swing nearer and nearer to the perishing sailors, for perishing they are in the bitter cold of the awful night.

Down, down the lifeboatmen veer to the wreck, held safely by the mighty hawser, and light after light is burned. But they do not dare to approach the side of the wreck closely, lest the cable should strain under the power of the tremendous seas and the lifeboat be dashed against the sunken part of the wreck, when all might be lost together.

So they bring-to some five or six fathoms from the wreck, and one of the lifeboat crew seizes a loaded cane, to which a light line is attached. A signal is burned, and by this light he makes his throw, and cleverly drops the cane into the foretop, where the benumbed men are unlashing themselves slowly and cautiously from the rigging. The light line is seized by the captain of the wrecked vessel, and by its means a stouter line is drawn aboard, and thus communication is established between ship and boat.

[1] The *hawser* is a thick rope used in towing vessels.

BY THIS LIGHT, HE MAKES HIS THROW.

Soon a couple of lines are rigged up, and along these lines the sailors crawl towards the friendly boat. Man after man comes in safely, and the lifeboat crew cheer at every rescue. But it is terribly dangerous work. The gale is rising, and the seas become more furious than ever. The lifeboat is tossed high in the air, then sinks deep in the trough of a huge wave. The only

bridge to it is made from a couple of thin ropes hardly to be seen save when a signal light flares blue in the night, but along these ropes crawl the drenched seamen, their hearts filled with new hopes as their ears catch the encouraging roar of their rescuers. Last to come is the captain, who has rigged and handled the lines so that his men could pass with as great safety as possible.

"Come on, Captain! — come on, in with you!" is the cry; and he comes and leaps into the boat. Hurrah! they have every man. Now how to get away! that is the next question. They dare not haul up to their anchor lest the gale should carry them back on the wreck before they could get the boat under sail.

"The anchor must go, boys!" cries the coxswain. "Up with a corner of the foresail; that will throw her head off the wreck. We must run before the wind."

The maneuver is carried out with the utmost care, for the least mistake will be paid for with the life of every man on board.

When all is ready, the coxswain's voice rings out again: "Out axe, and cut the cable!"

Down comes the keen edge, the last strand is parted, and away leaps the boat into the darkness and the furious turmoil of the raging sea. Straight across the shoals the gallant boat drives through the boiling surf,

in which no other craft could live. Staggering, reeling, plunging she goes, but with every wild plunge she nears deep water and comparative safety, and at last, with one wild, long heave, she beats off the shoals, and the crew feel the regular run of deep water under her keel, and shout joyously: "Hurrah! Cheer O!"

For the wildest storm on the open sea these dauntless British hearts care nothing. And now they bring the nose of their gallant boat round on the homeward tack, and run for the shore, where fire and light and a warm welcome await them. And what a shout will go up when the cry rings from the sea, "All saved! all saved!" for to raise that cry is ample reward for these heroes of the storm.

As you read this, it will recall rescues made by our own brave Coast Guard.

John Finnemore is the author of this story. It may be found in *Peeps at Many Lands: England and Wales*. Here is a good list of various kinds of tales of the sea: *Billy Barnicoat*, by Greville Macdonald; *David Goes Voyaging*, by David Binney Putnam; *The Adventures of Billy Topsail*, by Norman Duncan; *King Penguin: A Legend of the South Sea Islands*, by Richard H. Horne; *A Swiss Family Robinson*, by Johann D. Wyss; *The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle*, by Hugh Lofting; *Pinocchio under the Sea*, by Mongiardini Rembadi; *Naval Heroes of Today*, by Francis A. Collins; and *The Boy with the United States Life Savers*, by Francis W. Rolt-Wheeler.

THE COROMANDEL FISHERS

The fearless Coromandel fishermen are natives of India. Their catamarans, which they sail along the treacherous coast, are swift moving rafts made of logs lashed together, and moved by paddles or sails.

Rise, brothers, rise; the waking skies pray to the
morning light,
The wind lies asleep in the arms of the dawn like a
child that has cried all night;
Come, let us gather our nets from the shore and set
our catamarans free
To capture the leaping wealth of the tide, for we are
the kings of the sea!

No longer delay, let us hasten away in the track of
the sea gull's call,
The sea is our mother, the cloud is our brother, the
waves are our comrades all,
What though we toss at the fall of the sun where the
hand of the sea god drives?
He who holds the storm by the hair will hide in his
breast our lives.

Sweet is the shade of the cocoanut glade and the scent
of the mango grove,
And sweet are the sands at the fall of the moon with
the sound of the voices we love;
But sweeter, O brothers, the kiss of the spray, and
the dance of the wild foam's glee;
Row, brothers, row, to the blue of the verge, where
the low sky mates with the sea.

This is from *The Broken Wing*, a book for older people, by Sarojini Naidu. It is also to be found in *The Boy's Book of Verse*, by Helen Dean Fish. *This Singing World*, edited by Louis Untermeyer, is a splendid collection of poems for both boys and girls.

THE RIVER BANK

Down on the river bank the Mole met the Water Rat, and they decided to take a little boat trip together.

The Mole to his surprise and rapture found himself actually seated in the stern of a real boat.

"This has been a wonderful day!" said he, as the Rat shoved off and took to the sculls[1] again. "Do you know, I've never been in a boat before in all my life."

"What?" cried the Rat, open-mouthed: "Never

[1] *Sculls* are short oars.

been in a — you never — well I — what have you been doing, then?"

"Is it so nice as all that?" asked the Mole shyly, though he was quite prepared to believe it as he leaned back in his seat and surveyed the cushions, the oars, the rowlocks, and all the fascinating fittings, and felt the boat sway lightly under him.

"Nice? It's the *only* thing," said the Water Rat solemnly as he leaned forward for his stroke. "Believe me, my young friend, there is *nothing*—absolutely nothing — half so much worth doing as simply messing[1] about in boats. Simply messing," he went on dreamily: "messing — about — in — boats; messing —"

"Look ahead, Rat!" cried the Mole suddenly.

It was too late. The boat struck the bank full tilt. The dreamer, the joyous oarsman, lay on his back at the bottom of the boat, his heels in the air.

"— about in boats — or *with* boats," the Rat went on composedly, picking himself up with a pleasant laugh. "In or out of 'em, it doesn't matter. Nothing seems really to matter, that's the charm of it. Whether you get away, or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all,

[1] *Messing* is an English slang expression meaning *playing*.

you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular; and when you've done it there's always something else to do, and you can do it if you like, but you'd much better not. Look here! If you've really nothing else on hand this morning, supposing we go down the river together, and have a long day of it?"

The Mole waggled his toes from sheer happiness, spread his chest with a sigh of full contentment, and leaned back blissfully into the soft cushions. "*What* a day I'm having!" he said. "Let us start at once!"

"Hold hard a minute, then!" said the Rat. He looped the painter[1] through a ring in his landing-stage, climbed up into his hole above, and after a short interval reappeared staggering under a fat wicker luncheon basket.

"Shove that under your feet," he observed to the Mole, as he passed it down into the boat. Then he untied the painter and took the sculls again.

"What's inside it?" asked the Mole, wriggling with curiosity.

"There's cold chicken inside it," replied the Rat briefly: "coldtonguecoldhamcoldbeefpickledgherkinssaladfrenchrollscresssandwichespottedmeatgingerbeerlemonadesodawater ——"

[1] A *painter* is a rope used for fastening a boat.

THE RAT STAGGERED UNDER A FAT LUNCHEON BASKET.

"O stop, stop!" cried the Mole in ecstasies. "This is too much!"

"Do you really think so?" inquired the Rat seriously. "It's only what I always take on these little excursions; and the other animals are always telling me that I'm a mean beast and don't bring enough!"

The Mole never heard a word he was saying. Ab-

sorbed in the new life he was entering upon, intoxicated with the sparkle, the ripple, the scents and the sounds and the sunlight, he trailed a paw in the water and dreamed long waking dreams. The Water Rat, like the good little fellow he was, sculled steadily on and forbore to disturb him.

The further adventures of the jolly Mole and the Water Rat, and their friends Mr. Badger and Mr. Toad, are related in Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, the fascinating book from which this selection is taken. Be sure to read it. There are also a number of humorous rat stories told in *Doctor Dolittle's Zoo*, by Hugh Lofting.

DUCKS' DITTY

All along the backwater,
Through the rushes tall,
Ducks are a-dabbling,
Up tails all!

Ducks' tails, drakes' tails,
Yellow feet a-quiver,
Yellow bills all out of sight,
Busy in the river!

Slushy green undergrowth
Where the roach swim —
Here we keep our larder,
Cool and full and dim.

Every one for what he likes!
We like to be
Heads down, tails up,
Dabbling free!

This poem is also by Kenneth Grahame and is taken from *The Wind in the Willows*. There is a delightful selection of verses of fairyland and dreamland, of heroes and knights, of green seas and sailor men, to be found in *The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children*, edited by Mr. Grahame.

DOTS AND DASHES

Two whole months of vacation at Uncle Sydney's country place near Morristown had Fate allotted to Hal and Syd. Although cousins and old playmates, they had not met for three years, not since Hal was twelve and Sydney ten. Now, with the jolliest uncle and aunt in the world to welcome them to a boat on the river, saddle horses, four new hound pups, and a big

house full of relics of three generations, they were together again.

They were visiting the kennels, playing with the black-and-tan puppies that looked so absurdly like old hounds, when Hal revealed the fly in this ointment of delight.

"There's a girl coming next week."

"A girl!" Syd echoed in dismay, "What girl?"

"Another cousin. I never saw her. Her folks had to go to Paris. And we'll have to be polite to her."

"What's her name?" Syd asked after a brief pause.

"Susy Griswold. She's eleven years old."

"We-ll," said Syd at last, rather lamely, "she'll probably want to play dolls — and be around with Aunt Clara in the house."

"That's it. She's had lung-fever, and Aunt Clara says she ought to be out of doors all she can. So you see."

They saw, and the view depressed their souls. Girls in 1837 were not adapted to a sporting life. They wore large, white straw hats with flopping brims, low-necked muslin gowns, starched petticoats and pantalettes, and thin slippers with ribbon ties. If they played out of doors they played grace-hoops, or battle-

dore and shuttlecock, or some baby game where you had to sing a song. When they went to walk they were afraid of cows, and snakes, and toads. They were always getting sick, or something. The boys had sisters, and they knew all about it. It was really too bad to talk about beforehand.

Neither happened to think of the chance that Susy might know how they felt about it. When she came, she showed a preference for the society of her aunt and uncle and gave a good deal of attention to her doll. She was not especially pretty — pale and slender, with hazel eyes, and smooth dark hair just long enough to be tied with a ribbon. In the course of a few days she became great friends with old Knox, the gardener, and spent much time digging and planting, and transplanting and weeding under his direction in a little plot of her own. This kept her in the open air — and off the boys' hands.

In the second week there came several rainy days. Aunt Clara, who had company of her own just then, told the three youngsters they might go and rummage in the garret. The boys paraded in old uniforms, and Susy, sitting on the floor by a horsehair trunk, discovered some curious letters. They had no postmarks. They had been folded in a certain way and sealed, and

they were dated just after the Revolution. All were signed with the same name — *Aaron Burr.*

Susy had seen Aaron Burr — a small, bright-eyed old gentleman with much white hair. Once when she had strayed away and got lost, he found her crying in a doorway on Nassau Street, bought her some lollypops, and brought her home. She remembered hearing that he was dead, and that he had been a very bad man. It was strange to find letters from him, up here in a New Jersey garret.

The letters themselves were curious. They had numbers here and there, right in the middle of a sentence. The boys came over to look, and they could make no sense of it. The tea-bell rang, and they took the letters down to show to their uncle. He said that their grandfather, who had known Aaron Burr in college, had never joined in the general outcry against him, and that the letters were partly in cipher.

"Cipher," he explained, "means a secret alphabet, or code. We had no post messengers, in some parts of the country, who were trustworthy. Even letters sent by private hand might fall into the hands of persons not meant to see them. Sometimes, therefore, two correspondents would agree to represent important words by certain letters, numbers, signs, or other words.

"For example, suppose General Bonaparte got away from St. Helena and came to Boston in disguise, and some one wished to write to one of his friends to meet him. If they agreed beforehand on the code words, 6 might mean 'General,' hundredweight 'Bonaparte,' sugar 'in disguise,' wharf 'Boston,' collect 'meet,' and a, b, c and so on, the months of the year. Thus a message written:

"'6cwt. sugar arrive at wharf, collect on b 10,' would be translated: 'General Bonaparte in disguise arrives at Boston, meet on February 10.' No one who did not have the key would know that it was not an ordinary business note."

After tea, Hal and Syd, in the library window seat, came back to the subject of codes.

"It would be fun to have one of our own," said Hal.

"I know a cipher c-code," said Susy unexpectedly, hesitating over the unfamiliar word.

"You do!"

"Where'd you learn it?" Both boys spoke at once.

"A nice artist taught me. He was painting my picture, last year. He doesn't art all the time. He has made a machine that goes by lightning."

"Goes by lightning!"

"Electricity, you know. When you get a little bit of a shock it's like an invisible somebody pinching your fingers. Mr. Morse wrote me a poem for my birthday in cipher. It's *all* dots and dashes. He painted me a little picture too, of Puck when Oberon sent him to put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes. Mr. Morse says some day they will."

"Go round the earth in forty minutes?"

"Send messages around it by lightning. I don't understand it very well, but I'll show you how to write in the code."

Susy climbed into her uncle's chair at the big desk, and with the quill pen he had made her, proceeded to cover a sheet of her own small gilt-edged, rose-tinted paper with dots and dashes. "You see," she explained, "you don't even *need* to have pen and ink. You can send the message with knocks and scratches on wood, or toot it on a horn, or make long and short flashes of light, or wave your hand. In France they have what they call semaphores that signal like that."

"I'll tell you what let's do," said Hal, when he had grasped the idea, "let's keep this a secret, just us three, and have fun signaling with it."

Susy proved resourceful in finding ways to use the cipher. The boys learned to send messages with a

lantern, with a pennon made of a handkerchief on the end of a stick, by laying sticks and stones beside the road. Once, when they were out fishing with their uncle and were delayed by a broken bridge, they wig-wagged the explanation across the valley to Susy on the piazza, to the great relief of Aunt Clara's mind.

Hal and Syd had set their hearts on climbing the Elephant's Head before they went home, with Uncle Sydney and his friend, Mr. Vail. It was a huge, rounded mass of stone near the top of a mountain, and they were to camp there all night. A farmer living a few miles away would act as guide. But two days before the time set, Uncle Sydney and Mr. Vail were called to New York on business. The boys urged that they be allowed to go by themselves, with Farmer Huidekoper or his son. It was bright, cool, windy August weather, apparently mislaid from late October, and their time was now short. Aunt Clara at last reluctantly consented, and the boys privately promised Susy that if she would be on the piazza at four o'clock, they would signal to her.

But on reaching the farm, they found things all wrong. The farmer was sick, and no one could be spared. There seemed nothing to do but turn around and go back.

"We might go, all the same," said Hal as they reached the turn. Syd's face lighted up.

"It would be something to tell about!"

"It's a straight path up the mountain. Uncle said so."

They turned into the wood-road and began their climb.

If the farmer had had the slightest idea that they would do such a thing, he could have told them that during a spring flood part of the trail had gone over the cliff. To get around the landslide, it was necessary to turn off about a mile below, go through the woods, and pick up the path near the Elephant's Head. As it was, the boys discovered the landslide themselves.

It was an awkward place for a break in the path. They scrambled around it as best they could, into a ravine that seemed to lead upward; then they turned to the left again. They came to an old road, much overgrown, which might be the one — there would hardly be another way up here. Pushing their way through underbrush, they stepped on loose earth and rock that gave way and slid, carrying them with it, into a great hole partly filled with water.

When they struggled, strangling and dazed, to their feet, the water was waist-deep. Rock walls closed

them in, almost overhanging the water except on one side, where the cliff rose to a ledge with a few trees on

HE COULD SEE ACROSS THE VALLEY.

it. They managed somehow to climb on to this ledge, and sat clinging to the slender hemlocks, cold, exhausted, and drenched. Hal had sprained or strained his knee. Now they remembered hearing of an old

quarry somewhere on the mountain. This must be the place.

Sydney climbed the biggest tree as far as he dared, and found that he could see across the valley. Uncle Sydney's house and barns looked like a toy village in the clear air.

"This would be the time for our s-sem-aphore to work," he said with chattering teeth, "if we had it."

Their matches were soaked; their shirts and handkerchiefs were blue; they had not a white rag about them, and in any case no one would be looking for them away off here in the woods. Sydney dared not try to wave the tree top where he clung, for fear of tumbling into the water; but Hal might wave another one while his cousin watched for a reply. Yet who would notice a waving tree top in a forest?

Hal took the wet luncheon out of its tin box and put it on dry moss. The box was new; they had only used it once. Sydney blinked once or twice and then gave a shout.

"The inside of the box!"

Outside, the tin case was painted green, but the inside was as bright as silver.

The long rays of the setting sun were beginning to slant toward the mountain side. In feverish haste

they cleared out the box, tore up their handkerchiefs, and fastened the open tin cylinder as high up as Syd could reach, on the tree next to the one where he was perched. Hal sat at the foot ready to rock it to and fro as directed. After some fifteen or twenty minutes of anxious waiting, Syd exclaimed:

"They're out there! Shake it for all you're worth, Hal — steady — three shakes, and then a wave, then three again. Je-rusalem crickets! They see it!"

On the opposite slope of the valley a little group was gathering. Susy had been first to notice the waving twinkling object. She always liked to fancy fairies lived on the mountain, and knew the secret code.

Aunt Clara was busy with Uncle Sydney and Mr. Vail, who had just returned from the city. Susy watched the moving point of light, and her eyes grew big and startled.

"Uncle," she said softly, "may I take your spy-glass?"

"Certainly, child" — and her uncle went on telling Aunt Clara about the great legacy of half a million dollars, left by Mr. James Smithson in England to found an Institute for Scientific Research in America. Susy flew out on the lawn, the field glass in one hand and a mirror in the other. Holding the mirror so that

it caught the rays of the sun, she began turning it toward the mountain, then away. Uncle Sydney, coming out, caught the reflection full in his eyes.

"What are you doing, child?" he asked in astonishment.

"Oh, Uncle, it's the boys! They're telegraphing! They want us to know where they are! They're in a hole!"

"The old quarry!" exclaimed Uncle Sydney, as he caught up the field glass and saw the waving signal.

After that, it was all very simple. Uncle Sydney's horses made short work of the road to the mountain. He and Mr. Vail reached the old quarry just after sunset, and Sydney carried the lantern while the men carried Hal down the rough trail to the wood-road. When they reached home it was long after dark. They were glad to eat a hot supper and tumble into bed. The next day both had bad colds and were rather stiff and sore, and Hal's knee did not get really well until after he went back to New York. Yet, when they thought of what might have happened but for Susy and her Morse alphabet, they felt that they had been lucky.

Susy stayed with her uncle and aunt through the autumn, and had lessons at home until just before

Christmas when her father and mother came back from Europe, and took a house in New York. Professor Morse had become acquainted with Mr. Vail, and Mr. Vail was helping him with his invention. Susy told Professor Morse how useful his cipher had been. People from all about Morristown and even from Newark became interested in the electro-magnetic telegraph, as it was called, and came to see the machine. After the holidays, Professor Morse sent out invitations for a private exhibition of the telegraph to be held in the Geological Cabinet room of New York University, on Washington Square, on January twenty-second. A day or two later, Susy wrote an account of the exhibition and made two careful copies, one for Hal and one for Syd. The account read as follows:

"January 25, 1838.

"Dear Boys:

"Mamma says that I ought to write down what we saw at Professor Morse's exhibition, because some day I shall be glad to remember every little thing about such an important invention. I have written everything I can remember in my diary, and I thought you would like to hear about it. I am writing this letter over twice just alike, so as to send one to each of you.

"You remember what the invention looks like so I don't have to describe that. Mr. Morse has been using a dictionary, with a number to stand for each word, to send messages, but he said he is going to stop that and use an alphabet code like the one he taught me, with a sign for each letter. He can send ten words a minute that way and only five by using the dictionary.

"Everybody was there exactly at twelve o'clock. He sent the messages over a circuit of ten miles; that means the message went over ten miles of wire and came back into the room and was written down in dots and dashes at the other end of the wire, on a round roller. Uncle Sydney has a fountain pen and he lent it to the gentleman who wrote out the messages. It has the ink inside the handle so it runs down into the point of the pen just enough to do the writing, but does not spill.

"Everybody kept as still as mice when the message started and we heard the machine go 'click, click, click.' It was very exciting. After the first two or three messages it did not seem so scary, and they all began to ask questions. General Thomas Cummings was there; he had just been appointed to command another army, Papa said. A gentleman wrote a message to him and did not show it to anyone but handed

it to Mr. Morse to send. When General Cummings read it, it was this:

"'Attention the Universe! By Kingdoms, right wheel!'

"I don't know why they all laughed but they did.

"Mr. Morse is going to take his telegraph to Washington and try to get Congress to pass a bill to give him money to build a telegraph line for the Government. If they do, maybe I will write you the next time by telegraph.

"Mamma helped me with the hard words in this letter, and I hope you can read it. Papa says I ought to sign this,

"Yours for Science and Progress,

"Susy Griswold."

"Dots and Dashes" is by Louise Lamprey and is taken from her *Days of the Pioneers.* Miss Lamprey has written many vivid historical tales of the great days in American history. The titles of these valuable and attractive books follow, with their period in history: *Days of the Discoverers* (1348–1619); *Days of the Colonists* (1607–1776); *Days of the Commanders* (1773–1812); *Days of the Pioneers* (1794–1860); *Days of the Leaders* (1861–1898); and *Days of the Builders* (1896–1926). You are sure to love history more through reading such books as these. Other charming stories by Miss Lamprey are *Children of Ancient Britain; Children of Ancient Rome;* and *In the Days of the Guild.*

AS THE FLAG GOES BY

Boy, bare your head when the flag goes by!
Girl, look your loyalty as it waves!
Those stars came out in a splendid sky
Over your forefathers' gallant graves;

Those stripes were fastened by heroes' hands·
Those colors flash to the farthest lands.
A bit of bunting, but how it gleams,
Fashioned of valor and woven of dreams.

The wind's in its folds,
They are lifting high,
O, lift your hearts
As the flag goes by!

This poem, by Nancy Byrd Turner, is taken from *The Youth's Companion.* A good collection of similar poems is to be found in *Poems of American Patriotism*, compiled by Brander Matthews. There are patriotic poems and many other excellent ones in *Recitations Old and New for Boys and Girls*, compiled by Grace Gaige.

WHO LOVES HIS COUNTRY

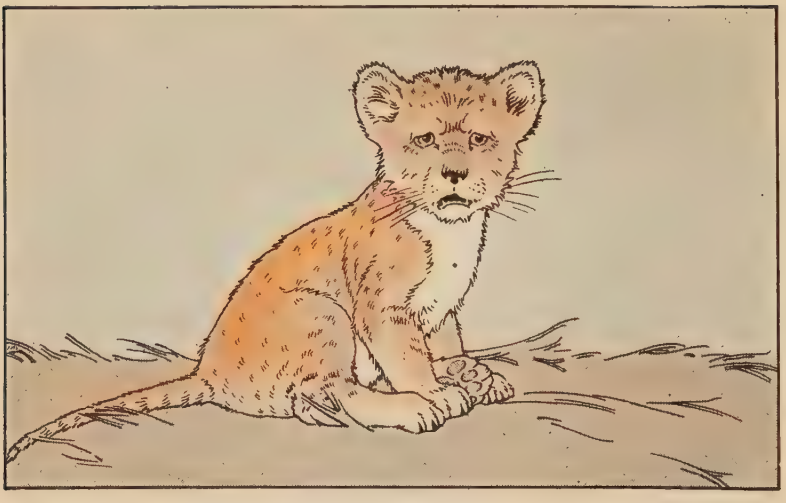
Who loves his country will not rest
Content with vow and pledge alone,
But flies her banner in his breast
And counts her destiny his own —
Not only when the bugle plays
Stands forth to give his life for her,
But on the field of common days
Is strong to live his life for her.
He is not satisfied to claim
As heritage her power and fame,
But, striving, earns the right to wear
The shining honor of her name.

This is another poem by Nancy Byrd Turner, taken from *The Youth's Companion*. If you will read the lives of such great men as George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Thomas Edison, John Burroughs, Luther Burbank, and countless others, you will learn how they "earned the right to wear the honor of their country's name." Perhaps you can think also of people, not famous at all, who "on the field of common days are strong to live" their lives honorably.

HOW TO TRAIN A LION

An animal learns by association. Though it is a common belief, fear is not the reason for his obedience to the trainer's commands. Habit and ignorance are what cause the animal to become an apt pupil in the hands of the trainer. The animal becomes accustomed to the same way of doing the same things at much the same time, and ignorance of his own power keeps him in this state of subjection.

This habit is developed in the animal by a laborious and patient process, and it requires an intimate knowledge of animal nature to perfect it. The easiest animal to train is one that is born in his native haunts and new to captivity. The reason is obvious. The one bred in captivity has nothing to fear from man, and knows his own strength and the fear he inspires. Accustomed from earliest infancy to the greatest care and coddling, he arrives one day at the stage of growth where he realizes the value of his own claws, for the use of them has shown him that human beings do not like to be scratched. Some attendant, who has, perhaps, been playing with him day by day, admiring his pretty, innocent-looking little face, soft furry body, and



SCRATCHING MEANS "LET GO."

velvety paws while he is still a mere cub, drops him suddenly one day when he feels the deep prick of the claws hidden in those paws. The next time some one comes along, the cub may not be in the mood for handling; he remembers his past experience, that scratching means "let go," and he puts this into practice. His liberty is promptly secured, and he lies in peace in his cage.

The next man who comes may get a deeper scratch, and he lets the cub alone even more severely, a fact that the cub notes and remembers the next time, for he is generally acquiring a deeper disrespect for man and his puerile ways; he is beginning to know the value

of those little knives he carries sheathed in those paws, and he is very soon autocratic in his independence. He accepts his food as tribute and his care as homage due, and regards man simply as another and much weaker animal.

Such an animal is difficult to train. The only method that may be pursued at all is severe letting alone for several years. All that time he holds himself more and more aloof. He is, in a way, congratulating himself on his success, and man in time becomes a shadowy being who periodically brings his food, and who, in some inexplicable way, keeps him in that oblong box for people to stare at.

He does not mind the people, nor does he mind the cage very much, for he has never known anything else; but deep in him — so deep that he barely realizes its existence — slumbers a desire for freedom and an unutterable longing for the blue sky and the free air. Man, in some way, is to blame for that intangible "something" that he wants, and scarcely knows that he wants; and man has shown him that he is afraid of his claws, and, therefore, the animal hates and despises man and all belonging to him.

The cub grows insolent in his haughtiness; then his undefined desire for freedom decreases somewhat, becomes more and more vague, and his existence is finally

comprised in just two sensations — eating and sleeping. The disturbance of either is an insult, and any one who disturbs either, an enemy. Man allows both to continue, and so the cub in his arrogance tolerates him.

The cub passes beyond his days of cubhood, and acquires almost the years and stature of a full-grown lion. He has few of the qualities of the newly captured animal. He does not fear man; he knows his own power. He regards man as an inferior, with an attitude of disdain and silent hauteur.

When it is considered that his memory of the days when scratching insured independence has faded, his training is begun. He meets it with a reserved majesty and silent indifference, as though he had a dumb realization of his wrongs.

He has probably been in a large cage. This is changed to a smaller one that has movable bars. The bars are fitted in this way for a definite purpose. Until now the lion has kept in the rear of his cage, as far as possible from the man who feeds him, grabbing his meat and retreating with a sullen growl. It is desired to bring him into closer relationship with his would-be trainer.

The bars are moved day by day. Soon the cage is small enough to permit a fairly long stick to reach from the front to the back. Such a stick, in the hands of a man, is introduced and allowed to remain several

hours. The lion may take no notice of it; he may growl and he may grab it. Whatever he does, the stick is kept there and replaced if destroyed. When he has grown accustomed to the stick, it is gently rubbed along his neck and back. Though he snaps at it at first, when once he finds that the stroking is a pleasure, he soon allows it to be done without any protest.

Sometimes a piece of meat is put at the end of the stick by the trainer, and this is found to act as an inducement to allow the stick to come close to the animal. Very often the lion will crunch the stick to splinters, and this the trainer allows, as he wishes to prove to the animal that he has nothing to fear from the stick itself. In a very short time he takes the meat quietly, without even growling at the stick; and when this stage of the proceeding is reached, the stick is made shorter each day, until finally it is not much longer than the hand.

As a rule, when once the stick trick has been accomplished with an animal, it is comparatively easy to get on a little farther, for by that time the animal not only has no objection to the presence of the trainer, but appears to look for him and expect him. His objections, suspicions, and resentment disappear, and very soon the fingers replace the stick in the stroking process,

and, being softer and more soothing than the stick, seem to give greater pleasure than wood. This is a great step taken, for one of the most difficult things is to get any wild animal to allow himself to be touched with the human hand.

With a lion that comes straight from Africa or Asia, the case is different. Lions are usually trained when between two and three years of age. A two-year-old of fine physique and restless nature has been brought straight from his native haunts. There he has been actually the monarch of the jungle. His life has been free and fearless.

Suddenly, in the midst of his regal existence, he falls into a hidden pit or is snared in the woods. His desperate struggles, his rage and gnashing of teeth, all the force of his tremendous strength, are ineffectual in breaking the bonds of his captivity.

After his first supreme efforts are over and he has thoroughly exhausted himself, he proves himself a very king of beasts in his haughty disdain. He apparently realizes his helplessness and submits to everything in sullen, dignified silence.

The lion comes to the trainer from the jungle, after having been subjected to abuse and gross indignities. From the time of his capture by natives who have neither feeling nor consideration for the poor animal,

until he reaches his final quarters, his treatment, as a rule, is such as to terrify him and render him nervous in the extreme.

He has been kept in cramped quarters, cruelly joggled and crushed in a narrow box while on his way to the coast from the interior, his bedding has been left unchanged, and the poor food with which he has been provided thrown carelessly into the refuse and offal which surrounds him. Clean and fastidious, as the lion always is about his food and person, he often refuses to eat, and this, added sometimes to seasickness, makes his suffering terrible.

The finest health and strength will not stand such a strain for long, and by the time the journey is ended, the lion is disgusted with man and his ways. In many cases he arrives in Europe or America sick and weak, and appears only too ready to die and get rid of his troubles. The only passion he has in this state is a genuine hatred for man, and this hate seems to be the only thing which arouses him at all.

It frequently happens that wild animals kill themselves in frenzies of fear during transportation. Everything in their surroundings is new and strange to them. They have lost their freedom and the fresh air; they are cramped and half stifled in close quarters, surrounded by dirt and unwholesomeness, and cannot even keep their

bodies still for two seconds, owing to the perpetual motion which goes on, and which, perhaps, terrifies them more than anything else. Therefore, when a wild animal is first turned over to the trainer, he is practically mad with his experiences and terrors.

Then begins the training. One man, and one man only, has him in care, and it is always essential in these cases to choose a quiet trainer. This is one of the reasons why Captain Bonavita has made such a success in training lions. He is always quiet and self-possessed, even in times of extreme peril; and this quietness has more effect on wild animals, particularly lions, than anything else. In some way it seems to communicate itself to them and allays their fears. Often a lion rushing round and round a cage will be calmed down by a gentle "Whoa, whoa!" spoken in a soothing manner.

The first thing which is done is to attend to the animal's bodily comfort. In place of dirt and unwholesomeness, cleanliness is substituted; in place of the filthy, reeking bed a fresh, sweet one is made of dry straw. Fresh food and water are brought to him always by the same trainer, who invariably speaks a few soothing words in a quiet voice when Leo begins to race wildly round the cage in the vain effort to get

out. A very large cage is never given at first, but the one provided is a great improvement on his old cramped quarters. Were it too large, the animal would destroy or seriously injure himself in trying to escape. It is generally just large enough for him to turn round in comfortably, but not high enough for him to spring about in too much.

The feeding of the animal is the first step in his training. The trainer takes him about six pounds of fresh beef or mutton, with a piece of bone, once a day, and fresh, clear water three times a day. No one but the trainer is permitted to go near him or to look at him. He must become acquainted with the trainer's personality, and must be made to realize that his food and drink come from the trainer only. He must also be made clearly to understand that the trainer means him no harm, but does everything for his comfort.

The meat is usually put upon the end of a long iron fork, and passed to him through the bars. He has come a little way forward to take the meat, and gradually, without thinking about it, he comes close to the trainer. At first the water pan is tied to the edge of the cage, because in trying to draw the pan toward him, the animal would upset it and make the cage wet and uncomfortable. There would be also the difficulty of

getting it out again with a stick, which might arouse the animal's anger.

When the lion and his trainer have once become acquainted, he is transferred to another cage; and here again, for two weeks, he is fed, watered, and taken care of by the same trainer, until the animal not only gets accustomed to him, but looks forward to his presence, because it invariably means something pleasant to himself. In about six weeks' time a loose collar is slipped around the lion's neck when he is asleep. Attached to this collar is a chain, long enough to permit the animal to move about, but just short enough to keep him from reaching the end of the cage.

The next step is for the trainer to put a chair inside the cage. Instantly the lion springs for it, but, being kept in check by the chain, he finds he cannot reach it, and retires to a corner, growling sulkily at the intruder. After casting vindictive glances at it, with occasional growls, he becomes accustomed to its presence and takes no further notice of it. Then the trainer, after opening the door of the cage once or twice and looking in, finally walks calmly in himself and sits on the chair. He is just out of reach of the lion, and when the animal has growled and shown resentment, as he did with the chair, he again subsides into indifference.

Then comes the time when the lion is released from the chain. Then the trainer takes his life in his hands, for the moment of extreme danger has arrived. No matter how quiet and docile the lion may have appeared to be when chained, he is likely to develop suddenly a ferocious savagery when released.

At this stage Captain Bonavita always carries two stout oak sticks, one in the right hand and one in the left. The one in the right he keeps for immediate use, and when once punished with this stick, the lion, not knowing the purpose of the stick in the left hand, comes to fear that also and backs away from it. If possible, the sticks are used to stroke the lion, if he will permit it; for the condition of a wild animal is one of receptivity — he is willing to welcome anything that will give him pleasure. But it is rarely, indeed, at this stage of the proceedings that he will allow this.

In the first place, the lion is generally a little frightened or nervous himself, and alarm begets wrath. It is feline nature to dissemble that wrath until the moment of action. Leo does not growl or lash his tail. It is not the growling lion that is to be feared most, nor does the lashing tail, as so many suppose, indicate danger. Not anger, but good humor, comes from such

indications. It is when the tail stands out straight and rigid that the trainer begins to think of retreat.

When the tail becomes stiff in this manner, it is generally a pretty sure indication that the animal is going to spring. When the trainer sees that tail become like an iron bar, he tries to slip out at the door; sometimes he knows he will never have the opportunity. Before the lion springs he glances aside carelessly, growling quietly, and the next instant, with open mouth and all four paws distended, he is sailing through the air, straight for the throat of the man, his tense body rigid with passion, and his five hundred pounds of sinew and muscle ready to descend on the intruder.

The man who does not foresee that terrific onslaught, holding himself in readiness for it, has no business with wild animals, and will, in all probability, never again attempt any dealings with them, because he will never have the chance. The agility which is one of the requisite qualities for a trainer must come into play, and upon it depends his life.

It is here that the chair, which plays no small part in an animal's education, comes into use again. That chair was not brought into the cage merely for comfort. It is the best defense possible against the lion's spring.

Swift and apparently unpremeditated as the spring has been, the man has seen the tenseness of the muscles that preceded it, and before the animal has reached him the stout legs of the chair are bristling between them.

Here is another problem for the lion. This unknown thing has suddenly assumed an unexpected and possibly a deadly significance. Snarling, he drops on his haunches and claws at the barrier; perhaps he has plumped into it and has felt the blows from its dull prongs. Then out from behind it springs a stick — the same stick of his pleasant memories, but turned to base uses now, for it flicks him smartly on the tip of his nose, just where a lion keeps all his most sensitive feelings.

Again it lands, and the chances are ten to one that two blows on that tender spot are enough. Howling with rage and discomfiture, the lion ceases to claw the chair and retires to his corner, very crestfallen and extremely puzzled and bewildered. By the time he has had leisure to consider the strange performance, the trainer is out of the cage, leaving the chair behind him.

Now the lion may do one or all of several things, according to the depth of his emotions. He may

glower and sulk in his corner; he may rant and tear about his cage, giving vent to his outraged feelings in loud roars; he may go for the chair and dismember it (not without scars to his own hide, probably); or he may settle down to think matters over calmly, possibly coming to the conclusion that it is unwise to attack any strange thing before finding out whether it can hurt in return.

Generally, after this chair incident, when the lion has got the worst of it, he calms down fairly soon, and on the reappearance of his trainer some time afterward has evidently forgotten the unpleasantness of it all, and remembers only that it is the trainer who brings him all he wants. In some cases he greets him with a gentle rubbing against the bars of his cage and a soft purr, for he is only a big cat, after all. The meat is taken with a slightly subdued air, he allows himself to be stroked and patted — outside the bars — and so another great step in his education has been taken and accomplished successfully.

The next stage in the training of a lion is for the trainer to enter the cage again with the chair and stick. No longer militant, but somewhat timid, the animal keeps in his corner, furtively watching the trainer. Little by little, the man edges the chair over

LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE MAN EDGES THE CHAIR OVER.

until he is within reach; then he begins to rub the lion with his stick. Little by little, he decreases the distance still more, until, finally, he has his hand on the lion's shoulder and is patting him gently.

This is another great step in advance. The lion has learned to endure the touch of the human hand; although he murmurs sulkily, he likes it, for few animals are indifferent to petting. Day by day the trainer familiarizes the lion with his presence and touch; rubbing his back, stroking his shoulders, raising his paws — a somewhat risky and ticklish trial — and in the course of about two weeks after his first entering the cage, if the animal be of fairly good temper, all alarm and overt enmity have been eradicated, so accustomed has the animal become to the presence of this one man.

After this the lion is taught to back until he reaches the rear of the cage, and then made to lie down. After a time he is made to lie down and stand up, at either the word of command or at a certain cue, and after each act of obedience he is given a small piece of raw meat as a reward. If he does not obey, he gets no reward, and in time the habit becomes strong, and he does what is required of him, whether he gets anything for it or not.

Then comes another period of extreme danger for the trainer. This is when the animal first enters the arena. He finds himself in a place which seems vast after a cage, and becoming a little bewildered at the strange surroundings, behaves in an entirely different manner. Many animals who have been taught to perform in comparatively small cages have to be trained all over again when in the arena. In the big arena, therefore, the training of the animals has to be practically begun anew.

This is one reason why trainers are always so anxious to get their animals out of the training schools and cages and into the arena as soon as possible. But they are likely to get them there too soon, which is extremely dangerous. I have already explained why a lion is first put into a small cage. If he goes into the arena too soon, he is more apt to spring at the trainer, because he has not yet become tractable and docile enough.

On first entering the arena, the lion runs round and round, seeking some place to escape, because his surroundings are strange. He is also rather frightened, for anything unusual or strange always makes a wild animal, especially a lion, nervous; but the trainer's quiet presence and voice generally sooth him after a

while, and he soon gets used to the arena. An entire day is generally taken to accustom the lion to his new surroundings, and he is then put through several evolutions, just as in the smaller cage.

Beginning at this point, the training or education of an animal is simply the application to more advanced work of the principles already followed. It is progress beyond a kind of kindergarten stage, and learning by association has everything to do with it. The animal is becoming ready to accept the mastery of man, and in doing so his own reason is being developed. From this time on he begins to take a new interest in life. That instinct of action, which he has inherited from his ancestors and which has been slumbering, is awakened, and he is learning to know and enjoy the cultivated exercise.

He works gradually into the harness, and soon becomes an adept at the work which he has been taught with so much painstaking patience. But he always remains an animal. His natural instincts are always paramount, and though he may go through his performances meekly, and even with a certain amount of interest, there are always deep down within him an inborn distrust and fear of man.

The only trainer, therefore, who has any business in a cage with such animals is one who thoroughly understands their nature, who knows all their weaknesses and characteristics, and who fears their strength. If I ever hear a trainer make a remark to the effect that, after all, there is nothing to be afraid of when once an animal is trained, I know he is unfit to be a trainer at all.

The man who makes the best trainer is the one who realizes their treachery and knows that there is danger at all times and in all places with wild animals, no matter how well trained they may be. As I said before, no wild animal is ever tamed — he is only trained; and the best training in the world is nothing when once the animal feels inclined to give way to his natural savage instincts.

"How to Train a Lion" was written by Frank C. Bostock in his interesting book entitled, *The Training of Wild Animals*. Two excellent books about circus animals are *The Other Side of the Circus*, by Edwin P. Norwood, and *Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything*, by Courtney R. Cooper. There are lively stories of wild animal trainers in *Careers of Danger and Daring*, by Cleveland Moffett, and in *Work-a-Day Heroes*, by Chelsea C. Fraser. *Under the Lilacs*, by Louisa M. Alcott; *Toby Tyler*, by James Otis (James O. Kaler); and *Cecily*, by Clementine Helm, are some of the best books about children of the circus.

HOW TO TELL THE WILD ANIMALS

If ever you should go by chance
  To jungles in the East;
And if there should to you advance
  A large and tawny beast,
If he roars at you as you are dyin'
You'll know it is the Asian Lion.

Or if some time when roaming round,
  A noble wild beast greets you,
With black stripes on a yellow ground,
  Just notice if he eats you.
This simple rule may help you learn
The Bengal Tiger to discern.

If strolling forth, a beast you view,
  Whose hide with spots is peppered,
As soon as he has lept on you,
  You'll know he is the Leopard.
'Twill do no good to roar with pain,
He'll only lep and lep again.

If when you're walking round your yard,
You meet a creature there,
Who hugs you very, very hard,
Be sure it is the Bear.
If you have any doubt, I guess
He'll give you just one more caress.

Though to distinguish beasts of prey
A novice might nonplus,
The Crocodiles you always may
Tell from Hyenas thus:
Hyenas come with merry smiles;
But if they weep, they're Crocodiles.

The true Chameleon is small,
A lizard sort of thing;
He hasn't any ears at all,
And not a single wing.
If there is nothing on the tree,
'Tis the Chameleon you see.

This is one of Carolyn Wells's jolly poems. There are many animal nonsense rhymes, as well as other interesting poems, in *Another Book of Verses*, by Edward V. Lucas. You will like, also, *Story-telling Poems*, by Frances J. Olcott.

MOVING

Everybody in her town in Norway knew Inger Johanne, for she was the Judge's daughter. She herself tells of her frolics and adventures, and this story is about one of them.

Twice, that I can remember, Father had tried to get a position off in the country, and each time I had been so sure we were going to move that I had imagined exactly how everything would be in our new home. A big, old farmhouse, yes, for I like old, old houses; an immense garden, with empress pears and every possible kind of berry; big red barns and outhouses; big pastures all around; cows and calves, and horses to go driving with wherever I wished. I should like best a red horse with a white mane — a horse that looked wild — and a little light basket-phaeton. And I would drive, and crack my whip — oh, how I would snap it! And there would be a lot of hens that I would take care of myself, for I am dreadfully interested in hens.

Once, I told all around town that we were to move to Telemarken. I really believed it myself. Everybody in town heard of it and at last it got into the paper; and, O dear! it wasn't true at all, and it was I who had told it. That time Father was furious with me.

After that I never heard a word about Father's looking for a position; I suppose they were afraid I would tell of it again. So it was like lightning from a clear sky and I was completely astounded, when Mother told me one morning at breakfast that Father had got a position in Christiania, and that we were to move away.

"Well, may I tell about it now?" I asked.

"Yes, now you may say all you like," said Mother.

I couldn't get another mouthful down after hearing the news, but hurried off to school. Not a soul had come when I got there, so I had to wait, alone with my great news, for five long minutes. The first to come was Antoinette Wium. She had hardly opened the door when I called out:

"I am going to move away from town."

Then I planted myself firmly at the door, and told every single one that came in. Before the first recess was over, the whole school and all the teachers knew that we were to move to Christiania.

I was so glad, I didn't know what to do. The first few days I just went around telling it down on the wharves and everywhere.

All at once everything seemed so tedious in town. I

didn't care any longer about what my friends were talking of; all I wanted was to talk about Christiania. When I was alone I sang to myself: "We shall travel, travel, travel," mostly to the tune of "*Ja, vi elsker dette landet,*"[1] for that has such a swing to it.

I must say that now, for the first time, I understood how Lawyer Cold felt. He is a fat young man from Christiania who has settled in our town, but is in despair because he has to live here. He comes up to Father's office and sits and talks by the hour, complaining, until he puts Father in a bad humor, too. It is Karl Johan Street that he misses so frightfully, he says. And to think that now I was going to Karl Johan Street and should see all the cadets and all the fun! I could understand Lawyer Cold's feelings perfectly now. Oh, oh, how delightful it will be!

I began at once to go around to say good-bye, although we were not to leave for three or four months. I went to all the cottages and huts round about. One day I went by Ellef Kulaas' house up on the hill. He was standing outside of his door. He is tall, and his whole body seems to be warped, and he never looks at people, but off anywhere else.

"Good-bye, Ellef, I am going away," said I.

[1] "Yes, we love this land."

Ellef didn't answer.

"We are going to Christiania," I went on.

"Yes, I was there once," said Ellef. "It's a dangerous Sodom."[1]

"But aren't there plenty of splendid things to see, Ellef?"

"Oh, yes — I wanted most to see that big mountain Gausta. They told me I'd have to take a horse and wagon to get there; but I went to see the old dean that used to be here — he lived high up — and when I looked out of his skylight, I saw everything, Gausta and the churches and the whole kit and boodle. I saved a lot of money that way. I went up there twice and looked through the skylight, and so I saw the whole show — for nothing, too. I suppose hardly anybody sees it any better."

Humph! As if I'd be satisfied like Ellef Kulaas with seeing things through the dean's skylight!

There were many places where I said good-bye several times. At last they laughed at me, and I had to laugh too. One day I went by Madam Guldahl's house. Madam Guldahl always stands at her garden gate and talks with people who are passing.

[1] *Sodom* (sŏd'om) was a city on the shore of the Dead Sea. It was destroyed because of its wickedness.

"GOOD-BYE, MADAM GULDAHL."

"Good-bye, Madam Guldahl, we are going to Christiania," said I.

"You may if you want to. I am thankful to live here rather than there."

"Why is that?"

"Oh, I was there six weeks on account of my bad leg — such hurrying and running in the streets you

never saw. I didn't know a soul in the streets; what pleasure could there be in that, I'd like to know! One day I saw Ellef Kulaas on the street there, and I was so glad I wanted to throw my arms around his neck. People went by each other without once looking at each other — not at all as though it was immortal souls they were passing."

I wondered a little whether I should want to throw my arms round Ellef Kulaas' neck if I met him on Karl Johan Street; but I hardly thought I should.

There were three farewell parties for me in the town, with tables loaded with good things at all the places, and at table they "toasted" me, singing:

"Og dette skal vaere Inger Johanne's skaal!
Hurrah!"[1]

I sang with them myself, and it was quite ceremonious. It's awfully good fun to be made so much of. The girls all wanted to walk arm in arm with me and be awfully good friends, and I promised to write to them all.

At home all the floors were covered with straw and big packing-cases; chairs and sofas were wrapped in matting; a workman went around sorting and packing

[1] And this is a toast for Inger Johanne! Hurrah!

for several days, and Mother wore her morning dress all day long. It was all horribly uncomfortable and awfully pleasant at the same time.

I packed a box of crockery, and it was really very well done, but the workman packed it all over again. After that I wasn't allowed to do anything except run errands.

At school I gave away my scholar's-companion and my eraser and my pencils and penholders, and an old torn map, as keepsakes.

On Saturday, after prayers, the Principal said:

"There is a little girl here who is soon to leave us. It is Inger Johanne, as we all know. We shall miss you, Inger Johanne. You are a good girl in spite of all your pranks. May everything go well with you. God bless you."

This was terribly unexpected. Oh, what a beautiful speech — I began to cry — oh, how I cried! The very moment the Principal said: "There is a little girl here who is soon to leave us," everything seemed perfectly horrid all at once.

Just think, to leave the school and my friends, and the town, and everything, and never, never come back!

I laid my head down on the desk and cried, and cried, and couldn't stop. I had thought only of all the new

things I was going to, and not that I should never in the world live here again — here where I had been so happy.

O dear! if we were only not going, if we were just to stay here all our lives. At last the Principal came down and patted me on the head, and then I cried all the more.

When I got home they could hardly see my eyes, I had cried so.

"Now you see, Inger Johanne, it's not all pleasure, either," said Mother.

The last day, I ran up on the hill, and said good-bye to all the places where we used to play, to Rome and Japan, to Kongsberg and the North Cape — for we had given names to some of them.

"Good-bye!" I shouted across the rocks and the heather and the juniper, "Good-bye!" I ran and ran, for I wanted to see all the places where we had played, before I went away forever. At home, on the outside wall of our old house, I wrote in pencil, "Good-bye, my beloved home!"

But I didn't cry, except that time at school.

At the steamboat-wharf, when we were leaving, it was only fun. The wharf was packed full of people, and they all wanted to talk to us and shake hands, and

they gave Mother bouquets and gave me bouquets; and there was such a crowd and bustle and talk and noise before all our things were finally on board! Only one thing was horrid, and that was that Ingeborg, the maid, cried so sorrowfully. She was not going with us; she stood on the wharf by herself and cried and cried.

"Don't cry, Ingeborg; you must come and visit us — yes, you must, you must; don't cry!"

"I can't do anything else," said Ingeborg, sobbing aloud.

Now I had to go on board, and the steamboat started.

"Good-bye, good-bye" — I ran to the very stern right by the flag, and waved and waved.

I stood staring back at the town.

Now Peckell's big yellow house vanished, and now the customhouse. Now I could see nothing but the little red house high up on the hill; and at last that vanished too.

But I still stood there, looking back and looking back at the gray hills. Among them I had lived my whole life long!

Other hills and islands came into view, and the sea splashed up over them, but not one of them did I know.

How strange that was!

Nevertheless, I suddenly felt awfully glad, and I began to sing at the top of my voice to the old tune (no one heard me, the sea roared so mightily):

"Oh! I love to travel, travel!"

From *What Happened to Inger Johanne*, by Dikken Zwilgmeyer. We do not know of a jollier story for girls than this one! *Inger Johanne's Lively Doings*, *Four Cousins*, and *Johnny Blossom*, are other delightful books by the same author. If you want to read more of the best stories about boys and girls in other lands, get as many of these as you can: *Katrinka*, by Helen E. Haskell; *Hans Brinker*, by Mary M. Dodge; *Heidi*, by Johanna Spyri; *The Adventures of Remi*, by Hector Malot; *Peep-in-the-World*, by F. E. Crichton; *A Little Boy Lost*, by W. H. Hudson; *Little Princess Nina*, by Lidiya A. Charskaya; *The Secret Garden*, by Frances H. Burnett; *Lady Green Satin and Her Maid Rosette*, by Elizabeth Martineau des Chesnez; *Castle Blair*, by Flora L. Shaw; *Merrylips*, by Beulah M. Dix; *Treasure Flower: A Child of Japan*, by Ruth Gaines; and *Donkey John of the Toy Valley*, by Margaret W. Morley. Read of boys and girls of our own country in *Jack and Jill*, by Louisa M. Alcott, and in *Jolly Good Times*, by Mary P. W. Smith.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Although Katie Smith loved all the books on the black walnut bookshelves, the ones that she took down most often were some fat volumes by Charles Dickens. So much did she enjoy these stories that she named her

yellow dog "Pip" after a character in one of them; and across her sled in big scarlet letters were painted these words, "The Artful Dodger."

One day Katie's mother read in the paper that Mr. Charles Dickens had come to America. When Katie heard that he was going to give a reading from his books in Portland, Maine, only sixteen miles away, she was very much excited. How she longed to see and hear the wonderful man who had created so many delightful characters!

Katie and her mother had planned to go to Charlestown, Massachusetts, for a visit, stopping overnight in Portland. Now Katie's mother decided that they would leave home so as to be in Portland on the night of the reading. But alas! a grown-up cousin, instead of little Katie, was taken to hear Mr. Dickens.

Katie bore her disappointment as best she could, and the next day after the reading she received her reward. Who should be riding on the very same train with Katie and her mother, but the great Charles Dickens himself! While Katie's mother was talking with an acquaintance, the little girl slipped into the empty seat beside her favorite author.

"Where did you come from?" inquired Mr. Dickens in a surprised tone of voice.

"I came from Hollis, Maine," stammered Katie Smith.

Presently the little girl and the famous author were chatting away like old friends. Mr. Dickens chuckled when he heard about the naming of Katie's dog and her sled, and his eyes grew moist when she spoke of the characters that made her cry.

This nine-year-old admirer of Dickens had not the slightest idea that one day she would be an author herself. Years later, however, when she was known as Kate Douglas Wiggin, she wrote a delightful story about another little State-of-Maine girl, entitled *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. She also wrote many other enjoyable books.

Kate Douglas Smith was not a State-of-Maine girl by birth. She was born in Philadelphia, September 28, 1859. When she was six years old, her family moved to the village of Hollis, Maine.

Little Katie Smith loved the world in which she lived and especially her own little corner of it on the banks of the Saco River. What fun she had with her little sister, Nora, and her playmate, Annie. Nora is better known to us as Nora Archibald Smith, the author of many charming stories for children. These little girls gathered velvety pussy willows, hunted for arbutus

in the early spring, and picked wild strawberries and raspberries in the summer.

How amusing Katie found the froggery, a nice quiet pool where lived her favorite frogs! She knew them all by name and twice a week she arranged them very gently in a row on a strip of board for a singing lesson. In the winter she enjoyed coasting and snowballing. She also liked to be in the house where she could play with her orphanage of paper dolls and read her beloved books.

To little Katie Smith, work was almost as amusing as play. It was fun, she thought, to cut up rhubarb for sauce, to make milk toast for supper, to water the plants, to iron the handkerchiefs, and to go for the milk. Just to be alive, to run along the river bank, to help about the house, was enough for this joyous child. No dreams of authorship had come to her, though she was filling her mind with the pictures which she was later to give to the world in her books.

Katie Smith was taught at home, and she also attended a district school. Later she went to a boarding school in Maine, after which she attended Abbot Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, from which she was graduated.

When Kate Smith was seventeen years old, she fol-

lowed her family to Santa Barbara, California, where they had gone several years before. As there was very little money in the family treasury, the elder daughter felt that she must begin to help at once. A girl's story which she had written merely to amuse herself she decided to send to a magazine editor. What was Kate's delight to receive in payment for the story a check for one hundred and fifty dollars, which came just in time to pay some taxes!

The proud young author, however, did not think of writing for a living. She decided that she did not yet know enough to write. She realized that she must live a little longer and learn more. In the meantime she decided to find some useful work to do. Years later, after she had become a successful author, she said that this decision was the most sensible act of her life.

Kate Smith soon found the work that she sought. Kindergartens were still very new in America. Miss Smith studied the system and organized a free kindergarten in San Francisco, the first one to be established west of the Rockies. This young woman was very successful in bringing happiness into the lives of the little children who flocked to her kindergarten.

It was for the purpose of raising money for kinder-

gartens that the young teacher wrote two stories, *The Story of Patsy*, and *The Birds' Christmas Carol*. She had them printed and sold at twenty-five cents a copy. Miss Smith thought that the only reason they sold well was because so many friends were anxious to help the good cause of free kindergartens.

In 1880 Kate Douglas Smith married Samuel Bradley Wiggin, who was a California lawyer. It was not until several years later that Mrs. Wiggin thought of sending a paper-covered copy of *The Birds' Christmas Carol* to a publisher. This charming story of the Ruggles family was accepted at once, and more stories were requested. From that time on Mrs. Wiggin devoted herself to writing.

Girls and boys of to-day all over the world love her Rebecca, Carol, Patsy, and Timothy just as the little girl of Hollis, Maine, loved the children in Dickens' stories. Kate Douglas Wiggin wrote often for children because she loved them and never forgot what it was like to be a child. She has also written many very entertaining books for older people.

"Rebecca" is not, as some people have thought, small Katie Smith herself. However, the district school where Rebecca wrote her famous composition was the one that the author attended.

In Kate Douglas Wiggin's books are many pictures of the life that she lived as a child. She put herself into her books, but not as a character. In her stories you will find something of her own quick wit, her cheerfulness, her satisfaction in doing and helping, and her joy of living.

This story was written by Rebecca D. Moore in *When They Were Girls*. Kate Douglas Wiggin will always remain one of the best-loved of American authors for children. Although she became famous through her books, *The Birds' Christmas Carol* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, she has had many others published, including *Magic Casements*, *Tales of Laughter*, and *Tales of Wonder*.

THE FOREST RANGER

At first sight I thought he was a cowboy. He came riding up the trail, a broad-brimmed hat on his head and his muscular shoulders swinging to the movements of his steed in the easy, unpretentious manner which bespeaks the true horseman. As he drew near, I realized my mistake. This splendid-looking young fellow with clean-cut features and keen grey eyes, wore a neat uniform of dull green, while pinned to his shirt beneath his open coat was a little bronze badge bearing a pine tree in relief and the words "Forest Service."

"Howdy, friend," he said with a pleasant smile, as he reined in his pony beside the little campfire where I was cooking my noonday meal. "Your fried trout smells mighty good, that's sure."

"If you are not in too big a hurry, I should like to have you sample some of them with me," I replied.

He swung to the ground. "I shall be glad to, thank you," said he and tethered his animal to a near-by sapling, close to my own horse. "Riding the range gets a fellow's appetite on a sharp edge, that's certain."

"I take it you are a Forest Ranger?" I said, as he squatted down beside me after a handshake that made my fingers ache. I handed him a piece of buttered bread upon which I had placed a savory portion of speckled trout, done to a golden brown. We were in the heart of the Cascade Mountains. Above us towered great lofty pines whose luxuriant crowns shut out most of the sunlight, and whose trunks rose up sheer and straight, without a limb, as high as fifty or sixty feet.

"You've sized me up correctly, pardner," declared my guest, munching contentedly. "My name is Clare Peterson, and this is a National Forest. There are about a million acres in it. Altogether the Government has close to two hundred more forests like it,

scattered among the mountains and reaching all the way from Mexico to the Canadian border, up and down the Rockies, the Sierras, and the Cascades."

"What is the Government's idea in patrolling these vast stretches of forest?" I asked.

"Because at last the people of this country have got their eyes opened. Until a few years ago, everybody just cut and slashed the forests promiscuously, wasting more wood than they used. They seemed to think that there was so much timber in the United States that it could never be used up. Now *we* in our day are seeing things differently. We are realizing that we are using up our magnificent trees four times faster than they are being replaced; that the timber now standing will be gone before we young fellows are old men; that unless we plant more trees and care properly for our forests, preventing all forms of waste, this country of ours will soon be in a bad way."

"But we must have wood and lumber," I remarked.

"That's true," said the Ranger. "We need trees in the worst way. Who wants to sit down and read a newspaper in a chair made of iron? Or eat a meal off a brass table? Who wants to paddle a nickel-plated canoe, or play croquet with cement balls? But that isn't all, pardner. What will become of our beautiful

wild birds and animals, with all their protective covering gone? What will we grow in the dried-up lands that the forests now keep fertile by their stored-up moisture? Look at the unhappy fate of those countries of the Old World which an unthinking civilization has despoiled of their forests!

"The hills and valleys where grew the famous cedars of Lebanon are almost treeless now; and Palestine, once so luxuriant with foliage, is bare and lonely. Splendid cities flourished upon the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates where were the hanging gardens of Babylon and the great hunting parks of Nineveh; but now the river runs silently between muddy banks, infertile and abandoned to the plow. And so on throughout the Eastern Hemisphere wherever man has made a desert of the beautiful gardens of nature."

"But some nations in the Old World have shown wisdom in this respect — Germany, for instance," I commented as I poured out a second cup of hot coffee for the Forest Ranger.

"Yes. The great Black Forest of Germany is still one of the finest in the universe, old as it is; and all because Germany has been practicing forestry for the last three hundred years. The government there takes care of her forests as painstakingly as we here do of

our backyard gardens. Lumbermen are allowed to cut only those trees that government experts have marked; and they must cut them close to the ground, too, so as not to waste stumpage. Even the smallest branches and twigs are cut up and bundled and sold. Where trees are too thick to thrive, the scrubby ones are removed. Dead trees and wind-fallen trees are taken away also; the forests are never littered as in this country, inviting a disastrous fire as soon as a stray spark goes flying. And as fast as a tree is taken away another little one is set out to grow in its place. That means trees for the present and trees for the future to any country wise enough to adopt the scheme, doesn't it, pardner?"

"Indeed it does," was my quick response. I was becoming vastly interested in the subject. The science of forestry seemed invested with a new charm and a new importance. "America would have done well to have begun conserving her forests scores of years ago. Our lumbermen have been wiping out all our magnificent timber and never thinking of the future."

"They certainly have. And they'd be doing it to-day, right here in our National Forests, if the Government didn't have Rangers keeping them from it. These lumbermen are in such a hurry that, if Uncle Sam

doesn't call a halt on them, they'll leave their grandchildren a desert for a legacy.

"They seem to think that the only trees worth anything are the big ones they can cut up and sell right away. To get at these ripe trees, and skid them out after they are cut, they smash down every little one that gets the least bit in their path. Such selfishness as that has got to stop. Uncle Sam says so. He says we Rangers are to see that it *does* stop. We are in these National Forests to show mercenary lumbermen that a calf will grow into a cow if it's left alone long enough, and that there are a few other citizens in this country who want to see these forest calves keep on growing, too."

"I am just beginning to appreciate the size of your job, Mr. Peterson," I observed.

"Excuse me," he went on, wiping the crumbs from his mouth, "but you really can't appreciate my job until you've been a Forest Ranger yourself. We don't stick to this job because there's any soft snap about it. It's work every minute — here, there, and everywhere. And we don't stick to it because of the salary. Uncle Sam pays us only twelve hundred dollars a year. On that a man has to keep up a family — if he has one — and provide for two horses. But I like the work.

I believe I am doing my part for future generations; I surely do. If I can help save a few of these magnificent trees for the boys and girls of a coming generation to eat under and swing from and look up into when the thrush whistles cheerily to them, I'm pretty well satisfied."

I looked at him half enviously. I felt that his was about the finest job in the whole world, especially when, as just then, the wind rose a little and the green canopy over our heads began to wave gently and emit a pensive murmuring which was the sweetest and saddest music.

Clare Peterson stopped eating a moment and looked at me with a smile. "Do you hear it? Where could you find a finer-toned cathedral organ than that up there in the tree tops? Isn't it soothing? Isn't it company? I can go for days and days in this big forest all alone, and never get lonesome. I know everything like a brother; everything knows me. I love the big woods."

"How did you happen to become a Forest Ranger, Mr. Peterson?" I asked, offering him a cup of water from the little spring which bubbled out from beneath the sandstone rock at our backs.

"Well," said he, "I joined the Service in the same way a good many of the boys are doing nowadays. I

am a native of Wisconsin by birth. I was always an outdoor boy, a Boy Scout. In High School I became interested in forestry. When I graduated I attended the Agricultural College of my state, and while there took a special course in the science of trees. Instead of romping around the city or at the seashore during vacation times, I went off with a party of other boys into the big forests of northern Wisconsin, and there we camped and studied right on the ground under an instructor. It was jolly good fun and most interesting.

"While we were there, two or three of the big men from the Forestry Service at Washington visited us and gave us lectures. Later I took an examination under the Civil Service, passed it, and was called to Washington and given my appointment out here as a regular Forest Ranger. As I said, most of us get started in this way. We all love the work; it has a wonderful fascination about it for an outdoor chap."

"Do you get your orders from the Chief Forester at Washington?"

"Indirectly; that's all. His orders are really sent first to our District Forester in Oregon, there being six such officers in the United States. The District Forester sends on the message to the proper one of his Forest Supervisors, of whom there are close to one

hundred and fifty — one for each National Forest. I receive my orders from my own Supervisor."

"How large is the domain you look after?" I asked.

"I have charge of close to a hundred thousand acres, a section which is called a District. Most of the year I live in the woods in a little cabin which the Government built, but many a night I am camping out on the trail when darkness catches me far from home. My cabin is a considerable bit up the mountain, and I am making tracks for it now, after spending last night down among the foothills watching a new cattle range. Won't you go along with me and stop in and see my wife and little boy? They'll be tickled to have you take supper with us and spend the night. You'll see a wonderful bit of scenery from up there too."

I needed no second invitation. To spend a night away up on the mountain in a Forest Ranger's cabin was an experience not offering itself every day to a city man, so I thanked my new-found friend, got on my horse, and accompanied him up the trail.

This is taken from *Heroes of the Wild*, by Chelsea C. Fraser. *Work-a-Day Heroes*, *Heroes of the Sea*, and *Heroes of the Air*, are other good books that Mr. Fraser has written. You can find out many interesting things about forests and forest rangers in *The Boys' Book of Forest Rangers*, by Irving Crump, and in *The Boy with the United States Foresters*, by Francis Rolt-Wheeler.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

The little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

This is one of Robert Frost's poems taken from his book for older people, called *New Hampshire*. Mr. Frost is one of the prominent American poets of to-day. He lives in New England. *The Listening Child*, compiled by Lucy W. Thacher, is a good collection of poetry for boys and girls.

WABUN, THE FAITHFUL WOLF DOG

When the sweet grass grew tall in the swamps, Little Beaver gathered it for his grandmother, who wove it into baskets in the moonlight, outside the lodge. As they sat there the old Indian chief looked far off, searching the shadows. Little Beaver hoped for a story, but waited patiently as he always did. Near by slept the dogs. A long-drawn howl came from afar off, making them stir uneasily in their sleep, while some of them awoke and pointed their snouts, scenting some wild thing.

"What was that, Grandfather?" asked Little Beaver. "Was it old Pekompf, the bobcat, who wailed then?"

"No, the voice that makes the dogs restless was not that of Pekompf, the bobcat, but the wolf call. They recognize the voice of the wolves, for some among our village dogs are close kin to Malsun, the gray wolf.

"It is good to have a kind heart, but better still to have a brave one also. That you may understand this, listen, and you shall hear the story of Wabun, my faithful wolf dog."

Once many years ago when I was a boy of your age, the wolves were many throughout the North Country

where our tribes lived. We had mighty hunting trips then, for the wolves had become so bold that they came close to our camps, and a tale was told that one of them had carried away a papoose. The fur pelt of the wolf is thick and warm, and we needed them in our lodges against the time when winter should come whining through the poles of the tepee.

Often as a great mark of honor the boys of the village went forth with their elders upon the hunt, because they were of use. They fell behind upon their ponies, helping to bring back the pelts, which the squaws always cured for winter clothing.

One day after following the hunt long, I lagged behind the others on my pony, for he had stepped into a rabbit hole and ran lame. The country that we were crossing was wild and strange. Suddenly my pony shied from the trail, and I saw something alive ahead of him. As we drew nearer I soon saw that it was a young wolf cub. Just a baby he was, wandering off alone, whining, searching like a papoose for his mother.

Soft and tawny was the fur of the wolf cub; puppy-like were its eyes as they looked into mine, all unafraid, not knowing its danger. So I took the little wolf cub inside my skin shirt and carried him back to camp. Saying nothing to the others, I left the wolf cub with a

I SAW THAT IT WAS A YOUNG WOLF CUB.

mother dog and her pups, and to my joy she adopted the strange one as her own. I never spoke of my wolf dog to the other boys, because I knew they would be only too glad to kill a wolf cub.

Wabun, the Morning Star, I named him, because at night when I came to him, his eyes would gleam forth at me out of the darkness like glowing yellow stars. In time Wabun took his training and began to work with the other dogs. I taught him all he knew, but never with the lash. I made him his first harness, and he helped me drag faggots from the forest to our lodge in wintertime. No dog of the pack could carry such a load, or endure so well the long hard trails as Wabun, my wolf dog. So when the village moved, it was Wabun who dragged the heavy poles of our tepee.

Soon he became known as a mighty leader, and his fame even spread among other tribes. No other village dog had such a fine pelt as Wabun, and he carried his beautiful plume-like tail over his back, never slinkingly, as do most of the wolf tribe. I, his master, fed him; and many a fine feast of salmon we had together, for well I knew where the painted fish leaped high at sunrise and sunset.

Together we shared each other's joys and sorrows. It was the fine thick fur upon the back of Wabun which

warmed and comforted me in winter, as he huddled close to me like a brother. The Indian's dog has love for but one master, and he never forgets a kind one.

One spring our tribe roamed far across the trails of other tribes. Far to the northward we journeyed, where the snows last long and the dogs must work hard, often whipped to pull heavy loads, which they had not the strength to do.

One morning on this trip there was much sorrow in our midst, for my dog brother, my Wabun, was gone. In the night some enemy from another tribe had stolen into our camp and taken away my wolf dog. Long I mourned; and for days and days, secretly and alone, I followed many trails seeking the robber, until at last without him, I had to go back to our village. Already my people were preparing to move southward to the great rivers where they always spread the salmon, which the squaws would dry for our winter fare.

Bitterly and quite secretly I mourned for Wabun. My heart was heavy, but an Indian boy must always be brave and never show his sorrows lest the others laugh at him. None knew how I missed my wolf dog from his place at my shivering back in winter when it grew bitterly cold in the long nights, all through the bleak Moon of Snowshoes. I never cared to win the

affection of any other dog; all were unlike my great wolf dog, for they were but plain, snapping, flea-bitten curs, while Wabun had been a king, a chief among other dogs.

Once, one of our tribe who went into the northern fur country to barter furs, remembered to ask news of Wabun. When he returned he told how a great chief's son now owned my wolf dog. He had seen Wabun, but told me that his spirit had been nearly broken by ill treatment, the lash, and hunger, while his eyes gleamed red now with hate, and he snarled and snapped at everyone who came within his reach. No longer was he a favorite with his cruel young master, who already feared him.

When I heard this news of Wabun I became very angry, but I bided my time. My day would surely come; then I would go into that far country and rescue my poor Wabun.

Years passed before that time finally came. Then my father sent my brother and me to trade peltry, for he was now old. The way was long but pleasant. Two moons and two suns we journeyed on our ponies, taking our time, hunting, fishing, even visiting our kindred. One day we somehow managed to take a wrong trail and so strayed far from our road. Darkness came

upon us and my brother and I were far apart, for each of us had set off in a different direction to find the lost trail.

Giant pines towered close about me, their sharp dead branches piercing me like spear points. Then my pony suddenly stumbled, and, without being able to save myself, I fell to the ground. My head struck a sharp stone and I was stunned. I lay there a long time. When at last I opened my eyes, I shouted loudly for my brother. No answer came back.

It was night. High overhead from where I lay, I saw between the tree tops the silvery stars shining down upon me like watchful eyes; they were company for me in my loneliness. The wind spirits were in the trees, sighing and sobbing together over my head. Mahug, the great white loon, screamed close by; there must be water near at hand. If I could but reach it!

Koos-koos-koos, the white owl, spoke gruffly to his mate right over my head, and I saw the gleam of his big yellow eyes in the darkness, and heard the swish of his wide wings as he flew off into the shadows.

Then, as I listened, I heard another cry; "Woo-o-oo-oo." It was the long, rallying cry of the wolves. Many voices answered the long challenge — the pack was a large one, and *they were coming my way.*

In vain did I try to reach my pony, who cropped the bushes some distance from me. My leg was stiff now and I could not move it. I sank back in despair and even as I did so, I saw many swift gray shadows come stealing in and out between the great pine trees. It was the wolf pack. They were upon me, and I gave myself up for lost.

Next instant, a great gray wolf, leader of the pack, had sprung out upon me; soon his long cruel teeth would rend me, I knew. Then, when I was most miserable, a strange thing happened. Suddenly the great wolf leader raised his snout high, and uttered a long, mournful howl, followed by another — a yelp of recognition and delight; the cry which a dog makes when overcome. Then a hot, rough tongue began to lap my face affectionately, and the soft whining went on.

I knew that whine. I had heard those soft whimperings many times before, and I reached up my hand and felt in the thick ruff of coarse gray fur about the big wolf neck, for I was feeling for something. Would I find it? I did, and it was the remains of an old deerskin collar; the collar I had long ago fastened around Wabun's neck. It was he, Wabun, my wolf dog! He had finally deserted his cruel master, choosing to go

back again to his wolf kindred, rather than be treated hatefully by a coward.

My arms went up tight around the rough neck of Wabun. How happy we were there together! I forgot my pains, even my lost brother and the trail. Wabun whined and nosed me, seeming to understand that I was in trouble. He knew me well, his old master. Then, suddenly he left off his joyful whining; and, raising his head an instant without taking his big paws from my breast, he listened intently. Then peering into the shadows with blazing green eyes, he snapped his jaws angrily — the wolf pack, his followers, were close at hand. They were even then impatiently watching us from the dark bushes; already they waited for the signal of their chief to charge upon me, their prey.

One more quick, affectionate lap of the long red tongue my wolf dog gave me — it was the touch of farewell. Then Wabun did a strange thing. He suddenly leaped high in the air, clear of me, darting away, and at the same time uttering a sharp cry of fear, as if warning the waiting wolves to keep away — danger was there. Hearing this warning cry from their leader, the wolves silently slunk back into the dark shadows of the forest. Then, far ahead, I heard

a loud rallying cry — it was Wabun, commanding his followers to join him; summoning the pack away from me.

"Woo-o-o-o, ooo," sounded his call. Wabun was already far away; he was running fast, taking the wolves off upon another trail, far away from his wounded master. I strained my ears to catch that long, long call, which now came faintly, and at last died away, leaving the forest still. I heard the voice of Wabun no more.

Never again did I hear his voice or see him, but I was content, even happy, when I now thought of him. For had he not escaped from cruelty, and was he not once more happy with his tribe? But best of all — Wabun, my wolf dog, had proved faithful to me, his master, who had always treated him with respect and kindness, even as a brother.

In a few hours, my own brother found my trail, and at sunrise we again mounted our ponies and rode to the northward.

This is from *Over Indian and Animal Trails*, by Jean M. Thompson. Everybody loves a good story of a brave dog. Here are a few: *Bobby: A Great Collie*, by Charles Alexander; *Beautiful Joe*, by Marshall Saunders; *Stickeen*, by John Muir; *A Dog of Flanders*, by Louise de la Ramée; *Dog Heroes of Many Lands*, by Sarah N. Ives; *Prince Jan, St. Bernard*, by Forrestine

C. Hooker; *Polaris*, by Ernest H. Baynes; and *The Good Dog Book*, by various authors. And here are some books which tell you how to care for your pet dogs: *Pets for Pleasure and Profit*, by Alpheus H. Verrill; *Pets for Boys and Girls*, by A. J. Macself; and *The Pet Book*, by Anna B. Comstock.

MY DOG

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me —
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket, or some nook hard by
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And when he's done it to the core
With eyes all eager pleads for more.

Somewhere upon his hinder legs
My little doggie sits and begs,
And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone —
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield, and grant the same to him.

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by the garden-gate,
With eyes alert and tail attent —
You know the kind of tail that's meant —
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

Somewhere a little dog is seen,
His nose two shaggy paws between,
Flat on his stomach, one eye shut
Held fast in dreamy slumber, but
The other open, ready for
His master coming through the door.

John Kendrick Bangs wrote this poem in his book for older people, entitled, *Foothills of Parnassus*. Those of us who are lucky enough to have a dog like the one he describes, can understand the poem perfectly. We may well feel sorry for anyone who does not have such a jolly little companion!

ARGUS

Argus was a puppy,
Frisking full of joy.
Ulysses[1] was his master,
Who sailed away to Troy.

Argus on the seashore
Watched the ship's white track,
And barked a little puppy-bark
To bring his master back.

Argus was an old dog,
Too gray and tired for tears.
He lay outside the house-door
And watched for twenty years.

When twenty years were ended
Ulysses came from Troy.
Argus wagged an old dog's wag,
And then he died for joy.

"Argus" is by Eleanor Farjeon and is found in her book of excellent historical stories and verses, called, *Mighty Men From Achilles to Julius Caesar.* Another fascinating book of these early times is *The Adventures of Odysseus and the Tale of Troy,* by Padraic Colum. Other fine books of Mr. Colum's are *The Forge in the Forest* and *The Voyagers.*

[1] *Ulysses* (ū-lĭs'ēz) was a famous Greek hero.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN: THE "FAIRY TALE" OF HIS LIFE

I suppose the Dane best known to boys and girls in other lands is Hans Christian Andersen, whose charming fairy tales are well known and loved by them all. Most of you, however, know little about his life, but are interested enough in him, I dare say, to wish to learn more, especially as the knowledge will give you keener delight — if that is possible — in reading the works of this prince of story-tellers.

Andersen himself said: "My life has been so wonderful and so like a fairy tale, that I think I had a fairy godmother who granted my every wish, for if I had chosen my own life's way, I could not have chosen better."

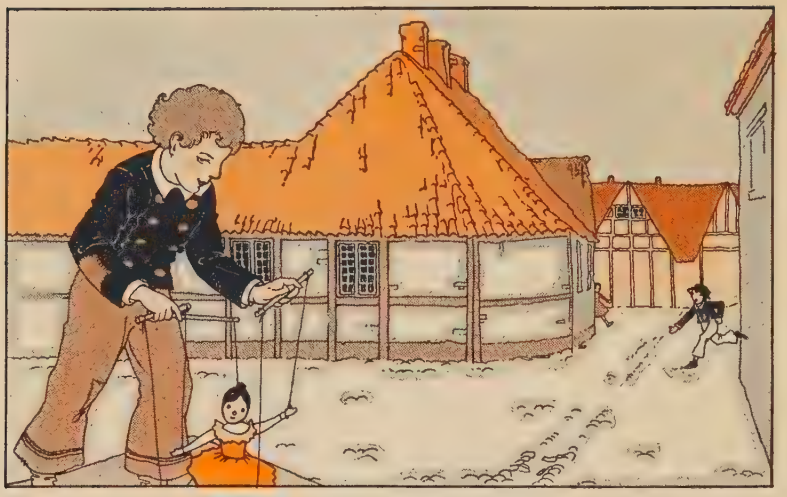
Hans Christian Andersen was the son of a poor shoemaker, an only child, born in Odense, the capital of the Island of Fünen. His parents were devoted to him; and his father, who was of a studious turn of mind, delighted in teaching his little son and interesting him in nature. Very early in life Hans was taken for long Sunday rambles, his father pointing out to him the beauties of woods and meadows, or enchanting him with stories from the "Arabian Nights."

At home the evenings were spent in dressing puppets for his favorite show, or else, sitting on his father's knee, he listened while the latter read aloud to his mother scenes from Holberg's plays. All day Hans played with his puppet theatre, and soon began to imagine plays and characters for the dolls, writing out programs for them as soon as he was able.

Occasionally his grandmother would come and take the child to play in the garden of the big house, where she lived in the gardener's lodge. These were red-letter days for little Hans, as he loved his granny and enjoyed most thoroughly the pleasant garden and pretty flowers.

The boy's first great trouble came when his father caught a fever and died, leaving his mother without any means of support. To keep the little home together his mother went out washing for her neighbors, leaving little Hans to take care of himself. Being left to his own devices, Hans developed his theatrical tendencies by constructing costumes for his puppets, and making them perform his plays on the stage of his toy theatre. Soon he varied this employment by reading plays and also writing some himself.

His mother, though secretly rejoicing in her son's talent, soon saw the necessity for his doing something



HANS MADE HIS PUPPETS PERFORM PLAYS.

more practical with his time and thus assisting her to keep the home together. So at twelve years of age Hans was sent to a cloth-weaving factory, where he earned a small weekly wage.

The weavers soon discovered that Hans could sing, and the men frequently made him amuse them, while the other boys were made to do his work. One day the weavers played a cruel practical joke on poor sensitive Hans, which sent him flying home in such deep distress that his mother said he should not again return to the factory.

Hans was now sent to the parish school for a few

hours daily, and his spare time was taken up with his "peep-show" and in fashioning smart clothes for his puppets. His mother intended to apprentice her son to learn tailoring, but Hans had fully made up his mind to become an actor and seek his fortune in Copenhagen.

After his confirmation — on which great occasion he wore his father's coat and his own first new boots — his mother insisted on his being apprenticed without further delay. With difficulty he finally succeeded in persuading her to let him start for the capital with his few savings. His mother had married again, so could not accompany him; therefore, with reluctance and with many injunctions to him to return at once if all did not turn out well, she let him go. As his mother was accompanying him to the town gate, they passed a gipsy, who, on being asked what fortune she could prophesy for the poor lad, said he would return a great man, and his native place would be illuminated and decorated in his honor!

Hans arrived in Copenhagen on September fifth, a date which he considered lucky forever after. A few days in the city soon saw an end to his money. He applied for and got work at a carpenter's shop, but was driven away by the coarseness of his fellow workers.

Hans made a friend of the porter at the stage-door of the theatre, and begged for some employment in the theatre; so occasionally he was allowed to walk across the stage in a crowd. This brought him scanty pay, and the lad was often hungry.

When he was starving and destitute, the happy idea occurred to him to try and earn something by his voice. He applied to Siboni, the director of the music school, and was admitted to his presence while the latter was at dinner. Fortunately for Hans, Baggersen, the poet, and Weyse, the celebrated composer, were of the party; so, for their amusement, the boy was asked to sing and recite. Weyse was so struck by the quality of his voice and Baggersen with his poetic feeling, that they made a collection among them there and then for him, and Siboni undertook to train his voice.

Unfortunately, in six months' time his voice gave way, and Siboni counseled him to learn a trade. Hans returned to the theatre in the hope of employment, and his persistence finally gained him a place in a market scene. Making a friend of the son of a librarian, he obtained permission to read at the library. He began writing tragedies and plays, some of which he took to the director of the theatre. This man became Andersen's friend for life, for the grains of gold which he

saw in the youth's work, marred though it was by want of education, roused his interest.

The director brought Andersen to the notice of the King, and he was sent to the Latin school, where he took his place — although now a grown man — among the boys in the lowest class but one. The master's tongue was sharp, and the sensitive youth was dismayed by his own ignorance. The kindness and sympathetic encouragement of the director was the only brightness in this period of Hans' life. University life followed that of school, and Andersen took a good degree.

He now wrote a play, which was accepted and produced at the theatre with such success that he wept for joy. Soon his poems were published, and happiness and prosperity followed. Later the king granted him a traveling stipend, of forty-five pounds a year, and traveling became his greatest pleasure. Andersen visited England two or three times, and reckoned Charles Dickens among his friends. He was the honored guest of kings and princes, and the royal family of Denmark treated him as a personal friend.

Though his *Fairy Tales* are the best known of his writings, he wrote successful novels, dramas, and poems. Andersen's tastes were simple, and his child-

like, affectionate nature made him much beloved by all. When he visited Odense, his native town, which he left as a poor boy, it was illuminated and decorated in honor of his return. Thus the gipsy's prophecy came true. He died after the public celebration of his seventieth birthday, leaving all his fortune to the family of his beloved benefactor, the director of the theatre in Copenhagen.

A beautiful bronze monument is erected to his memory in the children's garden of the King's Park, Copenhagen. Here the little Danes have ever a gentle reminder of their great friend, Hans Christian Andersen, who felt — to use his own words — "like a poor boy who had had a King's mantle thrown over him."

This story is from *Peeps at Many Lands: Norway and Denmark*, by A. F. Mockler-Ferryman and M. Pearson Thomson. There are many editions of Hans Andersen's well-known *Fairy Tales*. Be sure to get one with good illustrations.

FAIRY-MUSIC

When fiddlers play their tunes, you may sometimes hear,
Very softly chiming in, magically clear,

Magically high and sweet, the tiny crystal notes
Of fairy voices bubbling free from tiny fairy throats.

When the birds at break of day chant their morning
prayers,
Or, on sunny afternoons, pipe ecstatic airs,
Comes an added rush of sound to the silver din —
Songs of fairy troubadours gaily joining in.

When athwart the drowsy fields summer twilight falls,
Through the tranquil air there float elfin madrigals,[1]
And in wild November nights, on the winds astride,
Fairy hosts go rushing by, singing as they ride.

Every dream that mortals dream, sleeping or awake,
Every lovely fragile hope — these the fairies take,
Delicately fashion them and give them back again
In tender, limpid melodies that charm the hearts of
men.

This poem is from *The Fairy Green*, by Rose Fyleman. All of Miss Fyleman's verses are charming. There are poems of fairyland, and many others, too, in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*, by Burton E. Stevenson.

[1] A *madrigal* (măd'rĭ-găl) is a light pretty song, usually a love song.

THE GREEK SLAVE AND THE LITTLE ROMAN BOY

Ariston, the Greek slave, was busily painting. He stood in a little room with three smooth walls. The fourth side was open upon a court. A little fountain splashed there. Above stretched the brilliant sky of Italy. The August sun shone hotly down. It cut sharp shadows of the columns on the cement floor. This was the master's room. The artist was painting the walls. Two were already gay with pictures. They showed the mighty deeds of warlike Herakles. Here was Herakles strangling the lion, Herakles killing the hideous hydra,[1] Herakles carrying the wild boar on his shoulders, Herakles training the mad horses.

But now the boy was painting the best deed of all — Herakles saving Alcestis from death. He had made the hero big and beautiful. The strong muscles lay smooth in the great body. One hand trailed the club. On the other arm hung the famous lion skin. With that hand the god led Alcestis. He turned his head toward her and smiled. On the ground lay Death, bruised and bleeding. One bat-like black wing hung

[1] The *hydra* (hī'drà) was a monster with nine heads. We can read about him in the story of Herakles (or Hercules).

broken. He scowled after the hero and the woman. In the sky above him stood Apollo, the lord of life, looking down. But the picture of the god was only half finished. The figure was sketched in outline. Ariston was rapidly laying on paint with his little brushes. His eyes glowed with Apollo's own fire. His lips were open, and his breath came through them pantingly.

"O God of Beauty, God of Hellas,[1] God of Freedom, help me!" he half whispered while his brush worked.

For he had a great plan in his mind. Here he was, a slave in this rich Roman's house. Yet he was a free-born son of Athens, sprung from a family of painters. Pirates had brought him here to Pompeii,[2] and had sold him as a slave. His artist's skill had helped him, even in this cruel land. For his master, Tetreius, loved beauty. The Roman had soon found that his young Greek slave was a painter. He had said to his steward:

"Let this boy work at the mill no longer. He shall paint the walls of my private room."

So he had talked to Ariston about what the pictures should be. The Greek boy had found that this solemn,

[1] Greece was once called *Hellas*.

[2] *Pompeii* (pŏm-pā'yē) is the name of an ancient Italian city.

frowning Roman was really a kind man. Then hope had sprung up in his breast and had sung to him of freedom.

"I will do my best to please him," he had thought. "When all the walls are beautiful, perhaps he will smile at my work. Then I will clasp his knees. I will tell him of my father, of Athens, of how I was stolen. Perhaps he will send me home."

Now the painting was almost done. As he worked, a thousand pictures were flashing through his mind. He saw his beloved old home in lovely Athens. He felt his father's hand on his, teaching him to paint. He gazed again at the Parthenon,[1] more beautiful than a dream. Then he saw himself playing on the fishing boat on that terrible holiday. He saw the pirate ship sail swiftly from behind a rocky point and pounce upon them. He saw himself and his friends dragged aboard. He felt the tight rope on his wrists as they bound him and threw him under the deck. He saw himself standing here in the market place of Pompeii. He heard himself sold for a slave. At that thought he threw down his brush and groaned.

But soon he grew calmer. Perhaps the sweet drip of the fountain cooled his hot thoughts. Perhaps the

[1] The *Parthenon* (pär'thē-nŏn) is a famous temple in Athens.

soft touch of the sun soothed his heart. He took up his brushes again and set to work.

"The last figure shall be the most beautiful of all," he said to himself. "It is my own god, Apollo."

So he worked tenderly on the face. With a few little strokes he made the mouth smile kindly. He made the blue eyes deep and gentle. He lifted the golden curls with a little breeze from Olympus.[1] The god's smile cheered him. The beautiful colors filled his mind. He forgot his sorrows. He forgot everything but his picture. Minute by minute it grew under his moving brush. He smiled into the god's eyes.

Meantime a great noise arose in the house. There was running of feet. There were cries of fear.

"A great cloud!"

"Earthquake!"

"Fire and hail!"

"The end of the world!"

"Run! Run!"

Men and women, all slaves, ran screaming through the house and out of the front door. But the painter only half heard the cries. His ears, his eyes, his thoughts were full of Apollo.

[1] *Olympus* (ō-lĭm'pŭs) is a mountain in Greece. It was believed by the ancient Greeks to be the home of the gods.

For a little the house was still. Only the fountain and the shadows and the artist's brush moved there. Then came a great noise as though the sky had split open. The low, sturdy house trembled. Ariston's brush was shaken and blotted Apollo's eye. Then there was a clattering on the cement floor as of a million arrows. Ariston ran into the court. From the heavens showered a hail of gray, soft little pebbles like beans. They burned his upturned face. They stung his bare arms. He gave a cry and ran back under the porch roof. Then he heard a shrill call above all the clattering. It came from the far end of the house. Ariston ran back into the private court. There lay Caius, his master's little sick son. His couch was under the open sky, and the gray hail was pelting down upon him. He was covering his head with his arms and wailing.

"Little master!" called Ariston. "What is it? What has happened to us?"

"Oh, take me!" cried the little boy.

"Where are the others?" asked Ariston.

"They ran away," answered Caius. "They were afraid. Look! O-o-h!"

He pointed to the sky and screamed with terror.

Ariston looked. Behind the city lay a beautiful hill, green with trees. But now from the flat top tow-

THE GRAY HAIL WAS PELTING DOWN UPON HIM.

ered a huge, black cloud. It rose straight like a pine tree and then spread its black branches over the heavens. And from that cloud showered these hot, pelting pebbles of pumice.[1]

"It is a volcano!" cried Ariston.

He had seen one spouting fire as he had sailed on the pirate ship.

"I want my father," wailed the little boy.

Then Ariston remembered that his master was away from home. He had gone in a ship to Rome to get a great physician for his sick boy. He had left Caius in the charge of his nurse, for the boy's mother was dead. But now every slave had turned coward and had run away and left the little master to die.

Ariston pulled the couch into one of the rooms. Here the roof kept off the hail of stones.

"Your father is expected home to-day, little master," said the Greek. "He will come. He never breaks his word. We will wait for him here. This strange shower will soon be over."

So he sat on the edge of the couch, and the little Roman laid his head in his slave's lap and sobbed. Ariston watched the falling pebbles. They were light and full of little holes. Every now and then black

[1] *Pumice* (pŭm'ĭs) is a hard, light, volcanic rock.

rocks of the size of his head whizzed through the air. Sometimes one fell into the open cistern and the water hissed at its heat. The pebbles lay piled a foot deep all over the courtyard floor. And still they fell thick and fast.

"Will it never stop?" thought Ariston.

Several times the ground swayed under him. It felt like the moving of a ship in a storm. Once there was thunder and a trembling of the house. Ariston was looking at a little bronze statue that stood on a tall, slender column. It tottered to and fro in the earthquake. Then it fell, crashing into the piled-up stones. In a few minutes the falling shower had covered it.

Ariston began to be more afraid. He thought of Death as he had painted him in his picture. He imagined that he saw him hiding behind a column. He thought he heard his cruel laugh. He tried to look up toward the mountain, but the falling stones prevented. He felt terribly alone. Was all the rest of the world dead? Or was every one else in some safe place?

"Come, Caius, we must get away," he cried. "We shall be buried here."

He snatched up one of the blankets from the couch. The ends of this he threw over his shoulders, and he let a loop hang at his back. He stood the sick boy in this

and wound the ends around them both. Caius was tied to the slave's back. His heavy little head hung on Ariston's shoulder. The Greek tied a pillow over his own head. He snatched up a staff and ran from the house. He looked at his picture as he passed. He thought he saw Death half rise from the ground. But Apollo seemed to smile at his artist.

At the front door Ariston stumbled. He found the street piled deep with the gray, soft pebbles. He had to scramble up on his hands and knees. From the house opposite ran a man. He looked wild with fear. He was clutching a little statue of gold. Ariston called to him, "Which way to the gate?"

But the man did not hear. He rushed madly on. Ariston followed him. It cheered the boy a little to see that somebody else was still alive in the world. But he had a hard task. He could not run. The soft pebbles crunched under his feet and made him stumble. He leaned far forward under his heavy burden.

The falling shower scorched his bare arms and legs. Once a heavy stone struck him on his cushioned head, and he fell. But he was up in an instant. He looked around bewildered. His head was ringing. The air was hot and choking. The sun was gone. The shower was blinding. Whose house was this? The door

stood open. The court was empty. Where was the city gate? Would he never get out? He did not know this street. Here on the corner was a wine shop with its open sides. But no men stood there drinking. Wine cups were tipped over and broken on the marble counter. Ariston stood in a daze and watched the wine spilling into the street.

Then a crowd came rushing past him. It was evidently a family fleeing for their lives. Their mouths were open as though they were crying. But Ariston could not hear their voices. His ears shook with the roar of the mountain. An old man was hugging a chest. Gold coins were spilling out as he ran. Another man was dragging a fainting woman. A young girl ran ahead of him with white face and streaming hair. Ariston stumbled on after this company. A great black slave came swiftly around a corner and ran into him and knocked him over, but fled on without looking back. As the Greek boy fell forward, the rough little pebbles scratched his face. He lay there moaning. Then he began to forget his troubles. His aching body began to rest. He thought he would sleep. He saw Apollo smiling.

Then Caius struggled and cried out. He pulled at the blanket and tried to free himself. This roused

Ariston, and he sat up. He felt the hot pebbles again. He heard the mountain roar. He dragged himself to his feet and started on. Suddenly the street led him out into a broad space. Ariston looked around him. All about stretched wide porches with their columns. Temple roofs rose above them. Statues stood high on their pedestals. He was in the Forum. The great open square was crowded with hurrying people.

Under one of the porches Ariston saw the money changers locking their boxes. From a wide doorway ran several men. They were carrying great bundles of woolen cloth, richly embroidered and dyed with precious purple. Down the great steps of Jupiter's temple ran a priest. Under his arms he clutched two large platters of gold. Men were running across the Forum dragging bags behind them.

Everyone seemed trying to save his most precious things. And everyone was hurrying to the gate at the far end. Then that was the way out! Ariston picked up his heavy feet and ran. Suddenly the earth swayed under him. He heard horrible thunder. He thought the mountain was falling upon him. He looked behind. He saw the columns of the porch tottering. A man was running out from one of the buildings. But as he ran, the walls crashed down. The gallery above fell

cracking. He was buried. Ariston saw it all and cried out in horror. Then he prayed:

"O Lord Poseidon,[1] shaker of the earth, save me! I am a Greek!"

Then he came out of the Forum. A steep street sloped down to a gate. A river of people was pouring out there. The air was full of cries. The great noise of the crowd made itself heard even in the noise of the volcano. The streets were full of lost treasures. Men pushed and fell and were trodden upon. But at last Ariston passed through the gateway and was out of the city. He looked about.

"It is no better," he sobbed to himself.

The air was thicker now. The shower had changed to hot dust as fine as ashes. It blurred his eyes. It stopped his nostrils. It choked his lungs. He tore his chiton[2] from top to bottom and wrapped it about his mouth and nose. He looked back at Caius and pulled the blanket over his head. Behind him a huge cloud was reaching out long black arms from the mountain to catch him. Ahead, the sun was only a red wafer in the shower of ashes. Around him people were running off to hide under rocks or trees or in the

[1] *Poseidon* (pō-sī′dŏn) was the Greek god of the sea.

[2] A *chiton* (kī′tŏn) was a garment worn by the ancient Greeks.

country houses. Some were running, running anywhere to get away. Out of one courtyard dashed a chariot. The driver was lashing his horses. He pushed them ahead through the crowd. He knocked people over, but he did not stop to see what harm he had done. Curses flew after him. He drove on down the road.

Ariston recalled that he himself had been dragged up this road two years ago from the pirate ship.

"This leads to the sea," he thought. "I will go there. Perhaps I shall meet my master, Tetreius. He will come by ship. Surely I shall find him. The gods will send him to me. O blessed gods!"

But what a sea! It roared and tossed and boiled. While Ariston looked, a ship was picked up and crushed and swallowed. The sea poured up the steep shore for hundreds of feet. Then it rushed back and left strange fish gasping on the dry land. Great rocks fell from the sky, and steam rose up as they splashed into the water. The sun was growing fainter. The black cloud was coming on. Soon it would be dark. And then what? Ariston lay down where the last huge wave had cooled the ground.

"It is all over, Caius," he murmured. "I shall never see Athens again."

For a time there were no more earthquakes. The sea grew a little less wild. Then the half-fainting Ariston heard shouts. He lifted his head. A small boat had come ashore. The rowers had leaped out. They were dragging it up out of reach of the waves.

"How strange!" thought Ariston. "They are not running away. They must be brave. We are all cowards."

"Wait for me here!" cried a lordly voice to the rowers.

When he heard that voice, Ariston struggled to his feet and called:

"Marcus Tetreius! Master!"

He saw the man turn and run toward him. Then the boy toppled over and lay face down in the ashes.

When he came to himself, he felt a great shower of water in his face. The burden was gone from his back. He was lying in a rowboat, and the boat was falling to the bottom of the sea. Then it was flung up to the skies. Tetreius was shouting orders. The rowers were streaming with sweat and sea water.

In some way or other they all got upon the waiting ship. It always seemed to Ariston as though a wave had thrown him there. Or had Poseidon carried him? At any rate, the great oars of the galley were flying.

He could hear every rower groan as he pulled at his oar. The sails, too, were spread. The master himself stood at the helm. His face was one great frown. The boat was flung up and down like a ball. Then fell darkness blacker than night.

"Who can steer without sun or stars?" thought the boy.

Then he remembered the look on his master's face as he stood at the tiller. Such a look Ariston had painted on Herakles' face as he strangled the lion.

"He will get us out," thought the slave.

For an hour the swift ship fought with the waves. The oarsmen were rowing for their lives. The master's arm was strong, and his heart was not for a minute afraid. The wind was helping. At last they reached calm waters.

"Thanks be to the gods!" cried Tetreius. "We are out of that boiling pot."

At his words fire shot out of the mountain. It glowed red in the dusty air. It flung great red arms across the sky after the ship. Every man and spar and oar on the vessel seemed burning in its light. Then the fire died, and thick darkness swallowed everything. Ariston's heart seemed smothered in his breast. He heard the slaves on the rowers' benches scream with

fear. Then he heard their leader crying to them. He heard a whip whiz through the air and strike on bare

THE SHIP WAS FLYING.

shoulders. Then there was a crash as though the mountain had clapped its hands. A thicker shower of ashes filled the air. But the rowers were at their oars again. The ship was flying.

So for two hours or more Tetreius and his men fought for safety. Then they came out into fresher air and calmer water. Tetreius left the rudder.

"Let the men rest and thank the gods," he said to his overseer. "We have come up out of the grave."

When Ariston heard that, he remembered the Death he had left painted on his master's wall. By that time the picture was surely buried under stones and ashes. The boy covered his face with his ragged chiton and wept. He hardly knew what he was crying for — the slavery, the picture, the buried city, the fear of that horrid night, the sorrows of the people left back there, his father, his dear home in Athens. At last he fell asleep.

The night was horrible with dreams — fire, earthquake, strangling ashes, cries, thunder, lightning. But his tired body held him asleep for several hours. Finally he awoke. He was lying on a soft mattress. A warm blanket covered him. Clean air filled his nostrils. The gentle light of dawn lay upon his eyes. A strange face bent over him.

"It is only weariness," a kind voice was saying. "He needs food and rest more than medicine."

Then Ariston saw Tetreius, also, bending over him.

The slave leaped to his feet. He was ashamed to be caught asleep in his master's presence. He feared a frown for his laziness.

"My picture is finished, master," he cried, still half asleep.

"And so is your slavery," said Tetreius, and his eyes shone.

"It was not a slave who carried my son out of hell on his back. It was a hero."

He turned around and called, "Come hither, my friends."

Three Roman gentlemen stepped up. They looked kindly upon Ariston.

"This is the lad who saved my son," said Tetreius. "I call you to witness that he is no longer a slave. Ariston, I send you from my hand a free man."

He struck his hand lightly on the Greek's shoulder, as all Roman masters did when they freed a slave. Ariston cried aloud with joy. He sank to his knees weeping. But Tetreius went on.

"This kind physician says that Caius will live. But he needs good air and good nursing. He must go to some one of Æsculapius's[1] holy places. He shall sleep

[1] *Æsculapius* (ĕs-kū-lā′pĭ-ŭs) was the ancient Greek god of medicine.

in the temple and sit in the shady porches and walk in the sacred groves. The wise priests will give him medicines. The god will send healing dreams. Do you know of any such place, Ariston?"

The Greek thought of the temple and garden of Æsculapius on the sunny side of the Acropolis at home in Athens. But he could not speak. He gazed hungrily into Tetreius' eyes. The Roman smiled.

"Ariston, this ship is bound for Athens! All my life I have loved her — her statues, her poems, her great deeds. I have wished that my son might learn from her wise men. The volcano has buried my home, Ariston. But my wealth and my friends and my son are aboard this ship. What do you say, my friend? Will you be our guide in Athens?"

Ariston leaped up from his knees. A fire of joy burned in his eyes. He stretched his hands to the sky.

"O blessed Herakles," he cried, "again thou hast conquered Death. Thou didst snatch us from the grave of Pompeii. Give health to this Roman boy. O fairest Athena, shed new beauty upon our violet-crowned Athens. For there is coming to visit her the best of men, my master, Tetreius."

This absorbing story is taken from *Buried Cities*, by Jennie Hall. It tells of ancient Greece and Rome, and if you read it you will feel that you are really digging for hidden treasure — and finding it! *Theras and His Town*, by Caroline D. Snedeker, is one of the best stories of boy life in Greece, long ago. Read also, *Children of Ancient Rome*, by Louise Lamprey. There are good historical tales of these countries in *The Story of Democracy*, by Sydney E. Ingraham; *The First Days of History*, by Frederick A. Kummer; and in *A Friend Indeed*, by Julia A. Schwartz. *The Golden Fleece*, by Padraic Colum; *The Wonder Book*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; and *The Golden Porch*, by Winifred Hutchinson, tell some of the most important and wonderful myths and legends of these times.

THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

The sheep are coming home in Greece,
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
Thro' the evening red and still,
Stopping where the pathways cease,
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks

Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight
And the climbing moon grows small.

This poem is to be found in *The Complete Poems of Francis Ledwidge*, a book for older people. Francis Ledwidge was the poet of the Irish countryside. At various times, he worked as a grocer's boy, a road-mender, and a farmer. He was killed in action in the World War.

NOD

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
  Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
  On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with briar,
  From their sand the conies[1] creep;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
  Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
  Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
  Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
  The waters of no-more-pain,
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
  "Rest, rest, and rest again."

"Nod" is from *Collected Poems*, a book for older people, by Walter de la Mare. *Peacock Pie* and *Down-Adown-Derry* are two of Mr. de la Mare's charming books of verses for young people.

[1] *Conies* (cō'nĭz) are rabbits.

A PLUCKY BORDER BOY

Since he was a frontier baby and the sixth in the family, little fuss was made over Daniel Boone. He was given border fare and brought up in border ways, and probably left largely to amuse himself and to follow the example of his older brothers and sisters. Unfortunately, records of the first ten years of his life are all too meager, but we know well that a pioneer's cabin was an absorbing place in which to be a boy.

Without doubt Daniel sat on a three-legged stool, and slept in a wooden bunk, and ate at a split-slab table, set with wooden bowls, trenchers, and noggins, with hollow gourds and the hard shells of squashes for extra dishes. China was too expensive and impractical for pioneers. In some households, food was served in a large trencher, or platter, in the center of the table, from which all the family ate; in others, the head of the house served each member.

And how good the food tasted seasoned with woodland appetites! At breakfast there was johnnycake and perhaps pone; at dinner, "hog and hominy" or wild meat and vegetables; at supper, mush and milk.

The cooking was done in the fireplace. The great fire there, furnishing heat and helping ventilation, was

not allowed to go out. If it did, some one had to go to a neighbor to "borrow fire," a shovel of coals or a burning brand, or had to strike a spark with flint and steel and catch it on a bit of rag or tow, for matches were unknown. The fire kept up a merry blaze, which at night flickered on Squire Boone's hunting arms and garments and on the clothes of the family hanging from wooden pegs around the walls. An early historian says that such open wardrobes "announced to the stranger as well as to the neighbor the wealth or poverty of a family in their articles of clothing."

Mrs. Boone stepped briskly about the cabin, busy at her many tasks. In summer she probably went barefooted, but in cold weather moccasins were worn. The usual dress of border women consisted of a petticoat and bed gown — a kind of dressing sack, made of linsey, which was a warm, substantial cloth of flax and wool — a kerchief neatly crossed about the neck, and a sunbonnet of linen.

The men's attire was patterned somewhat after Indian fashion — a long hunting-shirt of linsey, coarse linen, or of dressed deerskin; trousers and leggings of cloth or skin, and deerskin moccasins. The latter were little protection in cold or wet weather, when "wearing them," it was said, "was only a decent way of going barefoot." The belt, which was always tied behind,

answered several purposes besides that of holding clothing together. In winter the mittens and sometimes the bullet-pouch occupied the front part of it. At the right side was hung the tomahawk and to the left the scalping knife in a leather sheath. In the bosom of his shirt a hunter stowed his luncheon of bread, cake, and jerk,[1] as well as some tow for wiping the rifle barrel. Without doubt, Daniel longed for the day to come when he, too, might be a hunter and go forth clad like his father.

But Squire Boone hunted only from necessity. He attended to his small farm, kept several looms busy weaving "homespun," and now and then made the welkin ring with the clink of anvil and hammer, for he had become a blacksmith also. In odd moments he mended and tinkered about the place, filled his powder-horn, and cleaned and polished his rifle, tasks which Daniel must have longed to do himself, if it is true that "childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."

In pioneer times each family was obliged to do everything for itself as well as it could. They were their own carpenters, tailors, tanners, cobblers, weavers, servants, butchers, bakers, and candlestick makers. So Daniel at an early age began to do his small share of a backwoodsman's work. He was taught to build a

[1] *Jerk* is smoked meat dried in the sun and cut into long slices or strips.

fire on the hearth with a huge "back log" and a "fore stick," and to save the ashes for the soft soap which every housewife made. He helped in the "truck patch" to raise corn, pumpkins, squashes, beans, and potatoes, which in the late summer and autumn were cooked with pork, venison, and bear meat.

He learned the knack of grinding Indian corn for johnnycake and mush, and of pounding grain into meal. He learned that firewood was generally cut in the early part of the winter and that by the first of April it should be hauled, chopped, and piled. Yet best of all were the lessons taught in the woods where he became familiar with trees, birds, and animals, and was shown how to set traps, to follow trails, and, above all, to conceal his own trail.

Doubtless this more or less serious work was tempered with some mischief. Very likely Daniel often wandered too far into the woods and came home late to supper, or slipped away to go fishing and fell into the creek, much to his own shame and his mother's dismay. With the other children he may have made the little cabin ring with merriment as the family sat at evening in the candlelight, Mrs. Boone making and mending garments, while Squire Boone deftly patched their moccasins with deerskin thongs.

Whatever may have happened in his earliest years,

we know that Daniel was a bright, healthy boy, and that it was his good fortune to have been born in poverty with the great out-of-doors as his playground. The surroundings and the playthings of his infancy and youth were the ones to fit him for his life work.

When Daniel was ten years old, it was the custom, as it is to-day in certain country regions, to turn out the cows to pasture when spring was in the air and to let them remain until the late autumn. Accordingly, when the season came, Squire Boone's cows were driven from the homestead to a pasture some five miles distant, and with them went Daniel and his mother. All eagerly the barefooted, freckled urchin drove the cows down the lane and out into the road. None too soon could he get to the pasture and begin the long summer quite alone, save for his mother, with the herd and the wild creatures of the fields and woods.

Mrs. Boone may have found less pleasure than Daniel in the annual departure, leaving behind her, as she did, her husband and her other children. We know, however, that she was very devoted to Daniel, one historian referring to him as her "favorite son," and probably her days in the pasture with him were a joy.

They lived together in a tiny cabin, near which were a spring and dairy-house where Mrs. Boone busied

herself making butter and cheese. It was Daniel's work to tend the cows. During those summer days he was out of bed at sunrise and ready to drive the cattle to pasture after their morning milking. He was expected to follow them hour on hour as they roamed about grazing, keeping with them, or at least within sound of the tinkling bells of their leaders. When late afternoon came, he drove them back again through the woods and clearing, and, after the evening milking, locked them securely in the pens.

Such a life out-of-doors, with no work to keep mind and hands occupied, gave him opportunity to see for himself all the ways of nature. He had ample time in which to watch and think and listen — to learn to walk through underbrush and thicket as silently as an Indian, to imitate the notes and calls of birds and animals, to tell the time of day by the sun's position in the sky, to find the points of compass by moss and bark — always thicker on the north side of tree trunks — to distinguish storm clouds, and predict weather from the wind. In the wide stillness, broken only by the crunch and nibbling of the cattle, the chiming of their bells, and the sounds of nature itself, Daniel became wise in the very knowledge which was to be so necessary to him as a pioneer.

HE WOULD WANDER FAR FROM THE COWS.

Even when Daniel was so young, his love of hunting was evident. For long hours he lay in hiding, spying upon squirrels, birds, and chipmunks as they went about their secret business. His chief weapon was the root end of a young tree — gnarled, tough, and smoothly polished — which he trained himself to throw with exquisite skill.

The days of this crude missile were numbered, however. When Daniel was twelve years old, Squire Boone gave his son a light rifle, and with such a possession Daniel, boylike, considered himself a full-fledged hunter. Quite forgetful of his duty as herdboy, he would wander far from the cows, intent only on his gun and the game which it would win for him; and the cows sometimes strayed too far and were found only after much searching and calling in the night.

Daniel's parents were wise, and instead of punishing their boy for his neglect, they put his ability to use and commissioned him to supply the meat for their table. Nothing could have made Daniel happier. As each summer passed and the cows were driven back to the homestead, Daniel began a long winter of hunting.

Over mountains, along valleys, across streams, he roved as pleased him best in all kinds of wind and weather, learning secrets in the snow which nature could not teach him in summer. The game that he killed he cured for the family, and the skins he carried to Philadelphia, where he saw a bit of the world — as his father had when a boy — and there sold them for hunting supplies. When he was not busy either as herdboy or hunter, he turned blacksmith. Yet in iron work, as in all else, his instinct for hunting revealed

itself. His chief skill lay in the making and mending of guns and traps.

In those frontier days, boys and girls received little training from school-teachers. When they did attend school, they sat upon wooden benches in a little log hut, and had lessons in the spelling-book and Psalter, and in writing and arithmetic.

Daniel gained his first knowledge of nature from his father, as he followed him about the farm or went with him into the woods, increasing this knowledge later on by his wanderings alone. In the dusk of summer evenings in the pasture, as Daniel and his mother sat together, doubtless he reported his adventures and discoveries of the day; and Mrs. Boone, being an intelligent woman, discussed them with him. Very likely from these simple stories of nature she taught Daniel the great principles of human life as only a mother can.

When Daniel was fourteen years old, his brother Samuel married Sarah Day, a Quakeress of more than ordinary attainments; and, being interested in her young brother-in-law, she taught him to read, write, and cipher. To her and to his mother Daniel owed his early education. With their training, "he could read understandingly, do rough surveying, keep notes

of his work, and write a sensible though badly spelled letter."

Nowadays girls and boys of fourteen are usually ready to graduate from the grammar school. How different it was with Daniel! Of book knowledge he had had only the first lessons. Yet he could trap the bear and beaver; he could bring down the wild cat and the panther. The secrets of green things and of all creatures living in the countryside through which he roamed were plain to him, and he knew also the best use of the loom, the anvil, and the hammer.

Frequently during these years of growing up, Daniel saw Indians. The red men of Pennsylvania often came to the border settlements and even went into the towns, and their errands were always friendly. William Penn had pledged them his faith when he came to their country that he would treat them fairly, and they in turn had promised to "live in love with him and his children as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." Those simple words, uttered under a wide-spreading elm near Philadelphia, remained words of unbroken faith as long as the Quakers held control in the province.

Daniel used to catch glimpses of the Indians now and then, as they stole out of the woods and along the roads to trade or purchase supplies. He watched

their quick manner, their sharp eyes, their impassive faces. When their business was over, he saw them return and disappear among the trees as silently as they had come; and it is no wonder that to him they were strange and fascinating men. Certain of them became converted to Christianity by a Moravian missionary, and held a meeting in Squire Boone's barn. A wonderful gathering it must have seemed to Daniel — the savages in their picturesque costumes, the missionary from far away, and the Quaker neighbors, all joining in the simple service.

These frequent glimpses of Indians and his knowledge of their characteristics served him well in later years, but at that time they filled him with curiosity. The Indians came from far parts of the forest, parts which he did not know, and he longed to make his way thither and to see for himself the real wilderness beyond civilization. He determined that some day he would satisfy this desire — and he did.

Lucile Gulliver wrote this story in her book, *Daniel Boone.* Other excellent stories of frontier life, of pioneers, and of Indian fighting, are *Stories of the Great West*, by Theodore Roosevelt; *Jim Mason, Backwoodsman*, by Elmer R. Gregor; *Scouting with Daniel Boone*, by Everett T. Tomlinson; *With the Indians in the Rockies*, by James W. Schultz; and *Davy Crockett*, by William C. Sprague.

A NIGHT RIDE IN A PRAIRIE SCHOONER

One afternoon in the autumn of 1868 Duncan Stewart, leading his little fleet of "prairie schooners," entered upon "The Big Prairie" of northern Iowa, and pushed resolutely on into the west. His four-horse canvas-covered wagon was followed by two other lighter vehicles, one of which was driven by his wife, and the other by a hired freighter. At the rear of all the wagons, and urging forward a dozen or sixteen cattle, trotted a gaunt youth and a small boy.

The boy had tears upon his face, and was limping with a stone-bruise. He could hardly look over the wild oats, which tossed their gleaming bayonets in the wind; and when he dashed out into the blue joint and wild sunflowers, to bring the cattle into the road, he could be traced only by the ripple he made, like a trout in a pool. He was a small edition of his father. He wore the same color and check in his hickory shirt and his long pantaloons of blue denim had suspenders precisely like those of the men. Indeed, he considered himself a man, notwithstanding the tear-stains on his brown cheeks.

It seemed a long time since leaving his native Wis-

THE BOY HAD TEARS UPON HIS FACE.

consin coolly[1] behind, with only a momentary sadness; but now, after nearly a week of travel, it seemed his father must be leading them all to the edge of the world, and Lincoln was very sad and weary.

"Company, halt!" called the Captain.

[1] A *coolly* is the bed of a stream — sometimes dry — having steep sides.

One by one the teams stopped, and the cattle began to feed (they were always ready to eat); and Mr. Stewart, coming back where his wife sat, said cheerily, "Well, Kate, here's the big prairie I told you of; and beyond that blue line of timber you see is Sun Prairie, and home."

Mrs. Stewart did not smile. She was too weary, and the wailing of little Mary in her arms was dispiriting.

"Come here, Lincoln," said Mr. Stewart. "Here we are, out of sight of the works of man. Not a house in sight — climb up here and see."

Lincoln rustled along through the tall grass, and, clambering up the wagon wheel, stood silently beside his mother. Tired as he was, the scene made an indelible[1] impression on him. It was as though he had suddenly been transported into another world — a world where time did not exist, where snow never fell, and where grass waved forever under a cloudless sky. A great awe fell upon him as he looked, and he could not utter a word.

At last Mr. Stewart cheerily called, "Attention, battalion! We must reach Sun Prairie to-night. *Forward, march!*"

[1] *Indelible* (ĭn-dĕl'ĭ-bl) means not to be blotted out.

Again the little wagon train took up its slow way through the tall ranks of the wild oats and the drooping, flaming sunflowers. Slowly the sun sank. The crickets began to cry, the nighthawks whizzed and boomed; and, long before the prairie was crossed, night had come.

Being too tired to foot it any longer behind the cracking heels of the cows, Lincoln climbed into the wagon beside his little brother, Owen, who was already asleep, and, resting his head against his mother's knee, lay for a long time, listening to the *chuck-chuckle* of the wheels, watching the light go out of the sky, and counting the stars as they appeared.

At last they entered the wood, which seemed a very threatening place indeed; and his alert ears caught every sound — the hoot of owls, the quavering cry of coons, the twitter of night birds. But at last his weariness overcame him, and he dozed off, hearing the clank of the whipple-trees,[1] the creak of the horses' harness, the vibrant voice of his father, and the occasional cry of the hired man, urging the cattle forward through the dark.

[1] A *whipple-tree* is the swinging bar between the shafts of a wagon to which the traces of a harness are fastened. It is also called a *whiffle-tree*.

He was roused once by the ripple of a stream, wherein the horses thrust their hot nozzles; he heard the grind of wheels on the pebbly bottom and the wild shouts of the resolute men as they scrambled up the opposite bank, to thread once more the dark aisles of the forest. Here the road was smoother, and to the soft rumble of the wheels the boy slept.

At last, deep in the night, so it seemed to Lincoln, his father shouted: "Wake up, everybody. We're almost home." Then, facing the darkness, he cried, in western fashion, "Hello! the house!"

Dazed and stupid, Lincoln stepped down the wheel to the ground, his legs numb with sleep. Owen followed, querulous as a sick puppy, and together they stood in the darkness, waiting further command.

From a small frame house, near by, a man with a lantern appeared.

"Hello!" he said, yawning with sleep. "Is that you, Stewart? I'd jest about give you up."

While the men unhitched the horses, Stewart helped his wife and children to the house, where Mrs. Hutchinson, a tall, thin woman, with a pleasant smile, made them welcome. She helped Mrs. Stewart remove her things, and then set out some bread and milk for the

boys. They ate it in silence, their heavy eyelids drooping.

When Mr. Stewart came in, he said: "Now, Lincoln, you and Will are to sleep in the other shack. Run right along, before you go to sleep. Owen will stay here."

Without in the least knowing the why or wherefore, Lincoln set forth beside the hired man, out into the unknown. They walked rapidly for a long time, and, as his blood began to stir again, Lincoln awoke to the wonder and mystery of the hour. The strange grasses under his feet, the unknown stars over his head, the dim objects on the horizon, all seemed the fashioning of a mind in the world of dreams. His soul ached with the passion of his remembered visions and his forebodings.

At last they came to a small cabin on the banks of a deep ravine. Opening the door, the men lit a candle, and spread their burden of blankets on the floor. Lincoln crept between them like a sleepy puppy, and in a few minutes this unknown actual world merged itself in the mystery of dreams.

When he woke, the sun was shining, hot and red, through the open windows, and the men were smoking their pipes by the rough fence before the door. Lincoln

hurried out to see what kind of world this was to which his night's journey had hurried him.

It was a level land, covered with short grass intermixed with tall weeds, and with many purple and yellow flowers. A little way off, to the right, stood a small house, and about as far to the right was another, before which stood the wagons belonging to his father. Directly in front was a wide expanse of rolling prairie, cut by a deep ravine, while to the north, beyond the small farm which was fenced, a still wider region rolled away into unexplored and marvelous distance. Altogether it was a land to exalt a boy who had lived all his life in a thickly settled Wisconsin coolly, where the horizon line was high and small of circuit.

In less than two hours the wagons were unloaded, the stove was set up in the kitchen, the family clock was ticking on its shelf, and the bureau set against the wall. It was amazing to see how these familiar things and his mother's bustling presence changed the looks of the cabin. Little Mary was quite happy crawling about the floor, and Owen, who had explored the barn and found a lizard to play with, was entirely at home. Lincoln had climbed to the roof of the house, and was still trying to comprehend this mighty stretch of grasses. Sitting astride the roof board, he gazed

away into the northwest, where no house broke the horizon line, and wondered what lay beyond that high ridge.

While seated thus, he heard a distant roar and trample, and saw a cloud of dust rising along the fence which bounded the farm to the west. It was like the rush of a whirlwind, and, before he could call to his father, out on the smooth sod to the south burst a platoon of wild horses, led by a beautiful roan mare. The boy's heart leaped with excitement as the shaggy colts swept round to the east, racing like wolves at play. Their long tails and abundant manes streamed in the wind like banners, and their imperious bugling voiced their contempt for man.

Lincoln clapped his hands with joy, and all the family ran to the fence to enjoy the sight. A boy, splendidly mounted on a fleet roan, the mate of the leader, was riding at a slashing pace, with intent to turn the troop to the south. He was a superb rider, and the little Morgan strove gallantly without need of whip or spur. He stretched out like a hare. He seemed to float, skimming the weeds, and his rider sat him like one born to the saddle, erect and supple, and of little hindrance to the beast.

On swept the herd, circling to the left, heading for

the wild lands to the east. Gallantly strove the roan with his resolute rider, disdaining to be beaten by his own mate, his breath roaring like a furnace, his nostrils blown like trumpets, his hoofs pounding the resounding sod.

All in vain; even with the inside track he was no match for his wild, free mate. The herd drew ahead, and, plunging through a short lane, vanished over a big swell to the east, and their drumming rush died rapidly away into silence.

This was a glorious introduction to the life of the prairies, and Lincoln's heart filled with boundless joy and longing to know it — all of it, east, west, north, and south. He had no further wish to return to his coolly home. The horseman had become his ideal, the prairie his domain.

"A Night Ride in a Prairie Schooner" is by Hamlin Garland, and is from his *Boy Life on the Prairie.* Hamlin Garland is one of our best known American authors. He has written another stirring adventure story for boys, entitled, *The Long Trail.* If you wish to read more of the "covered wagon" days, be sure not to miss *Boy Emigrants*, by Noah Brooks; *On to Oregon!* by Honoré Willsie Morrow; *Diantha's Quest*, by E. B. and A. A. Knipe; and *A Prairie Rose*, by Bertha E. Bush. They tell of young people who bravely crossed mountain and plain in prairie schooners and had many exciting experiences in the course of the long journey.

NORTHWARD HO!

The story following is taken from a most interesting account of Arctic exploration and adventure as told by one of the most noted of present-day explorers.

On Stefansson's first visit to the Far North he lived with Eskimos, eating their food, wearing their clothes, studying their language, and trying to think their thoughts. On his second visit, he supported his party by hunting and fishing in Eskimo fashion, while on journeys of exploration over the land. On his third visit (1913–1918), he had the most fascinating experience of all. With two companions, he walked straight north from the north coast of Alaska out over the moving ice of the Arctic Ocean and disappeared in the whirling snow. For more than a year, nearly everybody on shore believed that the daring little band had perished far at sea.

This belief seemed reasonable, because the travelers had carried with them only food enough for thirty days. Since they did not return at the end of that time, common opinion declared that they had starved or else drowned, and in either case were thoroughly dead. Only those few persons who knew Stefansson best

believed that he had succeeded in his purpose, namely, to explore an unknown part of the Arctic Ocean, to discover new lands (if there were any to be discovered), and — most important of all — to prove that men can live by hunting as they journey over the frozen northern sea.

Stefansson believed that the next step in the development of arctic exploration must be in the direction of proving that men can travel light and fare better by depending upon their rifles to provide food and fuel for each day. Upon his belief that this could be done, he and his two companions staked their lives.

When the little procession of three men, six dogs, and one sled left the solid land behind them and struck out upon the heaving, grinding floes of the polar pack, they knew that they were considered completely crazy. Many white men had done their best to discourage and to hinder rather than to help. As for the natives, they shook their puzzled heads and jabbered vehemently over the foolishness of foreigners. They declared that nobody had ever heard of such a thing as catching seals a hundred miles away from the coast. Indeed, nobody had ever ventured to hunt more than ten miles from the land in that locality in winter. To attempt to do so was thought to mean sure death.

Even Natkusiak, usually bolder than his kindred, refused to follow Stefansson this time. Upon being offered more pay for a day at sea than for a week of toil on shore, he answered, "What is the use of big pay if I die?"

Since Stefansson had no use whatever for timid fellow travelers on this particular trip, he gave up the idea of hiring Eskimos and chose two white men, Storker Storkerson and Ole Andreasen. Both were excellent hunters. Both had cheerful dispositions. Both agreed with their leader that they had good reason for expecting to live by hunting seals and polar bears on sea ice far from shore in much the same manner as they were accustomed to near land.

Stefansson's belief was that polar waters contain more fish and other marine animals than exist in warmer oceans. Seals, which feed upon such creatures, would naturally seek good eating where it is most abundant. Polar bears, which devour seals, would in all likelihood hunt their prey in every place within reach. Men who can thrive on a diet of fish and seals and bears ought to be able to travel wherever they can find food. Therefore, Stefansson reasoned that he was acting with the most careful judgment in setting forth upon this astonishing journey.

Three of their friends escorted the party for the first fifty miles. They turned back at about the most northerly point ever reached by ships in this region in summer. In winter, no human beings of any race had been nearly so far from the Alaskan coast in that longitude. Our explorer and his two companions were alone at the edge of the unknown.

They knew that they were likely to have any number of adventures, no matter how cautiously they might plan their advance. Nobody can be blamed for an occasional accident while walking in spring over ice that may heave and buckle or yawn in gaping cracks at any hour of the day or night. To be sure, an adventure can be very interesting indeed, especially to the person who does not have it. But these three cool-headed travelers intended to use every means in order to avoid the slightest unnecessary thrill.

Thrills promised to be plenty enough, in all conscience, without being multiplied by any lack of care on their part. For two days after the departure of their friends, no particular peril threatened them. But they were able to progress only a few hundred yards before being stopped by open water. Stefansson killed a seal that stuck its head up through some half-frozen mush produced by the grinding of the floes.

By the next morning, this lead[1] had closed so that they could cross it. Marching on for a mile, they were halted by another lead and made camp. They were comfortable in their double tent, because they burned all the kerosene necessary for warmth, instead of trying to make it last as long as possible, in the fashion of other explorers. They believed that, when their supply should give out, they would be able to catch a seal and use his fat for fuel.

The following day brought the worst gale that they had ever seen at sea. Although they had built a wind-break of snow so high that only the top of the tent projected above it, the canvas flapped with a noise like cannon shots. A continuous shivering of their floor and an occasional tremendous jar warned them that the ice was breaking up. Though it was six feet thick, it was splitting and piling up in ridges that moved onward, twisting, toppling, and crashing, like a heap of gigantic lumps of sugar pushed slowly across a table by some enormous hand.

Sometimes, during the course of ten minutes, a piece of ice as long as fifty feet rises until it stands perpendicularly. A moment later, it may sway forward and snap near the water line. If such a cake had tumbled

[1] A *lead* (lēd) is a water lane formed by breaking ice.

upon the tent, its occupants would have been crushed like flies between two boards.

The thought of this peril kept them awake. But greater than the danger of lying quietly in the tent was the danger of trying to do anything. To have gone outside and groped about in the impenetrable darkness, with thick snow filling their eyes, would have been walking into trouble rather than out. By one o'clock, exhausted from the strain of feeling scared for hours at a stretch, they fell asleep. When they awoke next morning, they saw that one of the pressure ridges had advanced within twenty-five feet of the tent. It was composed of cakes so huge that the fall of any one of them would have closed the careers of the three explorers forever.

After this gale, though the ice had become a chaos of ridges, a spell of cold clear weather of from fifteen to twenty degrees below zero bound the moving floes together, so that the men and dogs were able to travel more rapidly. Every ten miles or so, they came to an open lead, sometimes half a mile wide at the point where they struck it. By following the edge in either direction, they usually found a place narrow enough to be crossed on a bridge. In some cases, the bridge was formed by tongues of ice jutting from opposite sides;

in other cases, it consisted of a floating cake wedged in between the bordering floes.

Occasionally, the particular floe over which the party chanced to be walking collided with another vast raft of six-foot-thick ice moving at the rate of twenty feet per minute. Grinding together with a sound like thunder, they piled up a writhing ridge of ice cakes that reared high and toppled forward in a crashing cannonade. Mingled with this uproar was a high-pitched screeching, as a tongue of ice from one floe scraped over the surface of the other.

When this happened, the travelers fled over the buckling ice toward the center of their large floe to wait for the pressure to cease. Then clambering over the new ridge, they proceeded on their way. Had they been on a smaller or weaker floe, it might have gone hard with them. Indeed, they had on this journey many narrow escapes from being either crushed or drowned.

As they advanced mile after mile over white fields of ice and across dark strips of gleaming water, they noticed that signs of game were becoming rarer. Though they halted at several leads to watch for seals, they spied not a single sleek head pushing through the ripples. Scars of old breathing-holes appeared fewer. They passed the track of some wandering bear perhaps

once a day. And often the tracks were months old. Stefansson began to be anxious.

He wondered if he had been mistaken in expecting to live by hunting while journeying over the sea ice. The Eskimos had warned him that no game could be secured far from land. Geographers and explorers had hitherto believed that the polar ocean in that quarter was without life of any kind. Stefansson himself really knew no more than they did with regard to conditions in the undiscovered spaces of the Farthest North. But he differed with the other authorities on theory. According to his most careful reasoning, he believed that there ought to be seals all over the polar sea. He might be wrong. He might be right. The thing to do was to keep on going and find out.

So the procession trudged on: three specks of men and six dots of dogs crawling along toward the top of the world. The dogs were enjoying this trip more than usual, because their load grew lighter every day as the supply of provisions decreased. They were fed all that they could eat. Their masters never missed a meal. The more they ate, the lighter grew the load. The lighter the load, the faster the dogs pulled the sled. The faster they traveled, the sooner they would reach the end of the journey.

On they hastened upon ice that floated over an unknown ocean, away from known lands. Although their food supply was getting low, and they had no intention of turning back soon, they stinted neither themselves nor their dogs. In all north polar literature, so far as I have seen it, I have never read of any party which, under the same circumstances, would not have cut down their rations and tightened their belts. But these men were different. They were expert hunters with confidence in their rifles and in their theory that the friendly Arctic would provide food and fuel for resourceful travelers.

After tramping resolutely northward — ever northward — for two hundred miles, Stefansson decided to swing around in a great half-circle toward Banks Island, an uninhabited country far to the east. If he had been able to start from land a month earlier, as he had planned, he could have continued to march northward for some time longer. To do this now would have been too dangerous, because the rapidly increasing warmth of the sun was beginning to thaw the ice.

On the second of May the sun shone at midnight for the first time that season. No more than a third of it sank below the horizon before gliding upward again.

Thereafter it revolved endlessly around the sky, pouring down heat that warned the travelers to put on more speed. If they should fail to reach Banks Island before the ice broke up, they would be compelled to camp on a drifting floe until the freeze-up in autumn. In their hurry, they dared not snatch even an hour to look for seals in the open leads. Rather than to delay for this purpose, they preferred to live on half rations for a few days.

This was the only time in that whole eventful year that the three men rose from a meal not quite satisfied. As for the dogs, they were surprised and pathetically disappointed to receive only half a stomachful apiece each night at the end of their daylong tugging of the lightly laden sled. Most of them, however, seemed to realize that there must be some reason for the apparent cruelty of masters who were usually kind.

During this brief period of reduced fare, the little band passed open lead after open lead, without a glimpse of a seal. Sometimes in the evening, when weary from a hard march, Stefansson wrote in his diary that perhaps the Eskimos and whalers and polar explorers had been right after all in believing that food would prove scarce on the arctic ice. But even in his most anxious moods, he clung stubbornly to his theory

that the seals ought to be there, anyhow, whether he found them or not.

He remembered how often he had hunted patiently for seals just north of Alaska, watching in vain through tiresome days and weeks, only to have his luck suddenly change some morning and show him a dozen animals swimming around within gunshot. He hoped that the same thing would happen again away out here at sea. Otherwise, the party would starve.

They did not starve. On the evening of May seventh, while his companions were cooking a supper just half the size of their appetites, Stefansson sat on top of a high ice hummock and, with his spyglasses, studied the leads in both directions for several miles. At the end of an hour, he saw the dark head of a seal pop up through slush ice about a mile distant. An instant shout brought the other two men tumbling from the tent.

Instead of trying to get this particular seal, the three travelers hastened rejoicingly to double both their own supper and that of the dogs. Though this liberality left them enough food for less than half a dozen meals of the same amount, they declared that never again would they worry over the danger of starving while out upon the ice of the Arctic Ocean. They

knew now that seals really were there within reach. As soon as they could spare the time, they intended to shoot a few. Meanwhile they must hurry if they expected to reach land before the ice melted.

So they hurried. Their joy at the appearance of that most welcome seal faded into anxiety over the warmth of the weather. The snow was soft; the ice was sloppy. Plodding onward, they crossed lead after lead on young eight-inch, rotten ice that bent beneath the sled. Though they needed every minute for pressing forward, they began to need food even more. One day they spent two hours in watching for seals. They saw a few and killed three, but they all sank.

About three out of four seals will sink in the Arctic Ocean in summer, although three out of four will float in winter. This difference may be partly because the animals are fatter in winter; but Stefansson has advanced the view that the chief reason is that the salt has frozen out of the sea ice during the winter, and when the thaws and rains start in the spring it is fresh water that runs down off the floes into the leads. You know a potato will sink in fresh water but float in brine. Stefansson and his companions used to drink the sweetest possible water right from the top of the sea.

During this anxious week when the seals kept sinking, the dogs were fed on several pairs of worn-out skin boots and on two grizzly bear hides, the hair of which had been used for fuel, and some other bedding. Five of them, though much thinner, still hauled their best. The sixth had begun on the very first day of short rations to save his strength. No whipping could make him pull an ounce. He was called Bones because of being usually so fat that his ribs could not be felt. He continued to be fat, but he was never again respected. He was never taken on any other trip where the food supply was uncertain. Bones was a quitter.

By the middle of May, the leads were so numerous and the three men were so hungry that they halted to watch for seals. Within four hours, two appeared in the water near Stefansson and were killed. They sank. After another hour or so of waiting, another rose, and was shot. It floated! That night was festive with the first full meal for more than a week. The next day was spent in resting, for everybody was thoroughly tired.

In the course of that day, all three men became snow-blind. Because of the warm weather, they used a single instead of a double tent. The unceasing

sunshine was so bright, even through the cloth, that it injured their eyes before they were aware of the damage. Though they made the tent double at once, and spread canvas over the outside, and put on amber-colored glasses, they were ill for several days. Snow-blindness is a malady likely to attack anybody, no matter what the color of his skin. Indeed, Eskimos are even more susceptible than white men.

To be "snow-blind" does not mean that you are really blind, even temporarily. The attack starts with a little smarting of the eyes, as if smoke were in them. Then come shooting pains, like the most intense ear-ache or toothache. The chief reason you can't see is that your eyes hurt so much you haven't the courage to keep them open. About the only remedy is to stay in the dark. Even bad attacks seldom last more than three days. During the stages of recovery your eyes focus badly and you see double.

When the travelers started on afresh, they saw seals in every lead. Cautious Ole Andreasen wanted to get all within easy reach, so as to be sure of a supply for the future. But Stefansson and Storkerson insisted that it was wisest to speed toward land as rapidly as possible, with the sled no heavier than was absolutely necessary. Their motto was: "Do not let worry over

to-morrow's breakfast interfere with your appetite at dinner. The friendly Arctic will provide."

That night, while sleeping in a camp near the lead, the men were awakened by an excited barking and rushed out to learn what had alarmed the dogs. A school of beluga whales, a species of dolphin, were passing along the lead. The young ice, which had formed as the sun slid low in the north at evening, bulged and splintered over their humped backs, as they rose to spout. If the three hunters had possessed a harpoon, they might have captured any number of the graceful creatures, which are very good to eat. No doubt, they could have caught also plenty of fish. On such a journey as the present, however, a journey which had become a race with the weather, they did not care to bother with any game except the ever-useful seal, the best all-around animal of the Far North.

To be sure, the travelers were willing to shoot such polar bears as obligingly walked into camp — and one did walk in when the party was cast adrift on a moving island of ice four or five miles square and separated from neighboring floes by uncrossable leads of mush ice. The first bear that so accommodatingly came sniffing around camp added five or six hundred pounds

ONE POLAR BEAR OBLIGINGLY WALKED INTO CAMP.

of meat to the larder. He weighed four times as much as a seal.

In addition to bear meat, an abundance of seal meat and blubber was stored up as provision for the future, in case the little party should be unable to escape from their Robinson Crusoe ice island that season. If they had been obliged to spend the summer there, they would

have stayed on close to their store of food and fuel through the darkest part of the following winter, when hunting would be difficult. The problem of making a living no longer bothered them. Whales kept voyaging past in dozens or hundreds, and seals swam about on the surface, feeding lazily on millions of shrimps and other marine animals. There was undeniably plenty of life in this far northern sea.

Indeed, the travelers were now so prosperous that they began to worry over their wealth. What if polar bears should succeed in robbing their larder next winter? Or suppose that on some night of furious storm the ice island should split in the middle of the camp, and spill all the supplies into the water? If it should happen to spill the dogs and their owners too, that would certainly end all anxieties. In the circumstances, it is by no means strange that the travelers kept their eyes open for a chance to get away.

On the fifth of June, the lead on the east side toward Banks Island became so clear of ice that Stefansson decided to risk a crossing. Four times the sledboat was loaded and ferried to the nearest floe. Although they carried with them a thousand pounds of meat and blubber, they left behind more than a ton of food. It must have proved a feast for the many gulls that had

been fluttering tamely around the tent since early in May.

During the next three weeks, the little band zig-zagged slowly toward land. On cloudy days they marched by sea-map. The clouds above a white patch of ice look white, and above a dark strip of water they look black. By watching the sky ahead, the travelers could tell in which direction to steer their steps so as to get around the open leads. For this reason they preferred cloudy weather, in spite of the fact that on such days nothing casts a shadow. And without shadows, they could not tell a hill from a hollow on that uniformly white surface. In moving they stumbled against bumps and staggered into holes, floundered through drifts of softened snow, or waded through deep slush. For the last twenty miles before reaching land, they plowed through slush-thickened water nearly up to their waists, while the dogs swam, and the sled floated behind like a log of wood.

On their last day on the ice, they camped on land-fast ice more than a mile from the green and lovely shore. After their three months on the unsteady floes, they were relieved to set foot upon something safe and solid. No crack could open under them here. No cake could tip on edge to spill them into the water.

At last they were able to sleep soundly and to awake without a worry on their minds They had succeeded. They had proved that men can live by hunting as they journey over the ice of the Arctic Ocean, even hundreds of miles from land.

Though they reached land on June twenty-fifth and found abundant game, it was not until September that they met any human beings. These were some of the men who had given up hope of ever again beholding Stefansson alive. You should have seen how they stared, with their eyes fairly sticking out of their faces. Some were too astounded to utter a word. But one exclaimed: "That can't be Stefansson. The fishes ate him long ago."

Instead of that melancholy fate, as you very well know, Stefansson and his companions had eaten the seals that ate the fishes. Instead of starving, they had grown fat. Even their dogs were fat and frisky, and not one had been lost. For five months the party had traveled over sea ice and uninhabited land and had never missed a meal!

Natkusiak was certainly surprised.

This is taken from the book, *Northward Ho!* The material in it was selected from the writings of Vilhjalmur Stefansson and adapted for boys and girls by Julia A. Schwartz. This is one

of the most interesting books about the Far North, which no one knows more intimately than Mr. Stefansson. There is a lively story called *A Boy's Eye View of the Arctic*, written by Kennett L. Rawson, a very lucky boy who was invited to join MacMillan on his arctic expedition of 1925. He tells of those exciting months in the Far North in a way that all boys like. The story will interest girls, too.

IN THE NORTH WOODS OF MAINE

Two boys once spent several months camping in the Maine woods. Some of their adventures while taking a trip on snowshoes are told here.

We did not have to wait long before the conditions were all we could ask for; and with a crust on the snow that would almost hold us without our snowshoes, we left the second camp with provisions for a four-day trip in the woods. It was our intention to travel the same territory but once. We had mapped out in our minds the different points of the compass to travel to each day, so that on the fourth day we should come out somewhere near our starting place.

Our plan was to travel northwards about fourteen hours, westerly fourteen hours, southerly twenty-nine hours, and easterly twenty-two hours. We figured that this would bring us out near where Frank had caught the cunning lynx. Now this seemed easy

enough; but things didn't work out as we had expected; and if experience was what we wanted, we surely got all we were looking for on that trip.

The first day was glorious; and, equipped with a blanket apiece and our food, we covered a big distance. We passed through many moose and deer yards,[1] where, because of the deep snow, the poor things could not move more than a short distance before they were at our mercy. But there was no sport in frightening them, since this only forced them to attempt breaking out into the crusted snow.

When we came to an especially large moose yard, Frank said, "Here is a chance for some fun."

I shook my head and said, "Excuse me this time, Frank; I had rather go around the yard than through."

In about twenty minutes we were at the end of the yard, and here we caught a glimpse of several moose breaking out into the crust. As they were going in about the direction that we wished to go, we followed on. In a short time we saw signs that they were getting tired and sore. They had made for a thicket and had partially circled it, when I saw that they

[1] Such *yards* are places where moose or deer herd in winter for feeding or protection. By their numbers they keep the snow trodden down. In this case, however, the yards were surrounded by very deep snow.

intended to go back into their yard. We had completely lost sight of them and were standing still, looking for them, when they broke out of the thicket and swung round into the path they had made earlier. There were seven of them, and as they passed, Frank said, "Isn't that a pretty sight?" I had to acknowledge that it was a wonderful sight. We stood and watched them until they had disappeared.

We decided to cross the path the moose had made and swing up to the ridge, where the country looked much more open and the traveling would be better. But just then something happened. One old bull had not gone up with the rest; he had hidden in the thicket and was not more than six rods from where we were. I yelled, "Look out, Frank!" but it seemed to me that I was five minutes saying it. The bull had figured on the charge he would make, and it happened to be at Frank, who was in the lead. Frank had not heard or seen him until I yelled.

The moose had timed his attack correctly, for Frank had just started to cross the trail that the drove had gone up. They had made a trench about four feet deep and about three feet wide; and, as Frank tried to step across this trench, the crust gave way under his snowshoes, and he slipped back into the moose trail.

When I yelled, he looked up and saw the bull less than twenty-five feet from him and coming for him at a speed that seemed impossible for any animal to make through such a depth of snow.

I realized that something was the matter with Frank, although I was watching the moose. I grabbed my rifle and watched. I did not want to shoot unless I had to, but the distance between the moose and Frank was growing less so rapidly that I raised my rifle. I counted twenty feet, fifteen feet, ten feet. Then I shot. Almost instantly another report came from Frank's gun. I fumbled around and tried to get a fresh cartridge for my rifle. But this was needless, for when the smoke had cleared, the moose lay still. But Frank was nowhere to be seen! Could the moose have killed him? It seemed as if a hundred things flashed through my mind before I could advance to where I could see Frank.

Then I heard Frank's voice. "I'm all right," he called, but he did not get up until I tried to help him. One snowshoe was down under the snow, and one of the moose's big feet was on top of that.

Frank said that the faster he had scrambled to get out of the moose's path, the farther down he had gone in the snow; and he saw that he must shoot to save his

life. As he swung the gun on the moose and pulled, he felt himself twitched down still farther into the snow. It seemed as if the moose struck at him as he pulled the trigger, and both barrels were discharged into the moose's neck, striking near the shoulder. Luckily for Frank, the animal had not moved after he had fallen.

But the big foot had done its work, for underneath it was what was left of one of the snowshoes, with Frank's foot securely fastened to it. In a few minutes I had the snowshoe loosened and helped Frank out, but his leg pained him badly and soon afterward began to swell. When I got the snowshoe out — or what was left of it — the frame was all broken; but even if it had been whole, Frank could not have used it for several days.

Now we were in for it! We sat down on the moose and took account of stock. As nearly as we could estimate, we were more than twenty miles from our home camp, for this accident had happened about noon on the second day. The next thing was to find a place to camp, and this we selected on the edge of the thicket where the old bull had stayed in wait for us. I built a lean-to and a bough bed, and as soon as I had made Frank comfortable, I began cutting wood.

That night was a long one. Frank's leg pained him a good deal. I kept heating small sticks of wood all night long and placing them around his leg as carefully as possible. About daylight the pain began to grow less and poor Frank got a little sleep. We both dozed most of the forenoon. I was planning to make some sort of sled to haul Frank back to camp on, but his leg was so much better the next morning that we thought it best to get an ash stick and make a bow for his snowshoe instead of a sled. I found a fair-sized tree and split out a piece for a bow. All the tools I had were the ax and my jackknife, but with these I did the trick.

On the second night after our adventure with the moose there came a change in the weather. It began to cloud up before midnight and big drops of rain began to spatter down. We had skinned the moose during the day; so we pulled the hide over us with the flesh side out; and as we lay on top of our blankets we felt that this monster hide was all we could ask for in a time like this, since it gave us plenty of warmth and was perfectly waterproof.

The rain fell nearly all day, and when it cleared off the wind began to blow a gale. We were well up on one side of the high ridge and got the full force of the wind. After I had put the old snowshoe filling into

the new bow, there was but one thing to delay us and that was Frank's leg. We were far from home and the comforts we needed. Our bread was all gone, but we had meat to eat, which we cut from the body of the moose. It was as tough as leather and we had to pick out bits here and there in order to get anything good. There was plenty, though, which somewhat made up for the poor quality.

For five nights we slept in the woods, near the body of the big bull, but on the sixth day Frank decided that he was well enough to travel a part of the way, at any rate. In preparation for our journey we cut off a lot of the best meat that was left. I cut two slender poles and whittled the bark off, and then cut several long narrow strips of hide for strings. Our bundle I tied to the poles at one end so that I could draw it by holding the other ends of the two poles. The meat and blankets had been carefully packed and I lashed the moose hide on top, for I feared that Frank's knee might give us trouble before we reached camp. In that case, we might need the hide to camp under again.

We traveled very slowly the remainder of the day, and about four o'clock Frank said he had gone far enough. So we selected a thicket and prepared for one more night's sleep in the woods. That night we

WE TRAVELED VERY SLOWLY THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY.

were both hungry, but somehow we could not eat much. That moose meat did not hit the right spot. The next morning we heard the qt-qt-qt of a partridge as it came near our camping grounds, and I was doubly pleased when I found it had several followers. I shot three out of the lot, and they made a welcome change in our diet.

That day Frank traveled very slowly. I knew his leg was paining him badly, but there was not a word to let me know of his pain. I proposed an early halt. As the clouds began to look threatening, we placed the moose hide on top of us again that night. We went to sleep happier than we had been the night before, for we believed the home camp to be only four or five miles away.

But before morning a storm began. Not rain this time, but snow — and no let-up came until nearly noon. I thought of going on and trying to find the camp, but after we had talked it over, we decided to stay together. The next morning the scene was beautiful. The sun was shining. The snow that had fallen was quite damp and much of it had frozen to the limbs of the trees, so that they were all bent down with the great weight of it.

Frank's knee was getting better, and we were sure we should find some traces at least to guide us to the camp. So on we traveled. We had a late dinner that day, for we had hoped to eat something besides moose meat and partridge. However, there were no signs of camp or of anything that we knew, so we jogged ahead. My going in advance made it much easier for Frank, but I began to feel very tired. We felt sure that we

were quite near our destination, but nothing looked familiar all that day.

The next morning we continued our course, for we thought it must soon bring us out to something we had seen before. The afternoon wore away slowly, and the traveling grew harder as the ground was more uneven than before. We decided to camp that night, and then go back one day's trip and hunt for some signs that we knew we must have passed. Oh, but I did hate dragging that moose hide and the blankets! The load seemed to grow heavier and heavier, trailing behind me on the soft slippery snow.

We were selecting our camping place for the night when we saw a heavy growth of trees ahead. Frank said, "I think that's a swamp. Let's go into it. There will be more shelter." But it was not a swamp that met our gaze as we broke through the first thick growth, but a river under its winter bed. Where were we? Nothing looked familiar to us; so we began making preparations for another night in the woods, the tenth since the episode of the moose.

I was cutting wood and Frank was picking up boughs when he yelled, "Come here, I have found an ax mark — yes, and a trap house — and there's a trap in it!" I hurried over, and sure enough, there the trap house

was! But whose could it be? Then the truth began to dawn on us. We were at Leadbetter Falls, and this was *our* trap, and we were about four and a half miles from our home camp. The snow had so changed the looks of everything that we had crossed our float somewhere, and had put about twenty miles more than we intended on our trip.

As the night was upon us, we lay down once more on the boughs, feeling mighty thankful that we were so near the comforts we had left ten days before. Breakfast was not eaten in the woods the next morning, but in a snug, warm camp; and I think two happy boys never before found home half so good as the home camp seemed to us.

E. E. Thomas is the author of this story, adapted from his book, *In the North Woods of Maine.* Other good stories of outdoor life are *Camping in the Winter Woods*, by Elmer R. Gregor; *The Trail of the Sandhill Stag*, by Ernest Thompson Seton; and *Mooswa*, by W. A. Fraser.

THE LITTLE POST-BOY

This shall be the story of my adventure with a little post-boy, in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter on account of the intense cold. As you go northward

from Stockholm, the capital, the country becomes ruder and wilder, and the climate more severe. Farther inland, there are great forests and lakes, and ranges of mountains where bears, wolves, and herds of wild reindeer make their home. No people could live in such a country unless they were very industrious and thrifty.

I made my journey in the winter, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps and rivers are frozen and the reindeer-sled can fly along over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed for the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back more than once. But I do not think there are better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a Swedish province commencing about two hundred miles north of Stockholm.

They are a tall, strong race, with yellow hair and bright blue eyes, and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly, but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, with double windows and doors to keep out the cold; and since they cannot do much outdoor work, they spin and weave and mend their

farming implements in the large family room, thus enjoying the winter in spite of its severity. They are very happy and contented, and few of them would be willing to leave that cold country and make their homes in a warmer climate.

Here there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post-stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station a number of horses — and sometimes vehicles — are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are either furnished by the keeper of the station or some of the neighboring farmers. When they are wanted, a man or boy goes along with the traveler to bring them back.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the weather was not too cold, it was very pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down, until long after the stars came out; and then to get a warm supper in some dark red post-cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire. Boys of twelve or fourteen very often went with me to bring back their fathers' horses;

and so long as those lively, red-cheeked fellows could face the weather, it would not do for me to be afraid.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. The streamers of red and blue light darted hither and thither, chasing each other up to the zenith and down again to the northern horizon with a rapidity and a brilliance which I had never seen before.

"There will be a storm soon," said my post-boy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold as it had been, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. At seven o'clock in the evening, I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I had intended to spend the night. Now a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven American miles, so this station was at least twenty miles away.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. They had not expected any more travelers at the station, and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with two lumber-merchants. But his wife — a friendly, rosy-faced woman — prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer-meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The

house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase as I waited in the warm room. I did not feel inclined to go forth into the wintry storm, but, having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Niels Petersen, and I think you will find him at the post-house when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled;

HIS MOTHER TOOK DOWN HIS MITTENS OF HARE'S FUR.

and his mother made haste to say, "You need not fear, sir. Lars is young, but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm doesn't get worse, you'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

I was again on the point of remaining; but, while I was deliberating with myself, the boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap

under his chin, and wrapped a thick woolen scarf around his nose and mouth so that only the round blue eyes were visible. Then his mother took down his mittens of hare's fur from over the stove, where they had been hanging to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer-skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all when the door of the house was shut and the horse started on the journey.

The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully that after a while my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable as I had expected.

"Ho there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road — not too far to the left. Well done. Here's a level; now trot a bit."

So we went on — sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill — for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins occasionally, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are; it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant *seven* of ours.

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no ploughs through here to-night we'll have trouble."

You must know that in this section the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and

oxen and plough down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently he became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part, I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees; there was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we should sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled, and began wading around among the trees. I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I was glad to pull myself out and return. It was a desperate

situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he, too, came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," said he, "I could get into it again. But I don't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept I should soon be frozen.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lars cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear-hunt last winter, up on the mountains; and we were several nights in snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first," said Lars. "We can spare him some hay and one reindeer-skin."

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars then led him under the drooping branches of a fir-tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened

the reindeer-skin upon his back. Axel began to eat, as if perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. (The Norrland horses are so accustomed to cold that they seem comfortable in a temperature where one of ours would freeze.)

When this was done, Lars spread the remaining hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the side towards the wind. Then lifting them on the other side, he said: "Now take off your fur coat, quick; lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched on the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer-skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars said we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight upon any part of the body.

When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept

over me; and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were sound asleep, and I dreamed of gathering peaches on a warm August day at home. In fact, I did not wake up thoroughly during the night; neither did Lars, though it seemed to me that we both talked in our sleep. But as I must have spoken English and he Swedish, there could have been no connection between our remarks. Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen up on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," he said. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately

began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips. We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plough the road. They had six pairs of horses geared to a wooden frame, something like the bow of a ship, pointed in front and spreading out to a breadth of ten or twelve feet.

The machine not only cut through the drifts but packed the snow, leaving a good, solid road behind it. After it had passed, we sped along merrily in the cold morning twilight and in little more than an hour reached the post-house at Umea, where we found Lars's father prepared to return home. He waited, nevertheless, until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast. Then I said good-bye to both, and went on towards Lapland.

Some weeks afterwards, on my return to Stockholm, I stopped at the same little station. This time the weather was mild and bright, and the father would have gone with me to the next post-house; but I preferred to take my little sled-fellow and bed-fellow. He was so quiet and cheerful and fearless that, although I had been nearly all over the world, and he had never

been away from home — although I was a man and he a young boy — I felt that I had learned a lesson from him, and might probably learn many more if I should know him better.

We had a merry trip of two or three hours, and then I took leave of Lars forever. He is no doubt still driving travelers over the road — a handsome, courageous, honest-hearted young man, perhaps with his own son growing up to take his place and help some later stranger like myself through a winter storm.

This story is taken from Bayard Taylor's *Boys of Other Countries*. Another good story of this region of ice and snow is told in *The Land of the Long Night*, by Paul du Chaillu. It vividly describes a winter journey by reindeer sledge and adventures with wolves and bears. Interesting stories of boy life in this part of the world are told in *When I Was a Boy in Norway*, by John O. Hall, and in *When I Was a Boy in Denmark*, by Herluf Trolle-Steenstrup.

THE DISCOVERER

Mystical, sorrowful, stiff and still,
A sparrow stood on a wintry sill.

The night wind laden with icy sleet
Ruffled his feathers and stung his feet.

But his right eye peered through a window pane
And visioned the warmth of a June-time lane.

He saw the lights from a fireplace fall
Over the patterns on somebody's wall.

His heart was thrilled by a paper rose —
He had found at last where the summer goes.

"The Discoverer" was written by the child-poet, Nathalia Crane, of Brooklyn, New York. She became well-known through her first book of poems, *The Janitor's Boy*, written before she was eleven years old. The poem printed here is taken from her second book of verse, called *Lava Lane*. Her writings are delightful and show rare talent. Another child-poet is Hilda Conkling, of Massachusetts. She is very well-known through her remarkable books of verse, *Shoes of the Wind* and *Poems by a Little Girl*.

JANUARY

The dark trees stir
In the silence, blue and deep;
The bent hill grass,
Where the pixies pass,
Rocks a lost wind to sleep;
And the great wide earth is still,
As it strains in the dark to hear
Through the dusk of night
The footsteps light
Of the little new frightened year.

Here is another poem written by a young girl, Helen D. Adam, of Scotland. She began making verses at the age of four. This one is taken from her lovely book, *The Elfin Pedlar*.

ABOUT ELECTRICITY

When men in western Europe began to play with electric sparks two hundred years ago, some of them noticed that the sparks were a great deal like lightning. They wondered whether a flash of lightning was simply a huge electric spark.

In America lived a man who did a great deal of thinking for himself. I am speaking of Benjamin Franklin. He went farther than the men in Europe. A notebook he has left us shows that he thought:

"Lightning is like an electric spark. It gives the same kind of light. It has the same smell of sulphur. It goes crookedly, like a spark. It will go through rain, as electricity goes through water. Some one ought to find out for sure whether lightning is electricity."

Franklin sent a letter to a friend in England, telling his ideas about the subject. That friend wrote to men of science in France. Almost three years passed, however, before anything was done toward learning more about lightning.

At last a Frenchman named Dalibard decided to try to find out. He built a little shelter near the wall of his garden. It was made largely of wood, but there was an iron rod running up through the roof, ending in

a point about forty feet from the ground. He waited for a stormy night.

Franklin was at the same time trying to think of a good way to "draw down the lightning."

One of Franklin's ideas was to set up an iron rod above a church tower, and let it "draw down" the lightning. He was so busy with other things, however, that he let three years slip by without making a trial.

In the meantime, Dalibard made an effort to find out. On a stormy day (May 10, 1752), he went under a little shed in his garden. There was an iron rod passing up through the roof. Lightning zigzagged and thunder roared. Dalibard held a piece of iron near the lower part of the rod. There was a flash of lightning, and a spark leapt from the rod! People from the village were called, and more sparks were gained in the same way. It was proved that lightning was the same as electricity!

It is a common mistake of history storybooks to say that Franklin was "the first man to get electricity from the clouds." The truth is that he did not do it until four months after Dalibard.

In September, 1752, Franklin and his son, not knowing of Dalibard's experience, went into the open on a stormy night. Under the arms of one of them was

tucked a kite, made in a special way. They came to a small shed and stayed under it to keep from getting too wet. From time to time, the kite was sent up into the air, but alas! the lightning did not reach it.

Hour after hour passed. The two men began to fear that their labor would be lost. Then, suddenly, a flash struck the iron point of the kite. It passed through the wet silk hemp cord until it reached a key a few feet above the end of the cord. The older Franklin held the wire point of an electric jar near the key. There was a flash. The trial was a success.

Franklin was the first man in America to draw electricity from the clouds. The way he did it was perhaps more interesting than the method Dalibard had used before.

The Child's Story of the Human Race is the title of the book from which this selection is taken. It is by Ramon Coffman. An equally fine book is *A Child's History of the World*, by Virgil M. Hillyer. Both are very easy to read and are sure to hold your interest. *Modern Aladdins and Their Magic*, by Charles E. Rush and Amy Winslow, has a good chapter on electricity, entitled, "Harnessing the Sparks of Heaven." It is a book that tells about many things you may want to know. Read also *Great Moments in Science*, by Marion F. Lansing. *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin* is the best known book on Franklin's life. Of course you know what an "autobiography" is. Another good book about this great man is *The True Story of Benjamin Franklin*, by Elbridge S. Brooks.

DAISIES

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

This is one of the numerous poems Bliss Carman has written in a book for older people named *Ballads and Lyrics*. You have now had many of the best poetry books for boys and girls introduced to you. We will add just one more of the most popular, *The Golden Staircase*, compiled by Louey Chisholm.

A LETTER WITH A LIBRARY LIST

Dear Girls and Boys:

If you have enjoyed the stories and poems in this book, you will wish to read more from the books from which these came.

Here is a list that tells you the author, title, and publisher of each of these books. If your school library or public library does not have all the books, perhaps the librarian will get them for you if you ask for them.

Your parents too, may like to look over this list just before Christmas or when your birthday comes around. Anyway, it would be a good idea to show it to them and tell them which of the books you think you would like best.

You will find any of these books quite easy to read. Here they are:

AUTHOR	TITLE	PUBLISHER
Adam, Helen D.	The Elfin Pedlar, *poetry*	Putnam
Adams, Katharine	Midsummer	Macmillan
Bostock, Frank C.	The Training of Wild Animals	Century
Chrisman, Arthur G.	Shen of the Sea	Dutton
Coffmann, Ramon	The Child's Story of the Human Race	Dodd
Crane, Nathalia	Lava Lane, *poetry*	Seltzer

AUTHOR	TITLE	PUBLISHER
Farjeon, Eleanor	Mighty Men from Achilles to Julius Caesar	Appleton
Fenollosa, Mary	Blossoms from a Japanese Garden, *poetry*	Stokes
Finnemore, John	Peeps at Many Lands: England and Wales	Macmillan
Fraser, Chelsea C.	Heroes of the Wild	Crowell
Fyleman, Rose	The Fairy Green, *poetry*	Doubleday, Doran
Garland, Hamlin	Boy Life on the Prairie	Harper
Grahame, Kenneth	The Wind in the Willows	Scribner
Gulliver, Lucile	Daniel Boone	Macmillan
Hall, Jennie	Buried Cities	Macmillan
Harper, Wilhelmina	Story Hour Favorites	Century
Inman, Henry	The Ranch on the Oxhide	Macmillan
Lamprey, Louise	Days of the Pioneers	Stokes
Lofting, Hugh	Dr. Dolittle's Circus	Stokes
Meigs, Cornelia	Rain on the Roof	Macmillan
	The Kingdom of the Winding Road	Macmillan
Mockler-Ferryman, A. F., and Thomson, M. Pearson	Peeps at Many Lands: Norway and Denmark	Macmillan
Moon, Grace P.	Indian Legends in Rhyme, *poetry*	Stokes
Moore, Rebecca	When They Were Girls	Owen
Riley, James Whitcomb	Child Rhymes, *poetry*	Bobbs
Roberts, Charles G. D.	Children of the Wild	Macmillan
Seawell, Molly Elliot	Little Jarvis	Appleton
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur and Schwartz, Julia A.	Northward Ho!	Macmillan
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur and Irwin, Violet	Kak, the Copper Eskimo	Macmillan

AUTHOR	TITLE	PUBLISHER
Taylor, Bayard	Boys of Other Countries	Putnam
Thomas, E. E.	In the North Woods of Maine	World Bk.
Thompson, Jean M.	Over Indian and Animal Trails	Stokes
Wade, Mary H.	Ten Little Indians	Wilde
Zwilgmeyer, Dikken	What Happened to Inger Johanne	Lothrop